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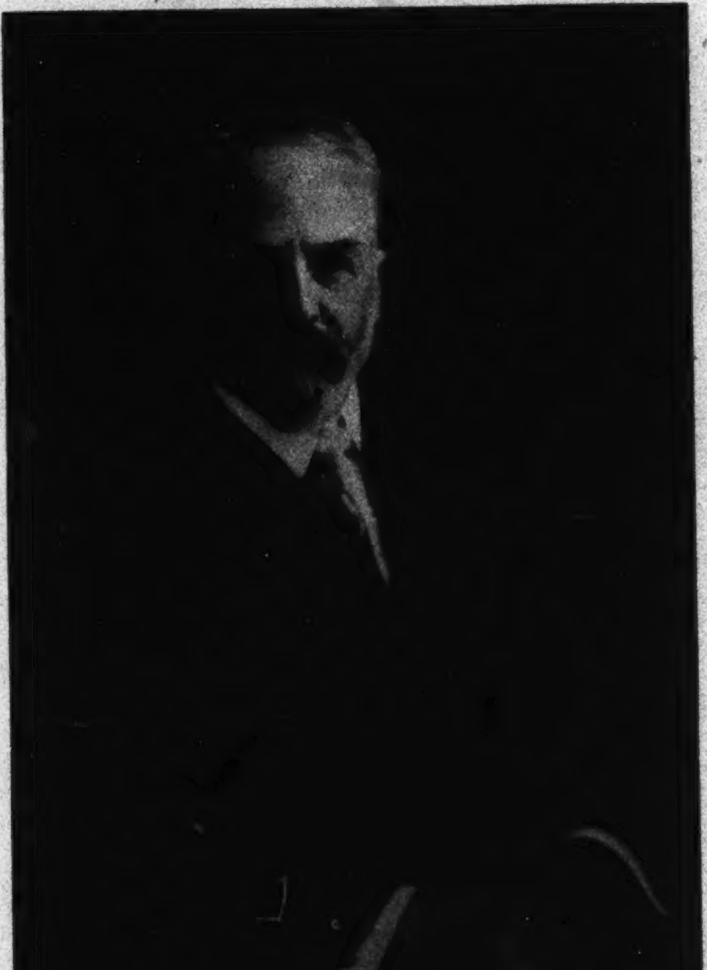

Frank A. Leach

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEWSPAPERMAN

A RECORD OF LIFE AND EVENTS IN CALIFORNIA

BY

FRANK A. LEACH

SAN FRANCISCO
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TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE MOTHER
OF MY FOUR SONS—A TRUE WIFE AND
LOVABLE COMPANION—WHO WAS EVER
READY TO CHEERFULLY BEAR MORE THAN
HER SHARE OF THE STRUGGLES OF LIFE,
WHOSE INTELLECTUALITY, PURITY OF
SOUL, GRACE OF MANNER AND KINDNESS
WERE IMPARTED FOR THE UPLIFT OF ALL
WHO CAME WITHIN THE CIRCLE
OF HER INFLUENCE

INTRODUCTION

Ordinarily, a book of this kind might be expected to find its way before the public without the formality of a preface or introductory remarks, but as this book was not written with a view to its general publication, and is now submitted to the public for what value and interest it may have, at the urgent request of friends acquainted with the undertaking, I feel that I should place upon these friends the responsibility for any seeming assurance on my part in presenting the book.

A life experience of sixty-five years in California, connected as it must be with the pioneer days of the state, could hardly be otherwise than fraught with incidents and events of interest and observations of historical value. Such a life was my fortune to experience. Upon reaching that period of life when man does not look so much upon the future as upon the past, I was prompted in one of my reminiscent moods to reduce to writing my recollections, experiences, and observations for the sixty and odd years, the most of which were passed in Central California, solely for the perusal and benefit of my four sons. The manuscript was completed three years ago.

I felt that they would not only be interested in the activities of my career and such matter of historical value that came under my observation during this long period of years, but also they might derive some profit by having laid before them the experiences and the mistakes, as well as any possible successes of my lifetime.

This will explain the presence in the chapters that follow of certain details of purely personal matters and family affairs that it would be presumption on my part to consider as possessing interest to any one outside the members of my own family, and possibly the circle of intimate friends.

It will also explain the peculiar phraseology in some of the passages where the writer appears as addressing his sons, a form which might seem out of place in a book written solely for the public eye.

These four boys have been a source of great pride to me, and their companionship has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. This book was written for their benefit and gratification, and therefore to eliminate the features apologized for, would impair if not destroy the objects and purposes of my labor of love.

In conclusion, I must confess no small degree of pleasure derived from the work of writing "My Recollections," but in submitting the book to the public I must admit some feelings of misgivings, mingled with the hope that its historical features may be regarded as overshadowing its excessive personality, and give to the book value and interest to others than for whom it was originally intended.

FRANK A. LEACH.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 10, 1917.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEWSPAPERMAN

CHAPTER I

MY FIRST YEARS IN CALIFORNIA

Observations and Incidents in Crossing the Isthmus of Nicaragua in 1852—Floods and Fires in Sacramento—Early Day Schools—Presidential Campaign of 1853

MY LIFE seems to begin, so far as my memory serves, at the age of about five and a half years; at the time, in company with my mother, I left New York City in 1852 on a steamer bound for California. The departure from our old home in Cayuga County, New York, or the trip to the City of New York left no impression of any kind on my mind or memory, but I have a very clear recollection of being on the deck of the steamer as she moved away from the wharf in New York harbor. The great crowd of people assembled on the docks to witness the departure of the steamer, cheering and waving handkerchiefs, bombarding the passengers with oranges, all made a scene which remains vivid in my memory to this day. I do not recall any incidents or even have any recollection of what occurred during the trip to Nicaragua other than the illness of my mother from seasickness, and that prunes and mush and molasses were too prominent and frequent items on the steamer's bill of fare to suit the pampered taste of an "only child." However, the events occurring in crossing the Isthmus were to my youthful mind of a character to place me in a condition of excitement, wonderment, and interest such as I had never known before. There was so much going on that was so new to me that I did not want to spare the time to eat or sleep. A portion of the journey was on muleback through the tropical forests, but that did not interest me so much as that part of the trip up the Chagres River on a small stern-wheel steamer in which the passengers were so crowded that when it came night there was not sufficient room for all to lie down on the deck for rest or sleep. The women and children were given the first privilege of the deck floor and the balance of the passengers had to sit or stand up until the landing was reached. It seems to me we were on that steamer a good part of a day and night. A portion of the river was quite narrow, and the branches of trees on the banks overhung the water. Either through unskilful handling of the little steamer, or wilfulness in headway on the part of the steamer itself, the craft several times crashed into the overhanging branches, to the great fright of the passengers. When a railing gave way before a rush of passengers to our side of the craft to witness some unusual sight, a couple of passengers fell or were pushed overboard, but they were quickly rescued.

During the daylight part of the trip and early evening it had been a "picnic" for the major part of the passengers, but when darkness overwhelmed all scenery and practically all space in the steamer (for little provision had been made for lighting the vessel, and people wanted to rest and sleep), then the misery of the situation began to develop. Lucky was the individual who found enough space in which to lie prone upon the deck. Those who were compelled to stand up were not very considerate of those down on the decks. The noises they made, startling false alarms of "man overboard!" and the occasional crashing of the steamer into limbs of overhanging trees, made sleep impossible even for a boy.

I remember but little of the remaining part of the trip across the Isthmus other than that we crossed a lake in another small steamer and had to be carried out from the beach to small boats which took us to the steamer at anchor, some little distance from shore.

The steamer on the Pacific side of the Isthmus that was to have taken us to San Francisco was destroyed by fire on the way down to meet us. This misfortune compelled us to remain on the Isthmus for thirty days while another steamer could be secured to continue us on our journey. The accommodations for the compulsory residence in the tropics were not suitable for the passengers, nearly all of whom were from Northern climes. This, with indiscretion in eating and drinking, caused serious illness to seize upon them, resulting fatally in many cases. When the steamer did arrive to take us away, another lot of passengers had come over the Isthmus, so it can be well imagined how crowded the vessel was when she started for San Francisco. For myself, I do not recollect any inconvenience on this part of the voyage other than the plebeian diet, which was too common and coarse for a finicky boy of my age, whose tastes had undoubtedly been unduly gratified in the past by a lot of loving aunts who had no children themselves. However, I recall the recital by my mother of the trials of the trip, which showed that it was anything but a pleasure excursion. The steamer was slow at the best, and with her overload she was more than two weeks in reaching San Francisco.

There my father, who had preceded us by nearly two years, met us and immediately took us to Sacramento, where he was engaged in the business of making and bottling soda water, the pioneer plant of that city. We were soon established in a home of our own. Father had bought a lot on the south side of P Street, between Third and Fourth streets, and erected a small dwelling, doing a good part of the work himself. That winter the city was visited by a flood which put nearly every part of it under water, and where our house stood the flood was several feet deep. In fact, our house was floated off its foundation. The rain had fallen in torrents for so many days continuously that a flood seemed inevitable, so father wisely found quarters for us in the loft of a barn, where, with our furniture, and hanging of sail cloths around the walls to keep out the wind that otherwise would have come through the cracks, we lived quite comfortably. When the flood was the highest the water came within two feet of the loft floor. Father had a boat, and, boy-like, I certainly enjoyed the situation. The barn was our domicile for the entire winter, until the waters so receded that father could replace and fix up our house.

Before the flood a terrible fire visited the city, destroying many blocks of buildings in the business as well as the residence sections. It occurred during a black, windy December night. I shall never forget the sight. The fierce flames arising from blocks of burning buildings and red light reflected against the heavy clouds to me looked as if the world was on fire. On account of the direction of the wind our part of the city was safe from the fire, and the refugees, men, women, and children, came rushing down the streets, many passing our place, some partially clad, intermingled with all kinds of horse-drawn vehicles crowding the streets from curb to curb, loosely laden with household effects, all making a motley procession such as I have never seen before or since. The next morning there were to be seen along these highways all kinds of furniture and bits of clothing, etc., which had been lost from the vehicles or abandoned by the owners in their rush for safety. My father picked up a few pieces of furniture and placed them in our front yard for a time, but I do not remember they were ever reclaimed. One piece was a large arm rocking chair, which father repaired and which was in our household for many years. In fact, he gave it to me when I was married, and I spent many an evening in its comfortable seat, before disposing of it.

But to return to the subject of the flood. As I recollect, the water subsided finally so that father was enabled to get our house upon its foundation again, but we were barely installed when the city was again overflowed. But the water did not come high enough to drive us out of the house this time. I am sure I enjoyed the situation immensely. I would not have had the water drained away if I could have prevented it. The flood water around our house afforded me more entertainment than I could possibly have got out of the freedom of dry land in its place. We had a boat, and as the water was shallow about the house I was allowed to get into it, with the understanding that I was not to loosen it from the moorings. At first it was fine sport, and the length of the play of the "painter" was a matter of indifference, but after a while I longed for a wider scope of movement of the boat so, concluding a little more length of rope would increase the length of my voyages, I let it out little by little, still keeping my compact not to cast it off, until finally and literally I came to the "end of my rope." I knew now how to paddle to make the boat go in any direction desired. I had not fallen overboard, as had been expected, so what harm could there be if that "painter" accidentally became untied? I wouldn't be scared if I drifted away beyond the limits of my past sailing privileges! Why, I would just row back and tie the old boat up according to contract, and no one would be the wiser! I will not take the space to preach the sermon that would be imperative at this point in a Sunday-school book, but give the sequel, which was just what you would expect to find in fiction or in stories told where a moral is the predominating feature.

Just prior to the recurrence of the flood, father had had the lot, which was about 100 by 150 feet in size, plowed up. When the boat slipped from its moorings I managed to influence its drifting to the farthermost corner of the lot, where the water was the deepest, and things most unknown to me were supposed to exist. Here in my awkwardness I dropped one of the paddles overboard. The fear of losing the oar, and the loss becoming glaring evidence of violation of my privilege, gave me a moment of agonized excitement in which I grabbed for the paddle floating away from the boat and, losing my balance, overboard I went. Now the question in my mind was a graver one: Was death to be the punishment for my offense? Fortunately, when my feet touched the bottom I stood on top of one of the plowed furrows and was able to keep my mouth out of the water, though scarcely above the surface. Along the west side of the yard was a picket fence. This was the only place of refuge and safety, so I decided to reach the fence, if possible. At the very first step I made my foot landed in the bottom of the furrow, and down went my head under the water. I had enough presence of mind to know that if I ever expected to reach the fence I should have to do it by stepping from the ridge of one furrow to the other, as they were parallel to the fence. This I succeeded in doing fairly well. Occasionally the lumpy earth crumbled under my weight, and sometimes I would miss the ridge, so I was completely immersed several times before the fence was gained. Somehow in the mix-up I got hold of the "painter" of the boat and dragged it along with me. In due course of time I reached the house in as penitent mood as could be imagined, feeling, though, that I had received full measure of punishment for my escapade. I guess, from my looks and general appearance, my folks thought so, too, for I was simply put to bed, and in a few days I was fully recovered, but it was some time before I was privileged to do any more boating.

One of the winters we passed in Sacramento was remarkable for a cold snap, the like of which I do not remember in any subsequent year of my long residence in California. It must have been the winter of 1854 or 1855. There were several vacant lots in the vicinity of

Second and L streets depressed below the street level, which became ponds in the rainy season. These were frozen over with a thickness of ice to bear the weight of a man. My father had a pair of skates. When he obtained them I do not know, but as soon as he discovered the ice mentioned he was out skating, to the entertainment of quite a crowd, some of whom were so anxious to enjoy the sport that he was offered $5 and other sums for the privilege of putting on the skates.

China Slough or lake was also frozen over, but as this was quite a large body of water the ice was not so thick and was not safe for the skaters, although venturesome boys were on it along the shore line. China Slough is a thing of the past. For many years it existed, an eyesore and a menace to the health of the city. The body of water extended from First Street to about Seventh in one direction and two or three blocks from I Street in the other direction. Chinatown was located on its southern boundary. Consequently, much filth was dumped into the slough, which had no drainage, and as may be well imagined it was but little better than a huge cesspool. In recent years the Southern Pacific Railroad Company filled it with earth and sand, obliterating the last vestige of the little lake. The weather bureau was not established until a number of years subsequent to the winter above mentioned, therefore there is no official record of the cold snap described, but I have many times in later years verified my recollections of the event in conversation with pioneer residents of Sacramento. Periodically the entire state is visited by unusually cold spells when the thermometer registers a few degrees below the freezing point, but I am sure the winter I mention gave us the coldest weather ever experienced since the settlement here of white people. We have had, perhaps, winters as a whole made more severe by long durations of weather when the thermometer registered higher, but so close to the freezing point that much damage was caused, especially to raisers of stock. I have in mind the winter of 1861 as one instance. On that occasion the rainfall was excessive, with a period of several weeks of very cold weather. Cattle on the ranges were almost exterminated in some sections. At that time all the land east of the Town of Napa was a vast cattle range, carrying large herds, the majority of which succumbed to the cold. The carcasses fairly dotted the range. When the owners found they could do nothing to save the stock they employed gangs of men to go on the range and strip the hides from the animals as fast as they died, and in this way they made some salvage from the disaster.

My mother was anxious that I should have a good education, and, with the mistaken idea that we should begin at the earliest possible moment, bundled me off to a private school while I was yet six years old. At this time there were no public schools in Sacramento, as no public school system had been legalized by the state. At first I was much interested in going to school, but soon the confinement from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., with the usual intermissions, and being forced into studies which were beyond my power of comprehension, completely destroyed all ambition I might have had to acquire learning, and for several years thereafter I attended school much in the same frame of mind as a person submits to imprisonment. For some years any knowledge I acquired must have been by absorption, and not on account of any effort on my part. On the contrary, according to my recollections, my best efforts were exerted in ways of avoiding school and the attempt of the well meaning teachers to crowd into my immature brain principles of grammar and arithmetic far beyond my sense of understanding. I did not make a practice of running away from school or "playing hookey." I can recall only one occasion when I indulged in truancy. I knew I was doing wrong, but all thoughts in that direction were overbalanced by the contemplation of the enjoyment of freedom for an afternoon with a lot of my boy chums who planned the escapade. This included a visit to a watermelon patch where youngsters were welcomed by the owner, and an hour or two in the swimming hole, which was but little better than a mud puddle. On the way we heard the strains of band music. After running around a block or so we finally located the band in a building where the members had assembled for practice. There was a glass door or window some little distance above the ground, and a convenient box enabled the boys to climb up and peek in the room and see as well as hear. The window accommodated only a couple of the youthful spectators at a time and the fortunate ones remained at the point of vantage only as long as the other boys would allow. When it came my turn to look into the window they did not have to pull me away or did I delay my successor, for, horrors upon horrors! the first and only thing I saw was my father gazing directly toward me. I collapsed, dropped to the ground, and rushed away to hide myself. My remorse was deep and sincere. How could I face my parents again, for I was certain that my father had discovered my absence from school without his permission. I resolved never again to play truant if I should live through the ordeal of the severe punishment I recognized the enormity of the offense justified. I would have given anything I possessed, and mortgaged my future, if I could only have got back into the school room, but all I could do was to wait for the time to go home just as if I had been at school. However, when I did get home, greatly to my surprise, nothing was said to me about the affair. I never knew whether my father failed to recognize me or that he was averse to bringing up the subject for fear that he would have to admit an act displeasing to mother, for she did not approve of his membership in the band, especially when it took him away from his business. Anyway, to the best of my recollection, neither he nor I played hookey again.

The first public school in Sacramento was opened in a rented store building on the southwest corner of K and L streets, and was presided over by a man named Jackson, who possessed many of the characteristics attributed to the Jackson of presidential fame, especially in temper, impulsive action, and unkempt appearance. I attended the school the day it first opened and was one of the very first pupils to excite the wrath of the irritable teacher and receive punishment. The heavy blows on the palm of the hand laid on with a long, flat ruler did not wound my flesh so deeply or was the hurt so lasting as was the humiliation of receiving this punishment upon a platform before the entire school. Moreover, as this treatment was unwarranted by any act of mine, so far as I knew, I never outgrew my feelings of repugnance for Jackson as a teacher.

Prior to the establishment of the public school, which was in 1854, the only places of instruction for children were conducted as private schools are in modern days. There was one more pretentious than the others taught by a man named Wells, in a frame building erected for the purpose on the east side of Fourth Street between K and L streets. Somewhere between fifty and a hundred pupils were in attendance. The tuition was something like $5 per month. Mr. Wells was generally loved and respected by his pupils. In this school I am sure I made some headway, for it is the only early school I attended where I retained any recollection of my books, studies, and school work for any length of time thereafter. My seat was back near the front door. It was near the noon hour one exceedingly warm day in July, 1854, when, hearing a commotion on the street, I looked out through the open school door and saw a large column of dense black smoke ascending straight up from the rear part of the building on the northeast corner of K and Fourth streets, a half block away. That was the beginning of the second largest fire that Sacramento ever experienced. The greater portion of the business part of the city was destroyed.

The fire protection then consisted of four or possibly five hand-brake fire engines and two hook and ladder companies, depending on cisterns in the street squares or intersections when away from the river for water supply. This fire apparatus was manned by well organized companies of volunteers, whose only compensation was exemption from jury duty and poll tax. The membership of the companies was made up largely from the ranks of business men and their employees, and each company was equipped with torches mounted on handles three or four feet long which were used when the companies were called out at night, and were carried on these occasions by boys who were considered as members of the department. I was very ambitious to be a torch boy and was promised the position whenever I became old enough, but we moved away from the city before that time arrived. It was just as well, for I do not believe my mother could have been induced to consent to the plan.

The first political activity attracting my attention was the Presidential campaign of 1853. The torchlight parades and illumination at night were the sources of excitement for the boys of that day, who were freely permitted to join the ranks of the paraders and carry torches like the men. The torches consisted of balls of wicking that had been soaked in camphene, a very inflammable burning fluid, impaled on the point of a stick about as long as a broom handle. Many of the boys were indifferent as to the party with which they paraded so long as they secured a torch, but, young as I was, my sympathy and enthusiasm were bestowed on the Fillmore party only. Why, I can not tell, nor do I think I was influenced by my father's attitude in politics, for I do not remember how he stood. Father never took much interest in politics except that he always voted and was consistent in his principles. From the time of the Civil War until his death he voted with the Republicans.

Only once did my father ever aspire to hold a public office. In some way quite unknown to me he was influenced to seek the position of County Assessor for Napa County. He was defeated in the primaries for the nomination. This incident happened in 1868 or thereabouts, after I had left home to establish myself in business, so I was unable to help him, but aside from the feeling that no one likes to be or to have those near to him defeated in any kind of a race, I was rather pleased that his career was not directed away from the business he had chosen for his livelihood. I knew he was a very superior mechanic, with an inventive turn of mind. I felt there was a wider and better field for him in mechanics than he could ever expect in politics. It was about this time, or it may have been a year or so earlier, that he invented a new style of wagon and carriage hub, the one that is universally used at this time on nearly all wheeled vehicles throughout the world where modern wagons, etc., are employed, known as the Sarven patent. After conceiving the idea of the new hub father constructed a set of wheels in accordance therewith to demonstrate the advantage of such wheel construction. The wheels gave practical proof of all he claimed for the invention. He delayed or rather procrastinated in his application for the patent so long that when he did apply he was just too late—a patent had been issued to other parties.

To return to the subject of early day politics. As I remember the Presidential campaigns of my early youth, the pre-election day work was conducted much the same as in modern times. Only then the displays were somewhat cruder. The first attempt at anything of uniforms in political parades that I recall was at the time of Lincoln's first election when Republican organizations, called "Wide-Awakes," wearing glazed capes and caps, were a feature of the torchlight parades. The visit of some renowned speaker would be the occasion of a grand rally. Partisans would gather from near and far, and a parade generally preceded the speaking, with illumination of the buildings along the line of march, the occupants of which were in sympathy with the paraders. In view of the great advance made in the use of electricity for illuminating purposes, the illumination demonstrations of those early days would be very tame affairs in this day. At the time to which I refer there were no gas works in any California city or town. People had to be satisfied with oil, a burning fluid called camphene, or candles. The latter were more generally used in making the illuminations of the houses along the line of march of the parades. The candles were cut in short lengths, which were fastened on strips of board the width of the window to be illuminated. These strips of board with the candles lighted were fastened into the window casings, spaced from six to eight inches apart. This arrangement would give from twenty-five to fifty or more pieces of candles burning in a window. When nearly all the windows on both sides of a street were thus lit up it was considered in those days something of a display. As may be imagined, candles thus arranged were not infrequently the cause of houses getting on fire.

The relation of these features of old-time political campaigns leads me to what might be considered a digression in my story. This may be true, but I know no better place to introduce some history of California political methods and incidents of campaign work of years gone by that are not only matters of interest, but enable one to appreciate the progress we have made in improving the purity of the ballot and practices at elections.

CHAPTER II

OLD-TIME ELECTION METHODS

Some Heretofore Unpublished Facts About the Notorious Tapeworm Election Ticket—Incidents That Led to the Uniform Ballot in California

WHEN THE CITIZEN who has been a voter for nearly fifty years in California looks back to the time he cast his first vote and makes notes of the alterations that have taken place in the method of conducting elections, he finds radical changes have been effected, not only in the individual conduct of the voters at the polling places and the manner of receiving and registering votes, but in the balloting.

It is hard to realize in these days of well ordered, quietly conducted elections, even of the greatest importance, that, in old times, election days were almost universally days of excitement, not infrequently of rioting, and were always conducted amid much activity, blustering, and evidence of excessive indulgence in free liquor.

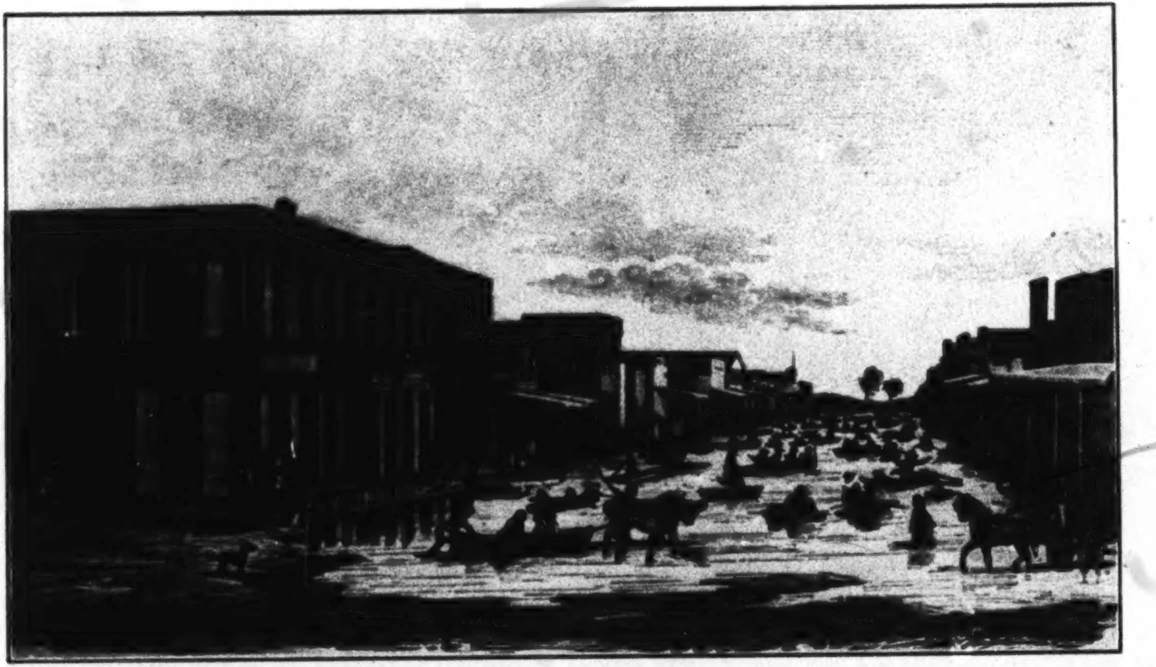
One of the first steps, if not the very first, toward a more orderly condition was the passage of the law by our State Legislature closing saloons on election days. While the immediate effect was not total abstinence from intoxication on election days, for at first the more bold saloon men would leave their back entrances open to relieve the "thirst of excitement," the improvement was so marked that public opinion subsequently gave its strong support to the law and insisted upon its enforcement to the very letter. While liquor played its part in making elections disorderly and dreaded by all peace-loving citizens, there were other causes more potential; chief among these were the method of voting, the prep-

aration of the tickets to be voted, and the employment of "workers" or men to supply voters with tickets of the different parties. These "workers" made their reputations as efficient politicians by attracting the attention of the "higher-up" in the political game by their activity in working off tickets on voters, and the number of men they would bring up to the polls to vote the tickets they peddled. Some worked for glory; some worked for so much per day in dollars and cents; others worked with the expectation of future recognition in nominating conventions, or placement in political positions for services rendered, and it may be said here that the latter consideration was one of the most demoralizing features of the election system of those days. Each side furnished its own election tickets or ballots, and these were prepared by the party managers and such independent candidates as might be in the field. As a rule, a great deal of ingenuity was manifested in getting up the tickets, so as to make them attractive and to give party or distinctive character to them. They were printed on paper of various textures, color, and sizes, as the party managers thought the conditions demanded. Great care was given to the printed headings and the selection of mottoes and devices.

The tickets were, as a rule, prepared with the greatest secrecy possible, and kept under lock and key until the last possible moment before use. This was considered necessary to prevent opposing parties counterfeiting a ticket and imposing bogus ones on the unsuspecting voter, who scarcely looked further than the heading of his ticket to be sure he was voting for the Republican or Democratic party, as might be his preference. There were times and occasions when this matter assumed very great importance, and committees were delegated to remain with the printers to receive the tickets as fast as printed, and in other ways prevent any knowledge of their form and character from getting into the hands of the enemy. But with all this care, sometimes the style and character of tickets became known to opponents, through ways that would not always bear investigation. Not infrequently the printing of ballots would not be trusted to the printers of the town or city where they were to be used, and the printing offices of other or neighboring places would be resorted to. So with the care and vigilance exercised to conceal all knowledge of the character of the ballot to be used, there were times when it was impossible to obtain the desired advance information.

In those years party lines were tightly drawn. The loss of social standing and more frequently the loss of positions of employment, especially if the employment was under the government, state, or city, was the penalty of a person voting an opposition ticket, or even voting for a candidate other than the one of his own party ticket. Hence it may be understood what part the peculiar form of a ballot played in keeping tab on voters when they stepped up to the ballot box to cast their votes. Each side did everything to encourage desertions from the other and to protect those voters from detection who wished to come secretly with their whole vote or part. For this reason, when the form of ticket of the opposing side could not be obtained in full, advance information of simply the color of the paper on which the ticket was printed would be taken advantage of when possible, and tickets of the one party would be printed on the same colored paper as would be used for the regular ticket by the other party.

In Vallejo a number of years ago, before the days of the uniform ballot or much law governing primary elections, the managers of the dominant party there had planned to nominate a set of candidates not altogether according to wishes of the rank and file. The popular candidate for Sheriff had been rejected by what we now



J STREET, SACRAMENTO, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1853

From a Daguerreotype by R. H. Vance

call the "bosses." This action called for an opposition ticket favorable to the popular candidate by the faction calling themselves the Independents. The "regulars" knew the only way they could succeed was by preventing the insurgents from obtaining advance knowledge of their tickets, and thus interfere with the placing of "bogus" tickets in the hands of voters who were dependent on the party managers for their daily employment, and there was a large number of such voters.

The Independents were extremely active in their efforts to obtain this information so important to their success. Their scouts and agents were most active, but they waited in vain up to midnight before the day of election for the greatly desired copy of the "regular" ticket. Upon hasty consultation it was decided an agent should proceed to San Francisco and obtain a supply of all the different colored paper possible to be used. This necessitated a perilous rowboat trip across Carquinez Straits and the chartering of a locomotive for the run to Oakland, but the agent was at the doors of the San Francisco paper store when they opened in the morning, and within two or three hours afterward the desired stock of colored papers was in my office, a printing office friendly to the Independents. Presses were made ready with the forms of the Independent tickets. Runners, fleet of foot, were stationed at the polls to secure a copy of the first "regular" ticket that should show itself. The managers of the "regulars" were so confident of having headed off the opposition in the matter of style of tickets that the ballots were freely given out, but within twenty minutes, to their great surprise, the "regulars" found the opposition had matched the color of their ballots and these tickets were being used to the disadvantage of the "regulars." They immediately changed the color of their tickets, but again, within a few moments, the insurgents had matched the new issue. Again and again the change of color was made, only to be met by the opposition. The "regulars," driven to desperation by these tactics, finally refused to give tickets to a voter except at the ballot box, where he would have no chance to exchange it for the ticket of the other side without detection. By these methods the "regulars" won the election by a narrow margin.

To return to the discussion of the causes of riotous character of the old-time election day. The ballots were seldom distributed or put into the hands of the workers until the first thing on the morning of election. Then the fight was on. The voting places were the centers of activities and consequent excitement. The challengers were all important personages at the polls, and they contributed, as a rule, a goodly percentage of the causes of excitement. It was their duty to stand close by the box in which the ballots were deposited and closely scrutinize all the voters of the opposing side, to prevent so far as possible the casting of illegal, and frequently legal, votes by the enemy. Strong, courageous, or daring men were selected for this work, and they could, and frequently did, make things lively. If a man presented himself to vote, and the challenger thought he was not entitled to vote or that he could prevent his casting a vote through some technicality, he would interpose an objection to the election officers, who would then question the would-be voter and allow or disallow the challenge. It can readily be understood how some unscrupulous men as challengers, and others as judges of election, could breed election day disturbances.

At every hotly contested election the offer of a challenge was the signal for a rush of bystanders as well as the police or peace officers to the polling place, who crowded up with craned necks to hear the details of the challenge and the decision of the judges. As may be imagined, these excited gatherings frequently broke up in fighting, resulting in broken heads and scarred faces, if nothing more serious.

For many years the law did not regulate the style or character of ballot boxes used at election, and charges of fraud, through tricky ballot boxes, were often made. Such boxes were described as having false bottoms, under which a supply of tickets was placed before the voting commenced, by the side having control of the Election Board, which would be mixed with the legitimate ballots during the day or before the counting was begun.

In Vallejo in early times a cracker box did duty as a ballot box for many years until some one, more observant than usual, detected the judge of election poking ballots through a convenient knot-hole on the back side, or that side of the box hidden from the vision of the voters. There is no one to tell now what influence that innocent little knot-hole played in the political organization or control of affairs of that section. The owner of that box was a public official during all the years it was used, but he was a popular man, and it is doubtful if he needed the aid of the knot-hole to continue his term of office.

For fifteen years or more after the state was admitted into the Union, there were no registration laws, and the loose laws adopted first for the purpose of registering voters were but little improvement; in fact, it is a question whether or not some kinds of illegal voting were not made easier and safer. It was a comparatively easy matter to stuff the register with dummy names, and then, as one register was made to do for several years, it would soon become loaded with the names of people who had moved away or had died. It would be such names that would be used by corrupt voters.

But around the use of the distinctive ballot, which carried only the candidate names of one party, we find more history of election scandals than anywhere else. The abolition of the distinctive ballot was the greatest step in election reform. The evils of its use were many. The combination of this form of ballot with the government employment condition existing before the adoption of civil service laws was an evil of most serious import. The use of this kind of ballot enabled employers—federal, state, city, and big corporation officials—to know how the men dependent upon them for employment voted. That this advantage was commonly made use of without distinction to party is undeniable. The distinctive ballot made the delivery of purchasable votes comparatively easy, with the least element of danger, both to the buyer and seller. The buyer could tell when the seller deposited his vote whether the goods had been delivered or not. Watchers at the polls could form close estimate of how elections were going and, no doubt, incentive to do wrong was increased or aroused by the advance information thus obtained.

The distinctive ballot evil culminated in 1871 by the use in the general state and judicial elections of that year at Vallejo of the notorious "tapeworm" ticket, and at Sacramento at the same election of even a worse or more objectionable form of ballot. The Republican party managers in control of navy yard politics were responsible for the first named, and Democrats controlling workmen engaged on state work at the capital for the other. The "tapeworm" ticket, however, attracted the greatest amount of attention, perhaps for the reason that it was used on a larger scale among a greater number of voters, and was a more radical innovation as to form and material on which it was printed than the ticket used at Sacramento.

The scandal raised was widespread. The subject was even discussed in the halls of Congress, and for years following the stigma of responsibility was applied to nearly every person prominently connected with the Republican side of politics in Solano County when opponents wished to use a crushing argument. In the absence of the true history of the origin of the ticket (and the facts were never before published), many innocent of any connection whatever with the origin or even use of the ticket suffered abuse.

While the law at that time did not prescribe any form or size of ballot, generally tickets were printed on paper from five to seven inches in length and from two to three inches in width; occasionally either smaller or larger sizes of paper were used. The type used was as a rule good sized and plain, so as to be easily read, and admitted the use of "pasters." These were names of opposing candidates printed on narrow strips of gummed paper which could be easily pasted over the name on the "regular" ticket. The "tapeworm" ticket was five and one-eighth inches long by a half inch wide, and was printed on thin cardboard. The type used was the smallest known in printing work (brilliant), and was seldom required; in fact, but few printers had this kind of type in their offices. The lettering on the tickets was printed so small and close together that it was impossible for any one to "scratch" a candidate's name and substitute another, either by paster, or pen and ink work. It either had to be voted in its entirety or not at all. The success of the party managers in thus heading off "scratching" of the ticket incensed a large number of voters, who indignantly refused to use this regular ticket at the polls. Some who opposed an individual on the ticket satisfied themselves with simply erasing the name.

At this election there was an organized effort among some Republicans to defeat their candidate for Congress, and in a few hours after the ticket made its appearance the "bolters" succeeded in finding a printing office supplied with brilliant type and having printed on thin gummed paper, in fac-simile as to size and form of the "tapeworm" ticket, the names of all the Republican candidates, except the one for Congress, to be used in covering the entire face of the objectionable ticket. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining the regular ballots in quantity, or in any considerable number, very few tickets with the entire face pasted over were found in the ballot boxes when the counting of the votes was over.

A peculiar political condition existed in Vallejo at that time. The place had but recently come into prominence as a prosperous town with a most promising future. It was even the boast of some of its advocates that it would become a rival to San Francisco. It had been made the terminus of the California Pacific Railroad, the first steam railroad from the interior to reach tidewater around the bay. The shops and general offices of the company were located there. Grain dealers from Chicago were erecting a grain elevator on the waterfront. The largest flouring mill on the Pacific Coast was being constructed; ships were departing almost daily with cargoes of wheat for Europe; the navy yard was crowded with workmen as it never had been before; in the three years from 1868 to 1871 the population had more than trebled. A great majority of the new population were of the Republican faith in politics, so the political complexion of the community changed from a slight Republican to an overwhelming Republican majority. One of the results of this change was that the newcomers captured the Republican organization. There were many politicians in their ranks, especially those employed in the navy yard, having secured positions there because of their previous political influence or usefulness in political matters. The new men made themselves prominent in all Republican gatherings and assumed authority and position, all of which was irritating to the old-timers, and was naturally resented to some degree. Then again, some of the new men came as appointees to positions in the navy yard, which the old-timers thought belonged to them. Thus factional conditions arose. The newcomers were dubbed "Carpetbaggers" and the old-timers were referred to as "Silurians."

The conditions became more acute when the former captured the county convention and nominated the entire county ticket, the majority of the nominees being from their ranks, the most of whom had been in the county but a few months. As a matter of course, they named and took control of the county committee. It was this committee which was responsible for the "tapeworm" ticket. The individual responsibility was never made public, and probably never will be. After the notoriety created by the use of the ballot every one accused denied connection with it. Although I do not possess positive information, it is my judgment that the party who planned the ticket was never accused.

This person was a deputy in one of the county offices and did not live in Vallejo. A few years ago the writer, in conversation with this ex-official, remarked that he, the official, ought to give the true history of the "tapeworm" ticket to the public, as he was the only one who possessed all the facts. He replied, saying that, while it might be true, he could not talk while some of the principals connected with the issue and use of the ticket were alive. Not very long after this time he, himself, passed away.

It is known that the tickets were printed in the printing department of a large publishing house in San Francisco, which retired from business some years ago; and after printing they were given into the custody of the official above referred to, who delivered them into the possession of one of the principal county candidates the night before the election. From the latter's possession they were distributed to the foremen of the navy yard and some other political workers, who in turn placed them in the hands of the voters under their control.

While voters were accustomed to many curious forms of printing in tickets, the appearance of the "tapeworm" ticket created a storm of indignation, especially manifested among the old-timers, as it was interpreted to be a device to drive that faction into support of the "Carpetbag" nominees.

Early in the day, or very soon after the existence of the ticket was known, on the morning of election day, a gathering of old-timers quickly assembled, by common impulse, in the law offices of Honorable S. G. Hilborn, subsequently Congressman from the third district, just as they had gathered there frequently before to give expression to their feelings of indignation and opposition to other acts of the "Carpetbaggers."

The question now was, what they should do or even could do to show their resentment and demonstrate their independence of this crowning act of the presumptuous and domineering newcomers.

As might be expected, there was much heated talk before anything practical demanded by the situation was considered or suggested. To a man, those present swore they would not vote the "tapeworm" ticket, even if such resolution cost them their right to vote. This unanimity of feeling suggested to me, one of the rebellious Republicans present, the idea of having a ticket printed at once for use of every one to whom the "tapeworm" ticket was repugnant or objectionable, and I promised, at my own expense, to have printed and distributed on the streets in thirty minutes a ticket containing all the names of the regular Republican nominees in a form which no one need be ashamed to put in the ballot box. The offer was accepted with enthusiasm, as it afforded a method of expressing independence of the "organization" and resentment against the attempt to compel all Republicans to vote a straight ticket, whether disposed to or not.

It happened that at the office of the Vallejo *Chronicle* there was an efficient printing plant. The compositors on the newspaper were called to the job department and the copy for the tickets was divided up into small "takes" with instructions to set the type in plain letter, pica, as it was then known, with the title of the office in small capitals and the name of the candidate in capitals, run in the same line. This style was selected as being the quickest way the type could be set up.

For better illustration, the first two names on the ticket are here produced in the style and kind of type used:

FOR GOVERNOR, NEWTON BOOTH.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, ROMUALDO PACHECO.

Two forms of the ticket were put in type in about ten minutes. In the meantime, or while the type was being set up, two presses were being made ready for the work. There happened to be on hand a large quantity of white book paper cut in strips of four inches in width, which only required to be cut into 12-inch lengths to be ready for the pressmen on which to print the new form of ticket.

These details now have probably more interest because of the fact that this hastily gotten up ticket was really the beginning or birth of the subsequently popular uniform ballot in California, as will be seen later.

To the satisfaction of the old-timers, the tickets were being distributed on the streets in less than the half hour promised, and the cause of serious friction was in a great measure overcome. Notwithstanding the ability now of the independent voter to scratch and paste to his heart's content, there was not enough of this kind of work done to affect the result. In truth, the majority of the insurgents voted the straight ticket. The entire ticket was elected, and the "tapeworm" ticket passed into history, its like never to be seen again, with the possible exception of the ticket used at the judicial election held several weeks later, though the tickets for both the general and judicial elections were printed at the same time. With the idea of removing the selection of judicial officers from those baneful influences ordinarily dominating elections, the times for the election of the general officers and judges were separated.

The Democratic newspapers gave the matter much space in denunciation of the new political monstrosity. Some editors went so far as to demand that the vote of the Vallejo district should be thrown out. Strange to say, the Democratic ticket used in Sacramento at the same election attracted but little attention, and even that criticism might have been less had not a Democratic leader and contractor attempted to get at the ballots after the election to check up the numbers placed on the tickets he had given out to his men.

This election ticket was printed in as small and compact form as possible. The names of candidates were twisted and intertwined, one lapping over another and intermingled like a bunch of angleworms, so that there could be no "pasting" of names or voting anything but a straight ticket, and so marked on the back as not to be counterfeited, but the worst feature was that each ticket was numbered and the record of the number set down against the name of each workman to whom the tickets were given.

The discussion that followed the introduction and use of the "tapeworm" ticket throughout the land from the Pacific to the Atlantic aroused the people to a sense of necessity for a passage of some law governing the size and form of election tickets. Therefore, at the session of the Legislature which followed the election of 1871, a state uniform ballot law was passed and approved by the Governor. In this law the Legislature, in selecting a form of ticket to be used thereafter, adopted the form and style of ticket so hastily improvised by the independent or insurgent element of the Republican party in Vallejo, in showing their resentment to the "tapeworm" ticket. The new law followed not only the arrangement of title of office and candidate's names, but the kind and size of type, size and kind of paper, used at the Vallejo election; also required that all the paper should be purchased of the Secretary of State, and thus uniformity in tint and texture was secured.

So the "Carpetbaggers" builded better than they knew. They laid the foundation for the uniform ballot law, one of California's most progressive steps in election reform.

The use of election tickets devised for the purpose of compelling voters to vote according to the wishes of party managers, depriving them of the privilege to express any individual preference for candidates other than regular nominees, became more and more objectionable, as time brought around some measure of release from the strict adherence to party rule existing during, and for some years following, the Civil War. So the time was ripe for a movement in reform, and when some thoughtful legislator, prompted by the Vallejo and Sacramento incidents, suggested the uniform ballot, it was immediately adopted.

The law continued in force until the people were ready for another forward step, and the uniform ballot gave way to the adoption of the so-called Australian ballot, which gave to the voters greater independence and privacy. These improvements in political conditions extended beyond advantages and privileges bestowed upon the voter; for in times when party managers could control the action of voters by the use of special ballots there was less reason to listen to popular voice in selection of candidates, and there was at least a tendency to place men on the tickets and elect them to offices, their qualification for which was the least consideration.

Forty years or more haye elapsed since the beginning of the reform in the methods of holding elections in this state; nearly two generations of voters have been born and come upon the field of active politics; and, measured by the span of human life, these measures of reform have been slow of growth, and to the younger voters the progress probably has been hardly perceptible, but, measured by the life of the nation, the growth is marked and most gratifying.

CHAPTER III

EARLY DAYS IN SACRAMENTO

Money in Plenty for Boys as Well as Adults—Boyhood Adventures—The "Old Swimming Hole" Nearly Scores a Victim—An Epidemic of Gunpowder Explosions Explained

To RETURN to the experiences of my childhood in Sacramento. In the '50s it was easy for boys to make spending money. As peaches were selling at from 25 cents to 50 cents apiece, and a dollar for extra large, choice fruit, the pits had considerable value. I do not remember how much per hundred pits the fruit men gave, for most of the youngsters like myself preferred to trade in to the fruit men a dozen pits as we accumulated them for a peach or two. Peach pits therefore were a medium of exchange with the boys of that period until the orchards became more extensive and the market for pits was glutted for all time to come. It was a common thing for the boys after school to drift around the business section of the city, where the fruit stands were located, and trail a purchase of peaches to recover any peach pits that might have been thrown away.

There were no "rags, bottles, and sacks" men in those days, so the boys had the business all to themselves. Empty wine and champagne bottles sold to the liquor men for $1.50 per dozen. As money was plentiful and everybody received large profits on whatever he sold, and received big pay in compensation for all services rendered, many wine and champagne bottles were emptied to the gain of the youngsters ever alert to gather them up. A good burlap or potato sack had a ready market value of a "bit" apiece, which might be 10 cents or 15 cents, according to the convenience in making change. Everything of value of less than a dollar was priced in "bits," that is, "one bit," "two bits," "four bits," etc., the "bit" being one-eighth of a dollar or 12½ cents. As there was no coin to represent one bit, 10 cents would be accepted in payment for a one bit purchase; or, if a purchaser proffered a 25-cent piece, he only received a 10-cent piece in exchange. Five-cent pieces were not used. I remember offering a fruit vendor a silver 5-cent piece for a banana. The fellow took the coin and threw it into the street as far as he could send it. At drug stores the minimum price of any article was 25 cents. As late as in 1879, to avoid the recognition or use of nickels, it was seriously proposed by some prominent newspaper of the state to introduce the French franc or 20-cent piece.

Old cast-iron was salable at a foundry on Front Street at 5 cents per pound. Consequently, the boys gathered up such metal as fast as it was discarded as useless. I was once given an old, worn-out cooking stove by a party living a number of blocks away from the foundry. As the stove weighed over sixty pounds, I had a hard time in transporting it to the foundry. I took a good part of one Saturday, the only day I had from school, to deliver the iron, but with the aid of a couple of small wooden cart wheels, dragging, pushing, and pulling, I finally managed to get it to the foundry. I was near to a state of collapse, but revived when the foundryman paid me something like $3.50. I think the spirit of determination to accomplish anything I undertook to do was strongly developed in my boyhood days, but I am not so sure that I would have accepted the gift of another old stove, conditioned on my delivering it to the foundry myself.

Probably the greatest and most common source of profits for boyish enterprise was the gathering of old tin cans, such as were used for oysters, fruits, etc., and burning the solder off. This solder when recovered and run into bars was much desired by the tinsmiths, who paid something like 50 cents per pound for it.

Those were days of high prices for everything, big wages, abundance of money, no poverty, and little thievery, the like of which in all probability will never be experienced here again.

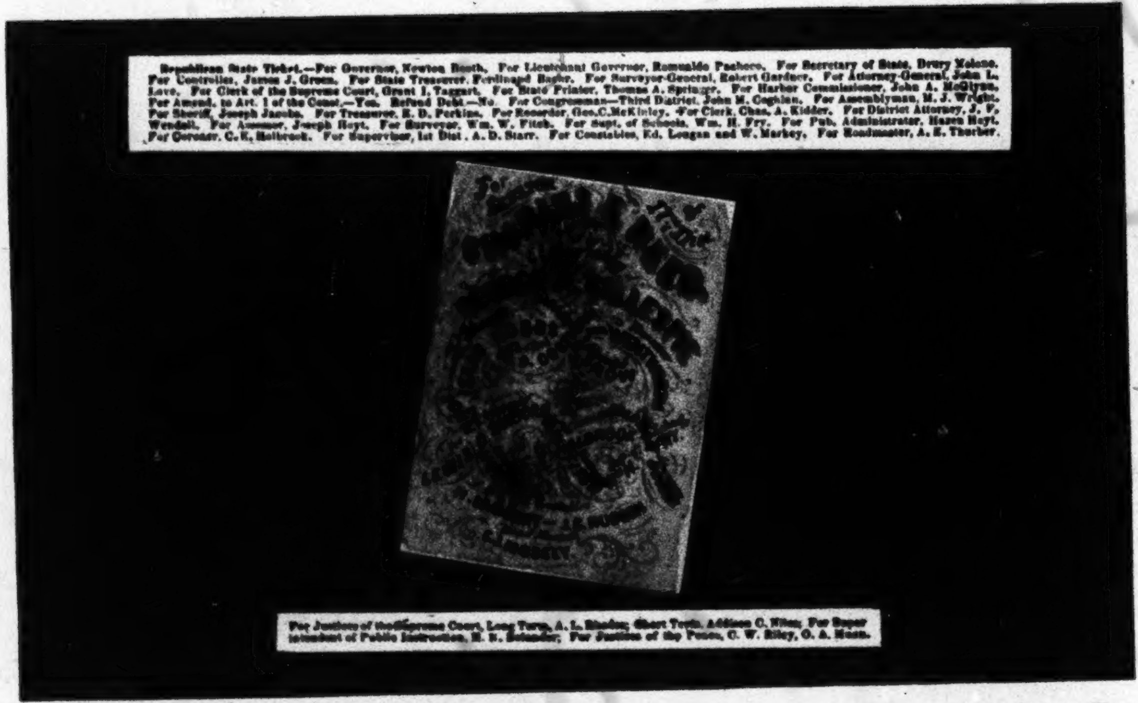
When I was about ten years old I had an adventure, the experience of which frightened me thoroughly. My folks permitted me to go on a visit to a friend of theirs who was mining on the American River in the vicinity of Folsom. After a narrow escape from falling into a big mining ditch filled with swift running water and the performance of some other acts which were undoubtedly classed by the elders as mischievous, I strayed away some distance from the house, thence to the river bank, which at this point was probably 150 feet above the bed of the stream where the water was flowing. I was seized with a desire to get down to the water. It seemed simple enough. The bank where I stood was perpendicular for the first six feet and consisted of earth. From the foot of this six-foot bluff lay a bank of big cobblestones extending on a slope of about 45 degrees all the way to the bed of the stream. I had calculated that all I had to do was to drop off the bank of earth to the cobblestones and then walk down the remainder of the distance. I laid down on my stomach and slid over the bank, holding on until the greater part of my body was over the edge, completing the rest of the journey with a drop, landing with a jar, which closed the first chapter of the adventure.

Finding I was not seriously damaged, I started down the bank of cobblestones. I had not gone far, possibly thirty feet, when, to my horror, I discovered my feet were displacing the stones so as to start the pile behind and above me to rolling down on me, and if I went any further I calculated I would be treated to a shower of cobbles, nearly every one of which was as large as my head. As I could not travel down the slope faster than the cobblestones, unquestionably I would be crushed to death before I could possibly reach the river. So I determined to retrace my steps, but I soon found that to do so was a matter of grave uncertainty, for when I attempted to move directly up on the cobbles, my feet movements would displace the stones and start those above to rolling. I fully realized now I was in a bad predicament, and my getting out of it was a serious question. Although thoroughly scared, I did not lose my presence of mind. I found that if I remained quiet the cobbles did likewise. So I laid down flat on the rocks and set my mind in action working out a plan of escape. I soon conceived the idea that by working upward at an angle from my position, though the rocks were displaced by my forward movements, I would be out of the way of the greater part of the rolling cobbles which must pass behind me. This reasoning, in the main, proved correct, and after hard work and a few bumps at short range I reached the top of the pile of cobbles and the foot of the six-foot embankment. But here another dilemma was presented. How was a four-foot boy going to be able to climb up that six feet of perpendicular embankment? While considering this I thought of a story I had read of a man escaping from a similar position by cutting niches for his hands and feet in the wall as he worked up. Luckily I had a good, strong knife and, finding a place in the embankment with a trifle of a slope, I soon reached the top, not much the worse physically, but a much wiser boy for my experience.

The first piece of railroad laid in California, if not on the Pacific Coast, for the operation of steam cars, was constructed between Sacramento and Folsom, a distance of something over twenty miles. This enterprise must

have been begun in the year 1855. I remember the inception of the work very well. The track out of Sacramento was laid on the R Street levee. The construction of the road as well as the subsequent operation of the line had much interest for me. As we lived only a couple of blocks away from the line, I was able to witness and study the operations advantageously. The completion and opening of the road for business were made an event of celebration that lingered in the memory of Sacramentans for many subsequent years. This railroad line is still in operation, but was extended in later years on to Placerville. During an early period of the undertaking of the construction of the Central Pacific by Stanford, Huntington, and Crocker the Folsom road became a menace to their enterprise in the way of a competitor for the bounty of the government in building a railroad across the continent. After some months of negotiation the Central Pacific bought the line.

The R Street levee, which served as a road bed for the Folsom railroad, was originally built for the sole purpose of protecting the city from flood waters on the south side. The greater part of the earth forming the levee was taken from trenches paralleling the embankment on both sides, but as the trenches did not supply sufficient earth a few big pits were dug on the south side of the levee, from which the extra earth was obtained. These pits filled with water in the winter and made "swimming holes" for the boys in the summer. The one at the foot of Fifth Street was the largest and most popular, and it was there, before I had learned to swim, that I was nearly drowned. I "went in swimming" with the usual crowd of boys, and I jumped into the water at a place where it was considerably over my head. The boys who saw me go in said that the only part of me showing after jumping in was my hair or the top of my head. I knew that I was drowning, but suffered no pain, but a peculiar



Republican State Ticket.—For Governor, Newton Booth. For Lieutenant Governor, Romualdo Pacheco. For Secretary of State, Drury Melone.
For Controller, James J. Green. For State Treasurer, Ferdinand Baehr. For Surveyor-General, Robert Gardner. For Attorney-General, John L.
Love. For Clerk of the Supreme Court, Grant I. Taggart. For State Printer, Thomas A. Springer. For Harbor Commissioner, John A. McGlynn.
For Amend. to Art. 1 of the Const.—Yes. Refund Debt.—No. For Congressman—Third District, John M. Coghlan. For Assemblyman, M. J. Wright.
For Sheriff, Joseph Jacobs. For Treasurer, E. D. Perkins. For Recorder, Geo. C. McKinley. For Clerk, Chas. A. Kidder. For District Attorney, J. V.
Wendell. For Assessor, Joseph Hoyt. For Surveyor, Wm. W. Fitch. For Supt. of Schools, Wm. H. Fry. For Pub. Administrator, Hazen Hoyt.
For Coroner, C. K. Holbrook. For Supervisor, 1st Dist. A. D. Starr. For Constables, Ed. Loagan and W. Markey. For Roadmaster, A. E. Thurber.

For Justices of the Supreme Court, Long Term, A. L. Rhodes; Short Term, Addison C. Niles; For Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. N. Bolander; For Justices of the Peace, C. W. Riley, O. A. Hunt.

FORMS OF ELECTION TICKETS used in the early seventies. The long and narrow tickets are specimens of the famous "tape-worm" tickets, and the one in the center of the page with the names in crooked lines, is a sample of a tissue paper kind. Both were devised to prevent the voter from changing the names on the ticket, but more particularly to enable the watchers at the polling place to determine how the voters cast their ballots.

feature of the incident was that I was conscious of the frantic efforts of the boys on shore to attract the attention of the swimmers to my condition, and that finally one of the large boys understood what was wanted and was coming across the pond to my aid, and that there was a query in my mind whether he could reach me soon enough. Of course, the physical sight of the boys on shore and the lad coming to my rescue was impossible, for I was under and out of sight in very muddy water, but in some way all the efforts to rescue me were as visible as if I had been out of the water and a spectator on the bank. Another peculiarity of the affair was that in the short time I was under the water every event of my life seemed to run through my mind, and it seemed as if I could see all at once everything and everybody in the world I was familiar with. Where the people were and what was going on, and the frightened antics of my chums and the coming of my rescuer were all part of this remarkable panorama. When the latter reached me he grabbed me by my hair and soon, with the aid of others, had me out on shore. I was not unconscious, and within an hour was able to go home. As might be expected, this experience put a stop to my visits to the "swimming hole" for a long time.

To relieve the minds of those who may read this story, I must say I never believed in mankind possessing occult powers, and I never held to any theory in explanation of the phenomenon described. However, it has undoubtedly served to strengthen my belief that there are secrets about this life on earth and the passing out of it not yet revealed to us.

When the discovery of gold in California caused the stampede of fortune hunters from the Eastern states in '49 and '50, every old tub of a sailing craft that could be got hold of was purchased in Atlantic harbors and used to bring passengers and supplies to California.

When these vessels arrived in San Francisco harbor they were almost immediately deserted by the crews, and only a very small percentage of the crafts ever passed out of the Golden Gate again. The result was that within a few months there were a great many of these old hulks tied up near shore and at anchor in the bay. They became useful as storage places in the absence of warehouses, and, when hauled up against the shore, as landing places for steamers plying on the bay and rivers. As a rule, when used this way and as warehouses, the top masts were removed and a hip roof constructed over the deck from bow to stern, and they were commonly called "hulks."

At Sacramento the entire river front was filled with hulks, from I Street down to P Street, moored to the levee, used as steamer landings, warehouses, etc. The one near I Street was used as a jail for several years, and undoubtedly influenced the location of the county jail in its present site. The hulk at the extreme end of the row in the other direction was used largely for storage of gunpowder. Some time about 1855 the seams of this old hulk opened and let into the hold a considerable quantity of water, so that a large part of the powder stored was damaged. Much of this powder was in one-pound and two-pound cans, and to get rid of it was thrown into the river, probably with the supposition that it would sink or the force of the stream would carry it off and thus dispose of it. Gunpowder always has possessed attraction for the small boy, and the boys of that day were no exception to the boys of modern times. It did not take them long to discover what had taken place, or much longer for them to recover many cans by diving to the river bottom, and picking up such packages as drifted ashore. As much of this powder still had the power of explosion, it can be well imagined what subsequently took place in the community. More boys were punished with scarred faces and powder burns within a few weeks than have been in that city altogether since. I confess I was among the number, and I think half the boys I knew suffered likewise. I do not remember any fatalities, but there were some severe injuries. Again I obtained wisdom by experience.

During the latter part of my five-years residence in Sacramento I was a witness to two tragedies in real life. One was common, such as has been enacted since the days of Cain, and there will be repetitions in all probability until the end of time. The other affair would be uncommon now, for it was an execution of a murderer under the old order of things, when executions were conducted publicly.

In the first affair a Chinaman was killed by a blow on the head from a club wielded by a boy fifteen or sixteen years old. A half-dozen boys about that age had undertaken to tease the Oriental. They succeeded beyond their expectations, for he started after them, following them with bulldog persistence. After a chase of some distance the boys took refuge behind some cordwood piled up along the sidewalk. One of the boys seized a four-foot stick and when the Chinaman came up struck him on the head, with fatal result. I came in view of the affair just at the time the Chinese was felled. The affair happened near Chinatown and caused great excitement among the residents of that locality, but I never heard of any arrest being made on account of it.

The execution referred to took place in the open field just outside of the eastern part of the town, some little distance beyond the residence district, I should say not very far east of the present State Capitol grounds.

The gallows was erected a day or so before the day set for the hanging. The victim in this case was also a Chinaman, who had been tried in the courts and convicted of killing a countryman. A military company formed a hollow square around the gallows inside of which none but the condemned and officials were allowed. The crowd of spectators, of which there were several hundred, gathered on the outside of the lines of soldiers. I said I was a witness, but it was only in a general way. With a lot of other boys I went to the scene of execution early enough to gratify my curiosity as to the construction of the gallows, but when the procession accompanying the officers and the condemned approached the place I ran off to a distance, but only stood long enough to observe some of the preparations; then when I thought it was near time for the fatal drop I turned my back and ran for home. There were a number of boys present as well as a few women, but it must be said to their credit, especially the women, that they stood back some distance and it was only the men who crowded up close enough to witness the gruesome details. The horror of that scene remained with me for many, many years. It was one of the last public executions held in the state, for the Legislature soon afterward passed a law requiring that death penalty proceedings should be conducted privately, admitting to the scene a certain number of witnesses only. Subsequently, the law was again changed providing that all executions should be carried on at the state prisons instead of within the county jails.

I suppose everybody has noticed the after-effect a visit of a circus to a community has on the boys. Well, this execution of the Chinaman had much the same influence on the boys of Sacramento, but instead of erecting miniature circuses, turning cartwheels, etc., the youngsters were building miniature gallows of sizes suitable for the execution of grasshoppers, to the hanging of dogs. A banker's son living in our neighborhood erected one of the latter, but I believe his parents demolished the affair before he secured a victim. Such was one of the baneful influences of public executions. The action of the Legislature gave evidence of the rise of social order to a higher plane.

The facts just related are not pleasant things to write about, and my first thought was to omit the incidents, but afterward I concluded that it was from the portrayal of events as they occur that subsequent generations obtain their knowledge of what has happened before their time and by which they would be able to measure the advance of social conditions in California.

I became interested in Sunday-school attendance as soon as I learned to read, and this reminds me the first book I ever read through from cover to cover was "Pilgrim's Progress." I found the book on my way to school one morning. The copy was profusely illustrated, and to understand the meaning of the pictures I was compelled to read some of the text. So in this way I became interested in the story and read the book through with benefit, I am sure, to my character in after life and which opened my mind to the pleasures to be found in books. I read many other good books, but none made the impression on my mind like this book, found in the street. One of the very first churches to be established in Sacramento was the Congregational, which was presided over by Reverend Benton. He was a fine gentleman and popular, and always had a good congregation. I attended the Sunday school for several years. The First Baptist Church, presided over by Reverend Shuck, who had passed some of his earlier years as a missionary in China, was another strong organization. I also attended the Sunday school of this church, which was held before the regular morning services. Here I had for a teacher Major E. A. Sherman, whom I met fifty years afterward when I took up residence in Oakland. Major Sherman took much interest in boys. In one of his efforts to occupy the minds of the boys in things that were best for them he planned an organization similar to the boy scouts of the present time.

The major was a veteran of the Mexican War, therefore versed in army tactics, and the boys were organized into a company and drilled in marching. Arrayed in blue silk sashes with tinsel rosettes and banners and flags, we paraded to good advantage on several occasions. To the last days of his life the major liked to talk about his company of boys. He was very proud of the work, for he said the boys all made good after reaching manhood.

It was at this Baptist church at a Sunday school exhibition I made my first attempt to appear before an audience. My Sunday school teacher said I must select a piece, commit it to memory, and recite it at the exhibition. I submitted the matter to my mother, but she failed to refer me to any selection meeting my idea of appropriateness, so I went to an old gentleman I knew who kept a lumber, coal, and wood yard, who I thought was wiser than anybody, but as a matter of fact on subjects of this kind he knew less. He picked up a copy of the morning paper and after looking over a page or two clipped out an article on the subject of poetry of not more than 250 words, and said for me to try that. It was about as appropriate for the occasion and as fit for a boy of my age and appearance as for the minister to have attempted to recite "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Up to this period my old friend's judgment was respected by me, and I committed the piece to memory so I could recite it frontward and backward, although I had not the slightest idea what it all meant. On the night of the exhibition I sat on the stage with the others who were to take part in the exercises and had begun to realize that I had undertaken a contract over which I had some misgivings as to a successful outcome. When my name was called I mechanically stepped out to the center of the stage. The number of people there seemed to multiply rapidly and the lights to dance. I bowed my head with a jerky nod and commenced my recitation with the words, "Poetry—what is poetry?——"

That is as far as I was able to go. The audience as well as myself was relieved of the painful embarrassment of the situation by my kind teacher leading me off the stage.

By 1854 or earlier Sacramento had secured a firm hold on the state capital, which for several years past had been shifted around from one place to another. The first state house was a frame structure located on I Street. I recall seeing the members of the Legislature going in and coming out of the building, and as nearly all of the members wore silk hats, commonly called "plugs," they impressed me as being superior individuals, and I viewed them with awe and respect. For some time thereafter I regarded all men wearing silk hats as being members of the Legislature. This first state house in Sacramento was destroyed by one of the early big fires and was replaced by a brick structure further out on the same street. I was present on the occasion of laying the cornerstone. The eevent was celebrated in an imposing manner. The erection of the present stately capitol building was not commenced until after we moved away from the city in 1857.

The state fair was another institution which enlivened the city every year. The first pavilion exhibits were held in the state house. Then subsequently a building was erected for the purpose. In the early history of the fairs gambling games of all kinds were permitted adjacent to the fair grounds where the stock was exhibited and the racing was had. The gambling interested me very much and I spent a great deal of time watching the conduct of various games. It did not take me long to detect the dishonest methods resorted to in fleecing the unwary visitors who patronized the games. If I ever had any inclination to gamble, my observations then were sufficient to cure it. At this date there was no law prohibiting gambling games, and therefore the evil business was conducted openly in many parts of the city, the games running night and day in flashily furnished saloons, opening upon the streets, so as to attract the people passing by. These places were usually crowded with people at night. It required some years of persistent effort to stop the business, but finally legislation was secured that outlawed the games and conduct of any gambling games in public places.

Sacramento was a lively city in early days, by reason of being the place from which one must start for almost every interior point, especially the mines. Here all passenger and freight lines of transportation centered. It was the hub. The two main business streets, J and K, would be lined on each side during a good part of the day with big mule teams and freight wagons loading up for trips to the mines and other interior points. The jangling of the little bells mounted on the harness of the mules and horses, rumbling of truck loads of merchandise trundled across the sidewalks from the stores to wagons, and the shouting of teamsters and others made an animated scene, the like of which will never be re-enacted there. Aside from the little railroad line to Folsom and the steamer lines up and down the river, all other passenger transportation was by stage lines. These stage lines were largely controlled by a powerful corporation known as the California Stage Company. One of the lines was operated from Sacramento to Portland, Ore. There were several other lines of many miles in length, and probably more than a hundred of lesser importance. The general starting point from Sacramento was the block on Second Street between J and K streets, and the stages commenced loading up and leaving at an early hour of the day, and a little later the block would be filled with stages preparing for departures for their various destinations. As the stages would leave or start out on their journey other stages would come in and take their places. The rush of coming and going of the stages lasted several hours in the morning. It was an interesting sight, and was always attended by the presence of a crowd of people, including travelers, their friends, and those impelled by curiosity. The speed at which passengers were transported depended upon the nature of the country traversed. I think, however, as I remember it, six miles per hour would represent a fair average, though there were important lines that made much better time, making frequent changes of horses. The line from Sacramento to Napa was a little over sixty miles, and the distance was covered in about ten hours running time, with three changes of horses. In latter years the construction of railroads running out in almost every direction from the city put stage business in general, and the California Stage Company in particular, out of business.

Father had been into two or three different businesses, but through losses by fire and otherwise he had been unfortunate, and concluded to return to the vocation he had been brought up in under his father, that of wagon making and repair work. Associated with a man named Rankin, who was a blacksmith, quite a large business was built up by the firm in a comparatively short time. One of the employees of the wood working department of the shops was one of the Studebakers, who subsequently became a member of the famous firm of Studebakers, wagon and carriage makers of Indiana. In 1880 I met this particular member of the firm in Chicago, and in conversation, when he learned I was from California, he became much interested and told me of his employment with father in early days in Sacramento. He gave me pressing invitation to visit the company's big plant, but I was unable to accept it.

Though father was doing well in a business way, it became necessary to leave Sacramento on account of our health. Mother, who had not fully recovered from the effects of the sickness that seized upon her on the Isthmus, was ill much of the time, and father and I both had chills and fever. There was much malaria in and about the city at that time, and our physician advised a change of climate. It was in the spring of 1857 that we boarded a stage coach and after an all day's ride reached the town of Napa. In reviewing the events of my life, the five years spent in Sacramento seem to cover a much longer period of years. I formed some strong attachments there and it was with sadness and tears I turned my back on the city.

CHAPTER IV

REMINISCENCES OF NAPA

Beauty and Attractions of the Valley Before the Advent of Trespass Signs—Churches, Schools, and Business of Pioneer Days—Mining and What Led to the Discovery of the Great Quicksilver Deposits—Grain Harvesting and Its Evolution—Invention of the Steam Thresher—Orchards and Vineyards—Wine-Making and Its Start—Pioneer Residents of the Town and Valley

The stage road out from Sacramento cut across the tule basin a little north of where the railroad track lies now. It was passable during the summer months only. The first habitation met was a ranch about fifteen miles from the city located on the banks of Putah Creek, owned by a man named Davis. The home part of this ranch became the townsite of Davisville when the railroad was built through that locality and a station made there in 1869. Here the first change of horses was made. As there was no bridge over Putah Creek, the crossing was made by driving down into the bed of the stream and fording it. Coming out on the bank on the other or south side of the stream there was before you a stretch of level prairie all the way to the foothills of the Coast Range for a distance of ten or more miles, without a single fence or enclosure or tree, except for the roadhouse of a man named Silva, located about a mile north of the present site of the Town of Dixon and about five miles from Davis.

This prairie at that time was not considered worth fencing, but afterward, when the remarkable fertility of the soil was discovered, became about the most productive wheat growing section of the state. The owners of it were the wealthiest lot of farmers to be found in any one locality, and their land was unpurchasable.

Vacaville was then a little town with the country thereabouts yet undeveloped as a fruit growing section. It was the headquarters of stock men and a goodly part of the inhabitants were Mexicans. We stopped here for lunch and change of horses. After getting out of the hills southwest of Vacaville the country was more settled and with farms fenced, a condition which continued all the way to Napa. This part of the route took us through Fairfield, the county seat of Solano County, and farther on to the town of Cordelia.

Upon arriving at Napa we put up at the Napa Hotel. I was tired and went to bed early and was awakened soon after daylight by music new to my ears, but so delightful and sweet, the impress on my memory has never been dimmed. It was the singing of hundreds of various kinds of wild birds, living and nesting in the trees and brush bordering the stream flowing back of the hotel. Perhaps my love for nature was then a feature of my character, and it made me more appreciative of the warbling of these little songsters. At any rate, this introduction made me pleased with my new home.

It was dark when we arrived the night before, and now in the morning the sun was shining in all the glory of a beautiful spring day, revealing sights grand and new to me. My delight, my pleasure, and enthusiasm were immeasurable. All my existence of memory had been passed in a country level and unbroken by so much as a hillock, and no water but the muddy Sacramento, and here I had been set down as if it were by magic alongside of a beautiful stream of clear water, with grand hills and mountains on either side so close that I could study the trees and rocks and see the cattle feeding on the grassy sides. I have never ceased to love those hills and I have never ceased to remember the pleasures of that first view of them and the happiness I found for years afterward in hunting and tramping over and around them. I am sure there is not a canyon, big rock, or clump of trees for miles around on either side of the valley that I did not become familiar with. Napa Valley is generally acknowledged as a garden spot of the state; but with all the embellishment made in later years in the process of denser settlement, and the beautifying of country homes, the valley, more as Nature had made it—teeming with wild life, with the freedom of those bordering hills, and the beautiful creeks coming down from the mountain sides meandering through the valley, untrammeled by fences and unmarred by trespass signs—was far more attractive to me; and to think of the happy days in such surroundings is to sigh for something gone forever.

The town in those days was known as Napa City and contained a population not to exceed 500 people. There were five brick buildings in the place. These were one on the southwest corner of Main and First streets, the two buildings adjoining south on Main Street, the courthouse (since replaced), and the Revere House, a hotel on Second Street opposite the county building.

The business of the community consisted of five or six general merchandise stores, one drug store, two butcher shops, three hotels, two livery stables, one harness shop, one wagon shop, a lumber yard, two flour mills, two warehouses, several saloons, a shoemaker, and a few other business places of less importance. There was no telegraph or railroad connecting the town with the outside world. A neat little side-wheel steamboat made three trips a week to San Francisco, going down one day and back the next. Besides there were three sailing craft, two sloops, and a schooner plying regularly on the river.

When low tide in the river happened at the hours of the steamer's schedule of arrival and departure, it used a wharf four or five miles below town, and passengers were handled between the town and that landing by stages.

In the summer time, or when harvest was on, hundreds of Indians from the north would come to Napa and camp with their families about the town. The steamboat was a matter of the greatest interest to them. It was no uncommon sight when the steamer's whistle signal of her coming was heard to see them drop whatever they might be doing and rush for the river bank. There they would line up along the river side showing the greatest interest and pleasure in witnessing the movements of the steamer.

The Indians came to Napa to work in the grain fields. In those days the cultivation of wheat was about the only farming done in the valley. It was before the days of headers and self-binders, so the grain was simply cut down by reapers and lay loose on the ground. The machine was followed by several men, a sufficient number to bind it in bundles as fast as it was cut. The Indians did this work well, and therefore found ready employment. They generally got rid of their earnings about as fast as received, making purchases of blankets and trinkets in the stores, buying whiskey, and in gambling. The men were inveterate gamblers. Generally they made Sundays an exceedingly lively day. The mixing of liquor with games of chance seems to develop about the same degree of meanness and brutality in the red man as in the white.

There were a number of Mexicans, people of Spanish descent, or native Californians, as they were frequently styled, living in the valley, the remnant of the original settlers of that section. Some were well-to-do, being the owners of large land holdings and herds of cattle. They were hospitable people and popular with the new settlers coming into the valley, who were destined eventually to succeed in ownership to their homes and ranches. Though some few descendants of those families are still to be found in the county, there is little to distinguish them from the ordinary citizen, and the big ranches were long ago cut up into comparatively small holdings.

In the early '50s a very large number of the people living in town as well as those engaged in farming in the valley were people who had come across the plains from the State of Missouri. By their mannerisms and peculiarity of speech they were almost as distinguishable from other Eastern people as were those of Spanish descent. As a rule they were a whole-souled, generous class whose doors were always open to strangers and friends alike. The adventures, trials, and hardships experienced by these people in crossing the plains, beset with Indians bent on murder and plunder, and here and there murderous whites, gave them something of a heroic character in my youthful eyes. They too, like the Spanish descendants, have disappeared as a class. Death has removed the older generation and time has eliminated all distinguishable characteristics of the descendants.

There was a public school held in a one-story, two-roomed building, with two teachers. The school was not graded. One teacher taught the smaller or primer scholars, while the other teacher taught the older pupils. The attendance, as I remember it, was somewhere between seventy-five and a hundred scholars. For the first few months of my residence in Napa I was sent to a private school, but this did not suit my democratic notions and I prevailed upon my folks to let me go to the public school. I enjoyed the school life there more than at any other school I had attended. There were a number of Spanish or Mexican boys among the pupils. As one of the results of the contact with the "native Californians" there were few of the American boys who did not speak some Spanish, and some of the boys could speak it as well and fluently as the Mexican lads.

I think there were only two church organizations holding regular services when I first went to Napa—the Presbyterian and the Methodist. The Catholics built their church quite soon thereafter, however, and may have been holding services at the time I speak of. The Episcopalians also established a church within a couple of years. The Presbyterian church for about ten years was presided over by Reverend E. P. Veeder, who was succeeded by Doctor Richard Wylie, the present minister. Few churches in the country with a record of sixty years of uninterrupted work can make the showing of the church in the length of time of service of its ministers, and unity and harmony of its memberships, the personality of which must have almost completely changed in that period. The elders of the beginning of the church have all passed away, and the Sunday school scholars of that time are now old men and women.

The Methodist church was a strong organization. As was the custom in that denomination, the ministers were changed at least every two years and assigned by the state organization. In the early history of the church some of the ministers who served there subsequently became prominent men in the state.

Father Deyaert was the name of the priest who from the beginning, and many years after, was the pastor of the Catholic church. He was exceedingly popular with all classes. He was fond of outdoor life, especially tramping the neighboring hills and shooting quail. I met him on such excursions several times, when we enjoyed one another's company very much, as people generally do when the source of their amusement lies in the same direction. He would frequently go into saloons, not to

VIEW OF THE FIRE IN SACRAMENTO FROM THE LEVEE ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 2ND, 1852

Photographed from an old print

scold or preach to those who happened to be in there, but simply to be social, conversing on ordinary topics such as would interest those he might meet. He would drop into stores and the hotels, meeting acquaintances and making friends. He was a very intelligent man, and his generous, charitable disposition and genial manners were the secret of his universal popularity.

If I am correct in my memory, the Baptists in the latter part of the '50s built a small brick church, but their numbers were too few to maintain it, and in the early '60s it was used for educational purposes. Reverend E. P. Veeder and a Mr. Van Dorn, a professor from a college in Missouri that had been closed on account of the Civil War, made an effort to establish a school in the higher studies with the hope that it might be the beginning of a college. This little church was used by them for the purpose. I was one of the pupils from the beginning to the close of the school. The teachers worked hard, but after several months gave up the effort. With the close of this school also ended my school days. I was now nearly seventeen years of age and had passed the best part of eleven years in various schools—five private and three public. Yet I was not equipped with an ordinary high school education. I had some little insight into higher mathematics, and was able to translate some Latin, but had not been given any instruction whatever in other advanced studies. Beyond winning a prize for excellence in spelling once in a public school, I am sure I never distinguished myself for any particular brightness as a scholar.

All through my early life I wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything, and this disposition came near causing my expulsion from the embryo college when I entered upon the study of algebra. I realized this study was essential to education in higher mathematics, but in my dullness I could not clearly understand the necessity and use of it, and I requested the professor in charge of the class to give a clearer explanation of the principles and purposes than was to be found in the book. Either the teacher was unable from a lack of knowledge of the subject to make me understand, or I was mentally too obtuse to get satisfaction from his explanations. I think the teacher and I took up the greater part of the class hour for three or four days through my persistence to be made acquainted with the whys and wherefores of the study, until I wore out the patience of a very patient man. Finally he naturally showed his irritation by some criticism on my mental capacity, which I resented by expressing the opinion that he knew more about theology than algebra. I probably would have omitted this incident of my school life if I had not read that Charles Darwin had a similar experience when he undertook to master the same study in his school days.

Another great man, Thomas Huxley, in his biography details an incident of his schoolboy days which was so like another experience of mine it may be of interest to relate both, but I am sure if I had not read Huxley's life I would not have referred to mine. I never was very proud of it. Huxley says: "Almost the only cheerful reminiscence in connection with the place [his school] which arises in my mind is that of a battle I had with one of my classmates, who bullied me until I could stand it no longer. I was a very slight lad, but there was a wildcat element in me which when roused made up for lack of weight, and I licked my adversary effectively. We made it up, and thereafter I was unmolested." Huxley says some years afterward he was shocked to be told by a groom who brought him his horse in Sydney that he was his quondam antagonist. In my case, beyond the cause, the battle, and result, the parallel ceases. I did not become a great man, nor my adversary a groom, but he did become an admiral in our navy. My battle, I think, was a more pretentious affair than Huxley's, for when it became known that my adversary and I were to fight our companions insisted the combat should be conducted under the prize-ring rules. We fought for nearly three-quarters of an hour, taking rests every few minutes, which were determined by the referee. During these rests we refreshed ourselves in turn at a well pump near-by. Finally my opponent acknowledged he was bested. I might have been defeated, but my persistence would not admit it, and I hung on until he declared he had had enough, and we went to our homes. Afterward, like Huxley and his opponent, "we made it up," anl became inseparable friends.

The Methodists made a more pretentious effort to establish a college. They erected a three-story brick building of sufficient size for school rooms and apartments for boarding scholars. The cornerstone of the building was laid with considerable ceremony. This must have been before 1860. When the building was completed the college was well attended by young ladies and young men, the majority of whom were from other parts of the state. It was conducted for several years with apparent success, but was finally closed for some reason which I do not now recall. The building has since been torn down and the college grounds cut up for city lots and fine homes.

The boys of that day amused themselves much as the boys of the present time. The games and plays were much the same, excepting we had no football contests. I never saw or heard of a game of football in our part of the country while I was a boy. But boys must have strenuous exercise to work off their superfluous spirits, and we probably found it in hunting, fishing, and horseback riding and in other outdoor sports. Hunting trips in the mountains, camping out in the most primitive way, relying wholly on our skill with gun and rod for our principal food was the most delightful pastime of many of us boys. I shall never forget the experience of my first night in camping out. The father of a chum of about my age, which then was about twelve years, owned considerable land at the head of Napa Valley where at that time there were but few settlers. The country was about as wild as any frontier section. The house of the ranch referred to was a log cabin affair and but little of the land was under fence. Wild animals and game were plentiful. My chum and I went up to the ranch for a hunting trip. About a quarter of a mile from the cabin there was a small patch of ground enclosed which had been planted to corn and melons. As coons were playing havoc with the melons, the men at the place suggested that we boys take our blankets and guns and sleep out in the cornfield and be on hand when the coons came for their feast of melons. The idea seemed a little "spooky" to me, but I would not show any fear and went with my friend, as suggested. It was a beautiful, bright, moonlight night, and we soon found a camping place. How long we had been asleep I do not know, but the time must have been past midnight when we were awakened by a most terrible, blood-curdling screech that seemed to fill the whole end of the valley with its echoes. Without speaking, both of us immediately sat up, and almost instantly the frightful noise was repeated, seemingly nearer. Now we were on our feet, and another screech still nearer raised the hair on the back of my head, and sent the two of us flying to the cabin, leaving guns and other belongings behind us. I was so scared I would not have been surprised to have met anything from an African lion to a Chinese dragon shooting flames of fire from mouth and nostrils. However, we reached the cabin without meeting or seeing the California lion which had been making the frightful noise. Of course, the older folks had much fun at our expense for some time afterward. Anyway, we made no further attempt to stop the depredations of the coons.

Calistoga at this time was unknown, no town or settlement being there, but the site was known as Hot Springs, as several springs sending forth quite a flow of hot water had been discovered. A greater part of the grounds of the old springs property was marshy. Some time in the '60s the property was purchased by Samuel Brannan, a pioneer capitalist of San Francisco, who expended a small fortune in filling in and reclaiming the marsh, beautifying the springs and grounds, and erecting a hotel building and cottages. Fine driveways were laid out and many palm trees and much expensive shrubbery were planted, all of which had to be hauled there from Napa by team.

When Brannan completed his work and threw the place open to the public he named it the Calistoga Springs. For some years it was a resort for ultra-fashionable people. This was the beginning of the town of Calistoga. One of the springs yielded hot water which some people imagined tasted like weak chicken soup, and it was customary for visitors to take with them some pepper and salt to flavor the "soup" to suit, because Nature had neglected or wilfully failed to add these necessary condiments, possibly recognizing the difficulty cooks have in flavoring edibles to suit all comers.

Some years later a faker claimed to have discovered that this spring was yielding pure gold in solution. He announced, after a period of experimentation, that he had also found a way to recover the precious metal in a solid or metallic form. To corroborate his statements he exhibited some small bars of gold which he claimed he had recovered from the spring waters. The gold was forwarded to the mint with a good deal of display, but for some reason the public did not become excited, which fact seemed to disgust the discoverer, for he soon abandoned the spring and left the country.

Prior and subsequent to this event there was genuine mining excitement, based on the actual discovery of valuable minerals in the mountains adjacent to Calistoga. Somewhere about 1857 a man found on one of the flanks of Mt. St. Helena, which towers above Calistoga to the north, a piece of detached rock or float which he thought worth investigating. He brought the rock to Napa and showed it to Doctor Stillwagon, who was thought to know more about such things than any one else in town. The doctor took the sample and said in the course of a few days he would be able to determine what it contained. He sent the rock to an assayer in San Francisco, and was able on the findings of the assayer to inform the finder it was rich in gold and silver, and advised him to hunt for the place from whence it came. If he should be able to locate the source he possibly would have a rich mine. All this soon became generally known, with the result that the mountains around the northern and eastern part of Calistoga were the field for the operations of many prospectors. During this hunt for the gold and silver deposit a prospector found croppings of quite an extensive deposit of mineral bearing rock, quite unlike what they had been looking for, but thinking it worth investigating the discoverer took a sample to Doctor Stillwagon, who by the same process as in the other case found it was cinnabar or quicksilver ore. This was the beginning of quicksilver mining in Napa and Lake counties, which for many years was an important industry of that section. By this find the minds of the prospectors were diverted from the search for gold and silver to hunting for other deposits of cinnabar. Several good mines were found, some of which are still in operation.

About fifteen years afterward a ledge carrying good values in gold and silver was found on the eastern side of Mt. St. Helena a short distance above where the highest point of the old toll road crossed the mountain. This find caused a very great excitement and the whole country thereabouts was covered with location notices. Afterward the place was brought into notice as Silverado in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's novels. People in all walks of life caught the fever. A small town called Silverado sprang up on the mountain side and considerable work and money were expended in shafts and tunnels, but no ledge of consequence other than the original was found. A couple of well known and experienced Comstock miners, Archie Borland * and Coll. Dean, bought the discovery claim, put up a mill, and proceeded to work their mine, producing considerable bullion, something like $80,000, I was informed by one of the owners. Some skeptical people insisted that the owners of the mine brought the bullion from their Nevada mines, hidden in supplies shipped from San Francisco to the mines, then sent it back to San Francisco by express as the product of the mill. There was little or no foundation for the story. I was an owner of a claim from which I was able to extract a few tons of ore which, upon milling, yielded about $10 per ton. The life of the district was short, for in a few months the ledge of the original mine suddenly gave out. It was cut off by a fault and the owners were unable to locate the continuance of the ore body. Some years subsequently another deposit of similar ore was found lower down the mountain side which was said to have yielded some profit.

In 1857 the farmers of Napa valley devoted their efforts almost exclusively to the production of wheat. As the yield was large and the prices obtained for their crops big, they were as a rule well rewarded for their efforts.

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*A son of Archie Borland is the senior member of the important contracting firm now constructing the great dam for the East Bay Water Company in San Pablo Canyon, near Berkeley, Cal.

Harvest times made the valley of Napa a very lively place throughout the summer. The work of harvesting as it was conducted in those days required the labor of many hands which were recruited from every possible place, including the Indians heretofore mentioned. These workmen spent their money freely in town, and on Sundays were present there in large numbers. The coming and going of hundreds of teams and wagons engaged in bringing the wheat crop to the warehouses in town were no small part of the daily business activity.

I have already described how the wheat crop was cut and bound into bundles. The bundles were shocked or collected into piles of a dozen or so and allowed to remain a few days in the field. The theory was that any immature berries or grain that might be in the crop would be ripened and filled by the sap remaining in the stalk or straw carrying the head. At the proper time the shocks of grain were gathered up and piled into stacks preparatory to threshing. The grain would go through a process of sweating in the course of a few days after being stacked. Then it was ready to be threshed out. By following this method the grain was supposed to shell out in threshing more completely and therefore a greater percentage of grains would be recovered. Some farmers, however, hauled their crops direct from the shocks to the thresher, reasoning that the extra recovery did not compensate for the cost of extra stacking.

The threshing machine or separators were much the same as in use the present day, although there have been some remarkable changes in the driving power as well as the method of applying it. The first device for driving the machinery of the separator was by horse-power. The motion was derived from a large gear wheel several feet in diameter into which were horizontally fastened six to eight poles. The gear wheel was mounted on a heavy frame which also carried the smaller connecting gears, communicating the power to a driving shaft. From two to three horses were attached to each pole, according to the size of the horse-power, and were made to walk around in the circle permitted by the lengths of the poles. The big gear wheel was covered over by a floor on which the driver took his position—something like a ring-master in a small circus. However, there was not much fun or amusement in this business, for it was the duty of the driver to keep close watch on the horses and maintain the steady motion required for the proper operation of the separator. The cleaning device always required nice adjustment. Too high speed would send some of the grain out with the chaff, or if too slow some chaff would be retained with the wheat. So the driver had not only to be watchful but able to exercise good judgment as to the gait his horses should travel, and, moreover, he had to exercise great care in starting the power in motion. To avoid breakages or displacement of the machine it was necessary to start the horses slowly and all together. The horse-power had a truck especially devised to transport it from one place to another when necessary. In its time it was considered a great invention, but in a few years it gave way to a more advanced application of power in harvesting operations. This was the introduction of the steam engines. A machinist named Joseph Enright and my father built the first steam thresher constructed. It was built in the rear of father's shop on Main Street in Napa. Although considered something of a wonder in those days, it was a very simple affair. It consisted of about a 25 horse-power boiler mounted on wheels with an engine fastened on top of the boiler. Many people were skeptical as to the ability of the inventors to mount a boiler and engine so that the machine could be pulled around from place to place and be operated in all positions necessary. Others predicted it would set fire to the fields and destroy the country. Really, this was the greatest danger to successful application of steam power to harvesting work. At the time of the year when the machine would be used everything was exceedingly dry, and on hot days seemed ready to burst into flames without much help. Finally the builders completed the machine, overcoming, they thought, the danger of communicating fires to the fields as well as other minor objections. Now came the greatest obstacle, for, while the steam engine ran a separator in the shop yard better in every way and at less expense, no one was willing to allow the machine on his premises. I am not sure that Enright succeeded in even getting a trial run in the fields in Napa. However, he took the machine to Yolo County and there demonstrated its great superiority over the horse-power device. The fuel used at first was wood, but Enright soon saw the advantage and greater saving made by substituting straw for wood, and therefore changed his boiler construction to admit of burning the waste straw from the threshing operations. This change, while greatly reducing the cost of operation, also reduced the danger from fire.

With the successful adoption of steam power soon came larger engines, bigger separators, and consequently much greater daily products from threshing outfits than had ever been thought of. The farms of California owe much to the inventive genius and persistent zeal of Joseph Enright, for his steam thresher served to give them a device of much greater capacity with greater profits for many years, until it in turn was displaced by the invention of the combined harvester of the present day.

The flour mills of Napa Valley have a history which would prove very interesting if all the facts concerning their origin and erection could be given. The two in Napa, one at Yountville, and the one north of St. Helena were all in operation when I became a resident of the valley in 1857, and had been for some years immediately prior.

The two mills in Napa were operated by steam power, but the others were driven by water power. I always understood that the first mill established was the one at Yountville which was built by George Yount in the '40s. A little town was built up near the location of the mill which was called Sebastopol until after the death of Mr. Yount, when the name was changed to Yountville and has been known by that title ever since. The mechanics employed by Mr. Yount in erecting this mill showed great ingenuity in overcoming difficulties presented in the inability to obtain iron castings for certain working parts of the mill by using in substitution mountain oak. My attention was called to some of these parts many years afterward. They showed but little wear and the wood was as sound and strong as when first put in the mill. It has always seemed strange to me that California should continue to pay large prices for Eastern oak timber, ignoring the presence here of as good if not a better oak to be had at little effort.

The mill above St. Helena was located by the county roadside and with its huge water wheel and flume was a picturesque affair and was ever an attraction to tourists, especially in later years after the mill ceased to be operated and wild vines overgrew the great wheel and partial ruin overtook the building. With a background formed by the hills with primitive growth of trees and brush, no person with love for the artistic could pass by the mill with a camera without snapping a film.

Napa Valley was early recognized as a section favorable for the growing of fruit, and a few enterprising farmers gave their attention to that business. Wells and Ralph Kilburn were among the pioneers. A man named Osborne planted the Oak Knoll orchard, and Captain Thompson the Suscol orchard, both of which became famous throughout the state before 1860. There were some other orchards planted on a smaller scale in various parts of the valley, so the shipments of fruit to San Francisco in season were a matter of some importance in considering the productive wealth of the valley.

As is generally known, Napa in later years became noted as the largest wine growing district in the state. Orchards and wheat fields disappeared, being replaced by vineyards which for a time gave great profit to the owners, which probably was the cause of the overdoing of the business, placing the producers at the mercy of speculators. Then with the subsequent losses from the ravages of the vineyards by phylloxera the wine growers in later years had hard times indeed. The first vineyard for wine making purposes was planted in the latter part of the '50s by John Patchet on a piece of land about a mile northwesterly from the courthouse in the town of Napa. Here the first wine on any scale was made. Doctor Crane, a physician in Napa, a very intelligent and observing man, had become thoroughly impressed with the idea that the soils and climate of Napa Valley were particularly favorable to the culture of the grape for wine purposes. As early as 1857, he contributed column after column to the pages of the local paper, giving his reasons therefor and urging the planting of vineyards, calling attention to the possibilities of the poorer lands, useless for the growing of grain. The doctor kept up his publications for two or three years, or it may be longer, until he finally gave up his practice and bought a brushy and gravel covered piece of land near the town of St. Helena not considered worth fencing and planted the vineyard that subsequently became famous.

When I first went to Napa, several of the original settlers were still living in the town, and in fact continued to make Napa their home for years after, until called away by death. In my acquaintance with them I learned that the site of Napa was within the boundaries of the grant belonging to Salvador Vallejo, a brother of General Vallejo, and that Nathan Coombs purchased a large tract of land from Vallejo including that which subsequently became the townsite, and in 1848 laid out the first streets, and thus began the town of Napa. The first building was erected by Harrison Pierce early in that year, and was used as a saloon. A store followed almost immediately, conducted by J. B. Thompson. Within the next year or so other buildings and businesses followed, including a warehouse on the bank of the river. General Frisbie and his father-in-law, General Vallejo, established a store there which was a branch of their business established in Sonoma and Benicia. In 1850, Captain Baxter commenced running a little steamer between Napa, Benicia, and San Francisco.*

He was quite an enterprising man in his time. I remember that in the latter part of the '50s he imported some hives of bees, which were the first to be brought into that section of the state. He sold the honey at $1 per pound or comb, and people were glad to get it at that price. Nathan Coombs, the founder of Napa, was a fine character and possessed native ability to an extraordinary degree. He was a natural leader of men. As might be assumed, he was one of the foremost men in Napa County and a leader in affairs of state as long as he lived. He came to the state in 1843 and first went to work for a man named Gordon in what is now Yolo County. He married Gordon's daughter two years later and not long after moved to Napa. There he erected a beautiful home and reared a large family. He died December 26, 1877, greatly respected.

I have in this history of my observations and experiences spoken of hunting trips, and it may be of some interest to know how I obtained the first gun I ever owned. I was thirteen years of age when I began to tease my father to buy me a shotgun. He protested on the ground of my age. This argument I met by pointing out the lads of similar age who possessed guns. Then it was that the cost of the gun was more than he wanted to expend at that time. Father was a skilful mechanic and I knew he could construct almost anything, so, running across one of my boy friends in possession of a single barrel of an old shotgun, which he had suspended to a clothes line and was hammering it to make a noise like that from a triangle, I began negotiations for the possession of the gun barrel. The negotiations continued until I had added, one by one, all my holdings of marbles, tops, jack knife, etc., as consideration in exchange, and finally obtained the gun barrel. I never made a trade which gave me more pleasure and satisfaction. I immediately took it to my father, saying now he could make me a gun without cost. He was not provoked at my persistence, but called my attention to the absence of a gun lock, and laughingly said, "When you bring me a lock I will put a stock on the barrel and finish the gun for you." I always thought he had an idea he had blocked my progress in getting a gun. There was a gunsmith in town to whose shop I immediately proceeded. I hung around the place all my spare time for several days cultivating his good will, turning grindstone, blowing bellows, running errands; in fact, offering to do anything that I thought would help or please him. In the meantime I had opportunity to thoroughly examine his stock of second-hand gun locks, of which he had a number, and found one I was sure was suitable for my purposes. But how was I to get it? I was sure I did not have enough money to buy it unless on the instalment plan, and I questioned the value of my services as a helper being of sufficient compensation. Finally I screwed up courage to ask the gunsmith how much the lock was worth, and to my surprise and greater pleasure he replied that if I wanted it I could have it without charge. I fairly flew to my father and presented the gun barrel and lock, calling attention to his promise. It is needless to say I hung around his shop, day by day, watching the progress of his making the gun complete with the parts I had furnished. He could not work at the job steadily, but only at odd times, so there were days when no headway was made, which disappointed me greatly. However, in time he handed over to me the gun, finished and ready for use. I know my father felt repaid for his labors in the supreme satisfaction and pleasure the possession and ownership of that weapon gave me. Still I think his reward was not unmixed with some fear of accident to me from careless handling of the gun, for he schooled me in the manner of loading it and particularly in the proper method of carrying it when loaded, so as not to injure myself or any one who might be with me in case it should be accidentally discharged.

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*He died in May, 1915, aged ninety-five years, and so far as I can learn was the last of the pioneer settlers of Napa.

My gun was a curiosity. It was longer than my height. The barrel was jet black and the stock yellow, but this, of course, did not interfere with its efficiency. It was a muzzle loader, as were all shotguns of that day. The first Saturday after receiving it I was off to the hills on a hunting trip bright and early. I soon came across a big jackrabbit. Several times I aimed my gun at the game, but concluded I was not close enough for execution. I would creep through the weeds for a closer position and would rise to shoot, to find the rabbit had also shifted its position. Finally I had reached my last opportunity, and fired. To my surprise the rabbit tumbled over. It was my first game. My enthusiasm and excitement were intense. I was through hunting for the day, and started for home holding my gun over my shoulder with one hand and dragging the big jackrabbit with the other. In my pride and excitement I did not feel the burden of either the gun or game.

I had a gun. It would shoot. It would kill, and my initiation as a hunter had been a success.

The gun was my close companion for all time I could get out of school, but finally I traded it off and in the exchange obtained a double-barreled one. After that the old gun changed hands many times, and the last I saw of it a Chinaman had it. He had further embellished it by carving some Chinese characters on the broad part of the stock. It had so many owners and was so well known that it became almost a part of the early history of Napa.

I was quite successful in my hunting trips. The hills and the valley teemed with all kinds of small game. Quail were very plentiful, but it took an expert shot to be able to kill any number of this kind of game, for to do so one had to be proficient in shooting them while flying. There were also great quantities of wild ducks and geese in the fall and winter months. I have seen the geese gather in the grain fields by the thousands, covering acres of ground. When such flocks would rise upon being frightened they would make a roaring, rasping noise that could be heard for miles.

My ambition to engage in business activities began to develop at a very early age. I think I must have been about eleven years of age when I saw some boy friends peddling peanuts and candy at some public gathering, and finding out they were stocked up by a storekeeper in town who also supplied the baskets, I applied for an opportunity to see what I could do with an outfit. I soon had my chance and easily made a half dollar as my share of the undertaking, but was greatly chagrined when I told my mother of the enterprise and showed her my profits, to find that she felt humiliated and hurt that her son should engage in an occupation that she regarded as being below his station in life, and was commanded never to do such a thing again.

The little brick church in Napa, built in the later '50s, that became the "embryonic" college a few years after. The building was shingled in recent years and is now used as a Christian Science church.

Not very long after that there was a big gathering one Saturday afternoon just outside of town on account of some horse races. I happened to pass near the store from which the peddling supplies were obtained. The proprietor, pleased with my previous transaction, put a basket into my hands and told me to hurry out to the race track. I hesitated, for I did not want to disobey my mother's injunction, but I could not screw up my courage to tell him why. I thought if I did he would have a poor opinion of my folks, and think I was a sissy-boy. Therefore I took the basket and quickly sold out the contents, receiving a dollar for my share of the profits, but I would not make another trip. By this time I could not have felt worse if I had stolen the money I had earned. I did not dare to keep it in my pockets, for somehow or some way my mother generally knew what was stored there. Past experience told me there was no privacy in those conveniences so necessary to a boy's happy existence so far as my mother was concerned. I dared not buy anything with the money and thus dispose of it, for then I would have to account for the purchase. Watching my opportunity, I buried the dollar in the back yard. I occasionally dug it up to see if it was safe and finally came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to go to my mother and make a clean breast of the affair, which I did, promising I would never peddle again, which promise I faithfully kept.

CHAPTER V

TRIP TO THE ATLANTIC COAST

Incidents of Voyage—Winter in New Brunswick—Down the Coast of Maine on a Schooner—Breaking Out of the Civil War—Departure of the First Troops from the North—War Feeling in California.

In 1859, my mother's family planned to have a reunion at the house of my grandfather and grandmother in Auburn, N. Y., so in company with mother, leaving father at home, we embarked at San Francisco on a steamer, bound for New York via the Isthmus of Panama, arriving there early in October. This was about ten years prior to the completion of the first railroad across the continent. The Panama steamers at this period generally carried all the passengers they could accommodate, so we were not lonely. The steamers in those days were not so large and were not fitted up with the accommodations for passengers' comforts as in the present day. Second-cabin passengers of this day have better accommodations than first-cabin travelers of that period had. We had a "stateroom" in the first cabin. Why it or any of the rooms were styled "state" I never understood, unless it was to give them in importance by name and imagination something they lacked in furnishings and comforts. Our room, like all the others, had three berths, one above the other, like a tier of three shelves in a pantry. The dimensions of the room were not unlike a pantry and a rather small one at that. In one corner was a projection to hold a washbowl and pitcher, a slop bucket underneath, a looking glass, and a couple of stools which had tin air chambers fastened to the under side of the seat with the idea of use as life preservers in case of need. These completed the list of furnishings. Mother's ticket called for the middle berth, and mine the lower one, which was barely over a foot from the floor. A stranger, an exceedingly short and very fat woman, was to be our stateroom companion, and hers was the upper or top berth. When she came in and discovered her location, she gave a wail of disappointment, saying she could never get up there in the world. I thought so, too, as there were no ladders furnished to aid fat women in climbing feats. She wondered what she was going to do; she couldn't sleep on the floor; there wasn't room, besides it wasn't nice. As all this time she had been looking straight at me, I understood what she meant and readily traded berths. All went well for a few nights until the steamer ran into warm weather and our fat companion almost suffocated in the stuffy lower berth. She complained greatly of her sufferings, and spoke as if she thought we all suffered as she did. Then I was foolish and talked too much, disputing her statement, explaining about the circulation of air passing over the top berth from the ventilator. To my surprise and chagrin, she responded by saying she guessed she would have to take the berth after all that had been assigned to her by the purser. Of course I yielded the comfortable place but had my revenge whether I was entitled to it or not. I do not know how she got up into the berth, but I do know how she came down a night or two afterward, and by which incident I came into my own again. It was along about midnight and there were no noises except the regular throbbing of the engines and the beating of the paddle wheels when something happened in the engine room, making a noise as if the side of the ship was being torn out. Everybody was frightened, and particularly our fat lady, who did not think there was time to climb down from her elevated perch, but leaped out of the berth. Some part of the flying mass struck a valise standing on one of the stools.

This flew out and caromed on the washbowl and pitcher, while its pedestal went in another direction. For an instant it seemed as if everything movable in that little room was flying about as if the place had suddenly been transformed into a professional spirit cabinet exhibition. Fortunately, she was not seriously injured, and when she returned to bed it was to occupy the lower berth. "All is well that ends well," thought I.

Acapulco was the only stopping place between San Francisco and Panama. The few hours passed in that port were sources of pleasure and interest. A number of passengers went ashore to see the sights. Those who remained aboard the steamer were entertained by scores of natives in small boats, hovering around the sides of the vessel, selling fruit and curios. Besides there were a number of young natives swimming around, diving for coins thrown into the water by the passengers.

In about two weeks' time we arrived at Panama and, after crossing the Isthmus on the railroad, embarked on the steamer *Star of the West* for New York. This steamer was the vessel sent down by the government to Charleston harbor about eighteen months later to relieve Fort Sumter, and the first cannon fired in the Civil War was directed against this ship, preventing the accomplishment of her mission.

While we were crossing the Gulf of Mexico, a few hours out from Aspinwall, the steamer's shaft broke on the starboard side, letting the big paddle wheel drop, crashing against the side of the steamer in its momentum of revolution. It was only held from dropping into the sea by the outer bearing of the shaft. As may be imagined, the crashing and grinding of the broken wheel against the side of the steamer before its momentum was stopped was something to startle every one on board, especially as only the officers at first knew what had happened.

Fortunately at the time of the accident the sea was as smooth as could be wished for. The broken wheel was soon lashed up and secured from falling into the sea, and the steamer proceeded on its voyage with one wheel, making fairly good time. As a number of the passengers were timid about remaining with the vessel in her damaged condition, she was run into the harbor at Key West and all who desired went ashore and completed the trip to their homes and destinations overland. We remained with the steamer. Off Cape Hatteras we encountered an awful storm. The steamer with its reduced power was in no condition to battle such tremendous seas. The waves literally ran mountain high. When we slid down from the apex of these big seas it was like "shooting the chutes," and it seemed as if we were going into certain destruction, but the sturdy little steamer would lift her nose out of the brine as if with a snort as she finished the glide, and up she would climb the long, steep side of the next oncoming wave. For some hours the contest with the elements continued, and when we finally reached smoother water and the steamer ceased to creak and groan, color returned to the faces of the passengers, and we proceeded on our voyage without further incident, but it was generally conceded we escaped destruction by a very narrow margin.

We went direct to Auburn, N. Y., where Grandfather Roffee lived. There we remained for several months. I entered the public school at once and continued a pupil until we left on our round of visits to relatives living in other parts. I soon became very homesick. Everything was so different. The country was so thickly settled one could hardly go out beyond the town limits without fear of trespass. I sorely missed the freedom of the hills at home, and frequently declared to myself that if ever I got back nothing could again lure me away. The family reunion was held soon after our arrival at grandfather's and grandmother's home. All of their children, four boys and five girls, all grown to be men and women, gathered at the old homestead. I was the only grandchild present. The other grandchildren were left at their homes. Perhaps I was made the exception because of being the only child among the five daughters. The reunion was made a notable affair by the newspapers, especially as the family had assembled from such remote points, California, New Brunswick, Michigan, Massachusetts, and other states of less distance. Grandfather had settled in that section of the country between 1825 and 1830, first as a farmer, then as a contractor. He was a sturdy, good-natured man, and having passed some of his early life at sea, he always bore the looks and manners of a seafaring man and was universally called captain and was widely known and popular in the community. He died in 1876, an event that grieved me deeply.

Mother and I left Auburn late in the fall of 1860 to spend the winter in St. John, New Brunswick, with my Aunt Augusta, the wife of Doctor John Peterson. St. John interested me very much. It was quite a seaport and I was able to study the shipping at close range, a privilege I never before enjoyed. Another thing which impressed me greatly was the 30-foot rise and fall of tide, and the river near the town with a fierce, reversible current. With the fall of the tide the water whirled and eddied into the bay, and with the flood tide the water flowed in like manner up stream.

The winters here were very cold and the fall of snow was quite heavy. On the majority of streets no attempt was made to remove the snow as it fell, other than from the sidewalks. This was thrown into the street, with the result that before the winter was over the snow was banked in the streets to a level as high as a man's head, so that short people walking on one side of the street could not see any one on the opposite side.

With entertainments, skating and other outdoor sports, the winter quickly passed and when I left St. John it was with pleasant recollections of the visit there. I prevailed upon my mother to allow me to return to the States by sailing vessel. I had made the acquaintance of a captain of an American schooner of 300 tons, about to leave for Boston. The captain expected not to be longer than a week or ten days at the most in making the trip, but owing to adverse winds and a fierce storm, the worst that had visited the coast for several years, we were over two weeks on the voyage. However, I enjoyed it greatly, as I was then at that age when excitement and adventure were not avoided, if not courted.

It was some time in March when the schooner sailed out of the harbor of St. John. We had fair wind out of the Bay of Fundy, but when outside our troubles began, so the captain concluded the course nearer the mainland would give us more favorable weather, though necessitating more careful navigation, as we would be sailing along and among the many islands bordering the coast line. As he was not familiar with the channels on this course, he would anchor the vessel at nightfall, and do all the sailing in daylight. On a few occasions we came to anchor early enough to go to the beach and dig a fine mess of clams, which made a most agreeable addition to our menu. One afternoon we overtook another schooner of about the same size as ours, sailing in the same direction. As the islands were getting closer and therefore the sailing room narrower our captain became a little nervous. He hailed the other craft to know if the captain were acquainted with the channel. The reply came back that he was and for us to keep about 100 fathoms on his starboard quarter and he would take us through all right. We shortened sail so as to maintain the position, but this was hardly accomplished when a glance at the other craft showed it was in trouble. It was hard and fast on a reef. It had struck so hard all sheets were carried away and the sails slanted forward instead of aft. Almost in the next instant our vessel's keel touched the rocks, and, though lightly, it was sufficient to give us all a scare, and for the second time in my young life the hair on the back of my head seemed to lift up. The captain acted quickly, the sails were dropped by the run, the anchor hove, and signal for a pilot was set. In course of an hour or so, a little boat was seen putting out from the main shore line, which at this distance seemed to carry, besides the oarsmen, something like a big cooking stove with a section of stove pipe. This object, however, turned out to be the pilot answering our signal. When he unfolded from his position in the boat he proved to be a very tall, slim man wearing a stovepipe hat, who measured about seven feet from the deck to the top of the hat. He soon had us on our way again and in less dangerous waters. He certainly was a comical sight.

Our next serious adventure was the weathering of a fierce gale. We sought anchorage in a small harbor, as the captain anticipated troublesome weather. Both anchors were put out and everything made snug. The preparations were hardly completed when the storm was on us. The wind came with tremendous force. There were no waves, but the surface of the water was one mass of white foam. We felt sure the schooner was dragging her anchors and drifting toward shore, but nothing could be done. A person could not stand on deck. All we could do was to lie in our bunks and wait for the hurricane to abate or something worse to take place. Finally toward morning the storm passed over, and at daylight I was out on deck to see what had happened. Our schooner was riding the water safely some distance from its original anchorage, though we had passed close to a big rock while dragging the anchors, and was located then not far from another mass of rocks on which we surely would have been dashed if the gale had continued much longer. When we came into the harbor the night before we found at anchor several fishing sloops and schooners. With one or two exceptions these had all been blown ashore and were wrecks high and dry on the beach, some a hundred yards or so from the water, showing that the force of the wind had raised the water level several feet in the harbor. It was a record storm and much damage was done along that part of the Atlantic Coast, as I afterward found by reading the account of it in the newspapers.

The day following the storm was Sunday. The weather was still unfavorable for the resumption of the voyage, so we remained at anchor. During the day some residents of the shore came aboard for a visit and to discuss the incidents of the previous night. The visitors informed us that inshore a short distance was a school-house where religious services would be held that Sunday evening, and invited us to attend. When the hour for church was near a party from the schooner, including myself, put off for shore. We soon found the school-house back in among the trees a half mile or so from the water. It was the only building we saw in the vicinity, and was constructed of logs in the usual manner. The assemblage fairly filled the school-room and was made up mostly of young people. The room was lighted by candles placed around the sides of the building. The preacher took his position at the teacher's desk, holding a candle in one hand and a bible or hymn book in the other throughout the services, not even laying the candle aside during the prayer. I can not recall anything said by the preacher, for the reason that my whole attention was absorbed by the appearance and conduct of the people making up the congregation. Nearly everybody was chewing gum, not the kind we get in these days in the stores, but the spruce gum as it was found on the trees thereabouts. Moreover, the young men as well as the young ladies seemed more interested in one another than in what the minister was telling them. When the services were ended the men left the room first and took position lined up on each side of the path from the door. Then the young women filed out and as they passed between the lines they, one by one, found their partners from among the young men and off they went in various directions.

We found our way back over the snow-packed road to the beach, and thence to the schooner, feeling fully repaid for the tramp through the snow and exposure to the cold wind blowing over the water.

One afternoon we sailed into Portsmouth harbor and cast anchor near the government navy yard, where an exceedingly strong current prevailed. For some reason the sails were not lowered, only the peaks being dropped. The wind was blowing fairly strong and the canvas would fill and the schooner would sail up against the current until the anchor would bring her into the wind, then the sails would flap and the vessel would drift back until the sails would catch the wind again. While this was going on and everybody was down below getting supper, I came up on deck. Desiring a more elevated position to view the country I climbed onto the boom of the mainsail and walked out to the end, which projected over the water, hanging on to the top and lift with my hands. Here I stood until the schooner had been brought into the wind as just described. The first flap of the big sail knocked my feet off the boom. There I dangled in the air with only a hand hold between me and certain death until the schooner drifted back to where the wind caught the sails again. I regained the deck limp with fright from my narrow escape, but glad that no one had witnessed the incident.

For the last few days of our voyage we had exceedingly cold weather, and when we put into Boston harbor the decks, bulwarks, and rigging were covered with a mantle of ice. I soon found mother, who was greatly relieved by my arrival, as she had begun to fear something had happened to our craft in the great gale.

Leaving Boston, mother and I arrived at Providence, R. I., going for a short visit to the home of Nathaniel Potter, who was a distant relative of my mother. The great conflict of the Civil War had begun. It was while here that the first troops left Rhode Island in quick response to the call of President Lincoln. Fort Sumter had been fired on and blood had been shed. Government stations and property in the South where possible were being seized by those in rebellion who had declared they were no longer a part of the federal government. There was great excitement in Providence. To fill the quota of soldiers wanted from Rhode Island offices were opened to enlist volunteers. In a few hours the required number of men was obtained, and the enlistment offices were overwhelmed with crowds of men who were willing and anxious to serve their country. Not one-half of the men who offered their services could be accepted. I saw men shedding tears because they had not secured enlistment. The men accepted were mustered in at once into company and regiment organizations. Martial music and the tramp of men were to be heard almost continuously, and the coming conflict was the subject uppermost in everybody's mind. The only attempt to uniform the troops was to dress them in dark pantaloons, blue blouses, and soft black hats, there not being time for more. During the period of enlistment and until the troops departed from Providence I frequently saw Major Burnside, who afterward distinguished himself and became a great commander. The first lot of Rhode Island volunteers left Providence in a large steamer, which was accompanied down the bay by numerous smaller steamers, crowded with relatives and friends of the enlisted men. I went on one of Mr. Potter's steamers and was greatly impressed with the sight, and with the serious import of the occasion.

Subsequently I saw many thousands of troops leaving for the seat of war from other points in the North.

Mr. Potter, at whose home we were visiting, suffered great financial losses by reason of the war. His business was largely connected with the South. One of his industries was the manufacturing of cottonseed oil, but he was only one of many in like position who never faltered in their patriotism and loyalty to the government.

From Providence we went to Great Valley, a little place in Western New York, a station on the Erie Railroad, where my Aunt Mintie lived. We remained there a couple of months, and I think I enjoyed the time passed in Great Valley more than at any other place while away from California. The town, located on the banks of the Allegheny River, was on an Indian reservation, and the country around was in its natural wildness. The neighboring streams all yielded trout to those who knew how to catch them.

I constructed a small skiff and rigged a sail for it and with this craft I had much pleasure on the river. My boat interested the Indians greatly, for they never had witnessed this manner of navigation. It was along this section of the Allegheny River that the first units of the great lumber rafts were made that were floated down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to be marketed. At the sawmills located on the banks of the Allegheny the sawed lumber was made into rafts of small sections which were joined together from time to time as the river widened out, until finally when the great rivers were reached they were huge affairs. These rafts drifted with the current and were kept in the channel by long wide-bladed sweeps worked on each end. The raftsmen lived on the rafts during the passage down the river.

While we were at Great Valley the construction of a railroad to Cincinnati connecting with the Erie road, a few miles east of our station, was begun. Where the tracks of the two roads joined was a wild forest, with no habitation for miles around. My curiosity took me out to this point quite frequently. The junction was called Salamanca. The first habitation put here was a freight caboose car taken off its wheels, which was solely used for railroad purposes. I helped the lineman install a set of telegraph instruments in this "first house." Therefore, I was present at the birth of Salamanca, which inside of fifteen years had several thousand inhabitants, and grew to be a city with paved streets and blocks of brick buildings.

The wildwoods with their great variety of trees, shrubs, and berry bushes, nearly all of which were new to me, were a source of much interest, and as trout streams meandered through these spots, I must say I passed a great part of my time in their company.

With all my pleasure here, an accident occurred just before we left which threw a shadow of sadness over it all. One evening after supper I was playing on the sloping bank of the river with two boy companions when the latter took to chasing each other over some large logs which had been hauled to the bank to be rolled into the river for the convenience of the sawmill nearby. I noticed an open space between the logs lying near the water's edge and those on the bank above, and, as there was little if anything holding the upper logs from rolling down against the others, I was fearful the action of the boys on the logs would start them. I shouted a warning, but too late—the logs began to roll. The boys saw their danger. One nearer the end of the logs escaped by jumping; the other lad struggled for a few seconds to keep on top, only to be jolted off down between the logs as they came together, instantly crushing out his young life. We ran to the mill men for help, who quickly responded, but it took some time to move the heavy logs and recover the body.

The time had now come for our return to California. The country was ablaze with excitement over the war with the South. In every city and town we passed on our trip from Great Valley to New York we saw marching soldiers in preparation to take part in the great struggle to preserve the Union. The activities of the war were not confined to land alone. The navy was being increased in every possible way, and all possible effort was being made to blockade Southern harbors and capture or destroy the privateers being sent out to prey upon merchant steamers and ships owned in the North. So when we embarked on the steamer for home the passengers were in constant fear that our vessel would be captured. It was thought an especial effort would be made to overtake our steamer, as we had on board as passengers several naval officers, one of high rank, bound for the Pacific Coast. Besides, our cargo would have been of value to the Southern side. During those days not a few passengers spent much of their time watching for the possible privateer, and there was much speculation as to what would be done with the passengers in case we should be captured. I must confess, boylike, I was rather disappointed when none of the craft that came in view proved to be privateers in search of our steamer. Of course, I did not consider the hardships we might have had to undergo if capture had been our misfortune. It was only the excitement of such an event that then appealed to me.

We reached the Isthmus safely, and the remainder of our voyage was without incident until the night before we were to arrive in San Francisco. This was July 3. The next day being the Fourth, every one was anxious to have the steamer reach port as early as possible. To gratify the wishes of the passengers that they might not miss the celebration of Independence Day in the city, it was said that the course of the steamer was brought in as close to the coast line as possible. However, along about midnight everybody was awakened by a terrific shock and the stopping of the machinery. Throwing on a few clothes, I ran out from the main saloon to the guard abaft the starboard wheelhouse to learn, if possible, the cause of the stopping of the vessel, for no one in the saloon seemed to know what had happened. Upon looking out from this point I saw the sea breaking over two or three different points of rock directly opposite the side of the steamer. They could not have been very far away, otherwise the heavy fog would have shut them out from view. I then ran across to the other guard on the port side, where I found a similar condition prevailed. About this time one of the officers of the ship came down in the saloon, saying that while there was no danger the passengers should all dress themselves and be prepared to leave the ship, as she had run ashore in the dense fog.

Investigation showed we were under a high cliff and the bow of the steamer was resting easily on the sandy beach at Point Concepcion. In getting this position the steamer had fortunately passed in between several rocky projections. Another thing in our favor was that the accident happened near low water and there was no wind or high sea running. Anchors, with a couple of heavy cables, were taken out some little distance from the afterpart of the ship. The steerage passengers were all brought aft and everything was done to lift the bow of the steamer as much as possible. After waiting awhile for sufficient rise of tide, the capstans on the cables were started and the big paddle wheels put in backward motion. There was a straining of cables and the ship held fast for a few moments; then she began to move backward, but no one breathed freely until we were well beyond the rocks.

In recent years the steamer *Santa Rosa* was wrecked at the same point, but in this instance there was a total loss of ship and cargo, besides a few lives from among the passengers and crew in making the transfer from the wreck to the shore. The *Santa Rosa* struck on the rocks we missed.

Soon after the passengers were instructed to don their clothes and to be prepared to go ashore, an amusing incident came under my observation. The excitement had about quieted down and people were waiting for developments, when a second cabin passenger named Solomon, who had his wife and little boy of six or seven years of age with him on the trip, known to all the passengers of both cabins by his peculiar conduct, came running out of the second cabin into the first cabin saloon dragging his boy with one hand and a trunk with the other. He, the boy, and trunk were covered with life preservers, fastened on them in most absurd ways. Apparently, Solomon had exhausted the supply of preservers, for his wife had none. So he had disposed of them in the order in which he valued his possessions. The "ha! ha!" that greeted him did not disturb his equanimity, for he did not retreat to his cabin or remove the life preservers until all danger was passed.

How much damage, if any, the steamer received I never learned. Nothing was published in the newspapers about it that I ever saw. It was said that when she came alongside the wharf in San Francisco to discharge her passengers she had several feet of water in her hold.

Father met us at the wharf and we soon took the river steamer bound for our home in Napa. We left the steamer at Benicia, with only a three-hour stage ride between this last point and our destination. I shall never forget the exultation and thrill of joy I experienced when I came in sight once more of the country and the hills so familiar and dear to me. I thought nothing of having missed those indulgences, sports, and pastimes common to boys of my age on Fourth of July. I was satisfied, for I was home where for nearly two long years I had wished

A VIEW across the lower end of Napa Valley looking easterly, showing about half of the City of Napa, also the State Hospital for Insane on the extreme right in the distance. This picture will give some idea of the attractions, grandeur, and the beauties of Napa and the valley, but views from many other points might be taken which would be more impressive of these features.

to be. However, I must say that in after years I learned to appreciate the value of the knowledge and experience gained in that absence and visits to various parts of the Eastern states and Canadian possessions.

War feeling was running high in California, and for a while there was fear some effort would be made to take the state out of the Union, as there were so many Southerners and Southern sympathizers here, prominent in office and in politics. There was an attempt made to fit out a small schooner called the *Chapman* as a privateer, and rumors were thick of organization to seize the government arsenal at Benicia and the navy yard at Mare Island, but government authorities seized the *Chapman* and acted so promptly and firmly on other matters that no serious conflict occurred in the state.

In Napa County the sympathizers with the North and South were thought at first to be about equally divided in numbers, but as the war went on and the town increased in population, a decided majority for the Union side developed. Before the war closed there were three military organizations formed in the town of Napa—a company of infantry, a company of cavalry, and an artillery company with two field guns. They were all mustered in as state troops. The companies were frequently called out for drill, parade, and encampments, and were prepared to promptly answer any call for service in defense of the state or government. But, fortunately, no occasion arose demanding service of that kind, although there were times when it appeared as though a conflict was not only possible but probable. Government agents were keeping close watch of the doings of all prominent Southern sympathizers, and some of their reports were quite alarming as to what the Southerners were organizing to do. On one occasion the military of Napa was notified by the federal authorities that a number of rebels would assemble in the upper part of the valley with the intention of swooping down on the armory in the town and capturing the field guns and the equipment of the other companies; then, thus armed, they would make a rush for the navy yard and attempt to capture that place. For months previous a small guard had been on duty at the armory during the night hours, and the ringing of the courthouse bell was to be the signal of trouble when the members of the companies were expected to assemble. When the report above mentioned was received the guard was increased with a sufficient number of men to nightly patrol the roads leading into town from the north. I was a member of the infantry company—in fact, the youngest of the eighty members—and stood my share of this night work. Heretofore I had not regarded it as a very serious matter, but now it seemed to be taking on a very realistic form, and I was not so sure I was enjoying it. The lonely vigil of sentry duty was creepy business at night at the best for a sixteen-year-old boy, but when things became so threatening I could have given Sherman's definition of war my unqualified indorsement.

On one occasion while all were tuned up with excitement, expectation, and anxiety, a man rode into town in great haste, bringing the information that in the vicinity of Yountville, out in the fields about a half mile from the county road, he had seen some mounted men manœuvering with a field gun of large size. The horses would be attached to the gun. It was rushed to position, unlimbered, and so on, giving the impression that the artillerymen were being drilled in handling the gun. As that section of the valley was at this time almost exclusively settled with Southern sympathizers, the statement of what the man saw, coupled with the information furnished by the federal authorities, caused the military of Napa to be placed on war footing in short order, at least for one night. The whole force was called out and remained on duty all night. Our scouts, sent into the enemy's country, however, brought back information which raised a big laugh at the expense of the "Home Guards," as we were frequently dubbed by Southerners. They found the gun, but it was only a rough imitation—a couple of sections of 6-inch stove pipe laid across the axle of a pair of front wheels of a wagon. While the joke was on us, all hands were pleased with the outcome of our nearest approach to a conflict.

So numerous were the friends of the South in this section that the flying of rebel flags was quite commonly indulged in, but I do not recall that any serious disturbance arose over flaunting the colors of the South. This was possibly due to the fact that the town was so small that, aside from politics, the inhabitants were all friends and neighbors.

The assassination of President Lincoln at the close of the war was an event causing intense excitement in Napa as well as everywhere else. All interest in business or other matters ceased upon publication of the telegram announcing the tragedy. For several days people would gather in groups on the streets or public places discussing the details of the awful affair. There was much bitterness expressed in these meetings, and it was feared that the feeling might take some form of vengeance on those sympathizing with the South. It would have taken but little to have started the Unionists in some kind of mob action. In San Francisco such a mob did destroy one or two newspaper offices and commit some other offenses against persons who had been outspoken in their attitude against the Union side, but in the course of a few days things quieted down and citizens began preparations to honor the dead President. Public and private buildings, business houses, and private residences were festooned in mourning drapery. Mock funerals were held in almost every community of any size. At Napa a most creditable display was made. A procession with an imposing catafalque, followed by the military, civic societies, and civilians, was an impressive sight. A funeral oration was delivered by Henry Edgerton, one of the ablest and best known orators in the state. Every one felt the solemnity of the occasion and was moved by sincere grief at the loss of the great President. I participated in the parade as acting orderly sergeant of our company. I know I felt quite set up at being taken from the ranks for the position, and I do not believe the grand marshal felt his responsibilities more than I did mine. It, moreover, pleased me as an appreciation of my efforts to thoroughly acquaint myself with the duties of a soldier and the drill. I had studied tactics and sought information and instruction from every source. In fact, all through life I never entered upon any undertaking without making myself thoroughly acquainted with all its details, that I might be master of it. To this, coupled with determination and persistence, and with no room for discouragement, I owe what success I have made. Thus equipped, I know I have succeeded in fields where others have failed.

Our company made a practice of going out for target shooting about twice a year. As a rule I won the first prize, but there was one very marked exception. I was not conscious of any superior ability as a marksman; it seemed so easy for me to hit the target, I could not understand why everybody else could not do as well. On the occasion of the exception, the detail who had the handling of the ammunition were practical jokers, and when they dealt out to me my three cartridges I noticed they were considerably shorter than usual. We were using muzzle-loading Springfield rifles, and the powder wrapped in paper fastened to a conical ball with a hollow base constituted the cartridge. The procedure of loading was to tear the end of paper open, pour the powder into the muzzle of rifle barrel, then ram home the ball with the paper attached, as a wad over the powder. I loaded my gun with one of the cartridges, and, when it came my turn to shoot, there was a weak report, and the bullet was seen to plow the dirt very short of the target. Those in on the joke had a good laugh at my poor marksmanship. I then looked at the other two cartridges and realized what had been done. I was deeply mortified and much wrought up in my feelings, and while in this mood I loaded my rifle again, this time using the powder of the two remaining cartridges for one shot. Addressing my tormentors I pointed to a little tree about twelve inches in diameter standing about 300 yards away, telling them to watch it. I fired, and a patch of bark flew off, so all could see that I had made a center shot. I was out of the match, but felt I had repaired my reputation and put a stop to further amusement at my expense.

Writing about the doings of the military companies calls to mind an incident in the history of the Napa cavalry that was serious in one sense and quite amusing in another. The company had been in attendance at a state encampment held a few miles west of Suisun, and was on the way home from the affair. A vineyardist, learning that the company was to pass his ranch that afternoon, had brought out to the roadside in front of his place a lot of wine with which to treat the soldiers. It had been hot and everybody was thirsty. This was in the early days of wine-making in this state when not only those who drank it but those who made it knew but little about it, further than that it had about the same intoxicating qualities as an equal amount of whisky. Probably not one in twenty of the company had ever tasted any of the California wine. The company was halted upon arrival at the place and the wine-maker given a cheer when it was made known what was to happen. Everybody drank—some daintily, some freely—the officers as well as the rank and file. The company was soon on the march, but in a few moments the strong wine in the heated blood began to show its effects. Within a half hour the company lost all semblance of order. Some men fell off their horses and were unable to regain their saddles; some ran their horses, and others sought the shade of trees. The members became scattered along the road for several miles. Those least affected managed to get a position ahead of the straggling cavalrymen, and when they reached a place a couple of miles from home they halted the men as they came up and remained there, not going into town until after dark. No one was seriously hurt, but several were made quite ill, and all who drank complained they did not recover from unpleasant sensations for several days. The members were from among the very best citizens of the town and country and could never have been induced to indulge in the wine if they had had the slightest idea of what was to happen.

CHAPTER VI

CLOSE OF SCHOOL WORK

Experiences in Futile Search of Employment in a Machine Shop—The Position of Apprentice in a Newspaper Office Accepted—Oil Excitement of 1865—Adventures on the Trip Through the Wilds to the Oil Fields.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY upon our arrival home from the long visit East, I entered upon my studies in school. I began now to appreciate the value of an education. I worked hard to keep up with my classes, fully realizing I was not what was called a bright scholar. Probably for this reason I concluded I would never be able to earn a living in a professional way, and the adverse comments of my teacher on my school work, especially mathematics, undoubtedly influenced my conclusions. When I was about seventeen years of age our embryonic college closed for all time, so I determined to make my start in life, considering mechanics was the only field open to me. I thought the trade of a machinist was the best suited to my qualifications, and that it offered some little chance of position in life above that of a day laborer. I thought that if I could serve my time as a machinist, I might then be able to secure a position as an engineer on an ocean steamer and in time become a chief engineer. With my future thus mapped out I went to San Francisco and sought out the manager of one of the largest machine shops in the city and applied for a position as apprentice. I guess my size (for I was very slight in build) and my country appearance must have been against me, for he said he was sure I would not do. I visited other shops, in nearly all of which my services were declined. Finally I found a manager who gave me some encouragement to the extent that he would give me consideration when he had a vacancy. These efforts required considerable time and several trips to and from San Francisco. I visited the last-mentioned shop several times to be certain that I should be on hand when the vacancy developed. How I envied the boys at work there, wishing I could be rigged up in greasy overalls as they were, with smutted hands and faces! The buzz of the machinery was a pleasing sound to me. These visits, therefore, only served to excite my ambition instead of tending to discourage me. Somehow, and for some reason I can not explain, I was sure if I persisted I would finally succeed.

While waiting for the greatly desired opportunity I was told of a place I could secure in a big planing mill which was located on Market Street near the intersection of California. I took the job with a compensation of $5 per week attached, with the idea I could remain in San Francisco, which might afford me some advantage in getting into the machine shop. In the planing mill I was to wait on the workmen, remove to the boiler room the shavings and sawdust made by the mill operation, and do anything that might be required of me. I had learned to handle tools in my father's shop, so I was quite at home in my new job. This pleased the boss greatly, and he gave me work to do that tickled my vanity. He put me at machine work helping to turn out some extra heavy moulding made in circular sections for an archway that was ordinarily done by his best men. From lack of experience I had a couple of very narrow escapes from death on the job, and some close calls from lesser injuries in working on other machines. Finally, while ripping up some long redwood boards on a circular saw one day, I had nearly finished the cut when the board split out the remainder of the distance and one piece flew up and landed on top of the saw. The momentum of the saw sent the board flying back endwise with the velocity of a cannon ball. It struck the front end of the building, shattering the door and passing so close to my body that I was unnerved for any more work in that place and resigned the job, thankful I was alive.

The $5 per week allowed me only an average of about 70 cents per day for the seven days of the week for room rent, meals, and any other minor necessities. It required some careful managing to satisfy my appetite. I patronized the waterfront coffee stands for breakfast, then the cheap restaurants up town for lunch and supper. A 25-cent meal was the limit of possible indulgence.

Under the circumstances I concluded I had better go back home and there await the chance for the opening in the machine shop. Traveling back and forth did not require any passage money, for I took advantage of the regular trip of the schooner *Toccao,* on board of which I was always welcomed by Captain Wines, the owner.

It was on one of these trips I made the acquaintance of John T. Dare, who afterward became a prominent attorney and politician in San Francisco. One Sunday morning, while the schooner was waiting for the turn of the tide to start on the trip for Napa, a young fellow came strolling down the wharf, dressed in the garb of a workingman, with a roll of blankets over his shoulder. After eyeing the schooner for a while he hailed me, asking where she was bound, how long it would take to make the trip, etc., and finally asked if I thought the captain would let him go along without charge. I replied that I would find out. The generous-hearted owner said that of course he could go. This young fellow was John T. Dare. He told me he had just arrived from Arizona and was practically without money, and, learning there was plenty of employment in the harvest fields, was striking out for a job. I did not see him for some months after we landed in Napa. He had gone to work on one of the big ranches, and had already secured the position of foreman. He made good in all he undertook, even subsequently in the study of law, but his achievements were not due to luck, for all his progress in life and final elevation to high political positions and esteem of his fellow citizens, was gained only by hard work.

On my return home, late in the summer of 1863, I found the publication of a newspaper was about to be started by a couple of men named Strong and Howell. They had employed a printer named Ray and wanted a boy. I told the publishers I would only take the job temporarily, as I intended to be a machinist. I was engaged, however, at $6 per week. The paper was published weekly and was called the Napa *Register*. It is still being published as a paper of excellence and influence, but is now issued daily and weekly. It was in this office I was taught the mysteries of the printing business, the lay of the case, how to "roll" for a hand press, and was called the "devil." Mr. Strong, for some reason, soon sold out his interest in the business and went to San Francisco, where he secured a position as foreman on a newspaper called the *Argus*, published almost wholly in the interest of the mining business. Mr. Strong sent for me, offering me the largest wages I had yet earned. Of course, I was not backward in accepting. I was to receive $10 or $12 per week. Mr. Strong was a kind-hearted man, a thorough printer, with more than ordinary education, and I greatly appreciated his efforts to perfect my work as a printer, as well as many practical ideas he drilled into me. I became interested in the work and saw there was a future in the business, with greater independence in position and much less red tape to contend with than in the calling I had first chosen for my life work. Therefore I gave up the idea of being a machinist and engineer and decided to learn the business of printing and become a publisher.

Mr. Strong was making a fair compositor out of me. I worked hard to please him and the owner of the paper, using every opportunity to learn all I possibly could about the business.

The *Argus* was not the financial success we all wished it to be and the result was that after a while we only received a portion of our earnings on Saturday nights. At the request of the publisher I had canvassed the town of Napa for subscribers and obtained quite a list. However, I refused to accept any advance payments, as I knew that the life of the paper was uncertain. After working some time and as the amount of unpaid earnings was growing with the coming of each weekly pay day, I concluded to seek employment elsewhere. The publisher had so many creditors chasing him that I had hard work to find him to secure authority to collect the subscriptions due from the Napa subscribers and apply them to the discharge of the amount he was owing me. He was reluctant to do this, but I was insistent, and finally succeeded in my demands. I returned home and collected my dues. The paper failed soon afterward and I was told that I was the only one working on the paper who had received all that was due him.

It was now late in the spring or early in the summer of the year 1865. I had become quite an expert in setting type for plain newspaper work and found considerable employment in the office of the Napa newspapers. While in town, I was the only person who could set type available for any extra demand that would come on the office, therefore my services were sought nearly every week for a few days, and for this reason I did not go away to seek steady employment.

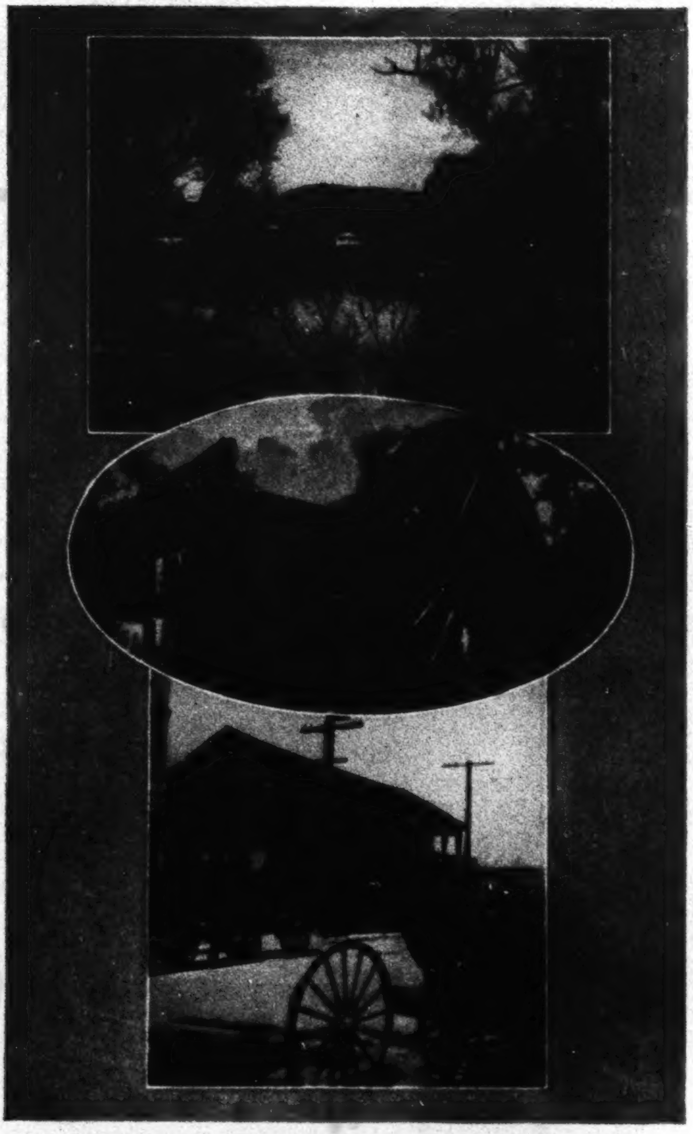
About this time the people of Napa especially became greatly interested and excited over the discovery of oil in Humboldt County, owing to the fact that one of the most prominent citizens was the owner of considerable land in the district where the oil indications had been found. In fact, some of the oil seepages existed on his land. A company was incorporated and stock was sold to citizens. I was among the many who had been stricken with oil fever and invested all my savings, about $800, in purchase of the stock. The investment embraced the first accumulation of money I had ever made. After becoming interested in the company I was anxious to visit the oil field. A party of three or four citizens who were also owners of the stock was preparing for the trip and they offered to supply me with a horse if I would go along. I very promptly accepted the invitation. The trip had to be made for the greater part of this distance on horseback, so it was decided to go all the way in this manner. We had two horses on which we packed our provisions, cooking utensils, and blankets, and, with ourselves mounted, made quite a cavalcade when we rode out of Napa the day after the celebration of the Fourth of July. A couple of the party carried rifles and I had my shotgun, as we were to camp out for the entire trip and, as a considerable portion of the route to the oil fields was through sparsely and wholly uninhabited sections, we knew we had to depend upon the guns to supply all the meat we would have to eat. I may as well say now that we never went hungry for meat. Game was so plentiful and, with no game laws to interfere, we seldom had to leave the trails or road to get all we needed.

Our route took us through Napa Valley, thence into Russian River Valley, thence by way of Cloverdale out to the coast, and thence up the coast to Mattole River, which was our destination. On the banks of the river, a few miles from where it flowed into the ocean, a little town had risen, called Petrolia. It was around the town for an area of several miles that oil indications or seepages were found at various points.

At the time we passed through Russian River Valley it seemed outside of civilization. There were no railroads and the distance to market for the farmers' produce was so great that grain grown there was fed to cattle and hogs. We saw droves of hogs being turned into magnificent fields of ripe wheat. As soon as the animals became fat they would be driven to market; thus the farmers harvested their crops by turning the grain into pork, and solved the problem of transportation by making the pork carry itself to market points. The land was exceedingly fertile and everything grew most luxuriantly. The grain stood as thick as could be, with heavy heads waving, as high as the fences. The growth of corn was prodigious. We passed one field where the stalks seemed to average between ten and twelve feet in height. The road from Cloverdale to the coast has been changed but little, if any, in location, though the country on either side has been settled to far greater extent in recent years. The same is true of other coast highways. In the hundred miles or so traveled along the coast, from a few miles above Mendocino City, we encountered only two habitations, one of which was occupied by a couple of hunters. There was no wagon road, and for the best part of the distance no trail, other than those made by the wild animals. Magnificent forests of redwood and tanbark oak covered the mountain sides, the beauty of which no woodman's ax had yet marred. How different now! This entire stretch of country is dotted with lumber mills and ranches, and I am informed the timber is about all cut on the mountain slopes facing the ocean, and the timber men are logging from the back or east side of the ridges paralleling the ocean shore. In traveling through this section we were able to ride along for many miles on the sands of the ocean beach. The route would be blocked at times by rocky points jutting out into the ocean, when we would have to take to the hill and mountain side. At one of these places we found it dangerous work to get around.

A narrow but very deep canyon came down almost parallel to the beach. On the ocean side there was a perpendicular cliff which left only a thin slice of the mountain between the canyon and ocean. The only way out for us was to go up on the edge of the slice. We could see the trail made by animals going up and down. We dismounted and, with the pack horses ahead, started up. It was not only steep, but the edge was so narrow that in places you could, by turning your head, look down either side and, at the most elevated point, a distance of some four or five hundred feet to the beach. All went well with us until near the top, when in a very narrow place, the pack horses stopped to nibble some inviting bunches of grass. Being next to them in the procession, it fell to me to get the animals moving on the trail again. To do this I had to go a portion of the way on my hands and knees, to reach the straying horses and start them again on the trail. I was somewhat unnerved by the situation and fearful of serious accident. A few yards further on and we were out on safe ground.

Before we left home we had been supplied with a rough map, giving an outline of the route by a party who had been over it a short time previously. It was frequently referred to during the last few days of our journey. At last, from our interpretation of the map, we concluded we had reached a point from which one day's ride would take us into the oil fields and to our destination. We decided that by caching all of our provisions, cooking utensils, etc., our pack horses would be so relieved that we could travel faster and reach the end of the journey early in the afternoon. As we were to stop at the oil company's camp we would not need any of the provisions until we should reach the cache on our return trip. We found a suitable place among some rocks in a little gulch where we felt reasonably sure our things would be safe until we should need them. We selected enough food for our lunch and took along the coffee pot as indispensable for the noon meal. We rode along rather briskly, frequently comparing the landmarks with our map to find indication of the end of our journey. Noon came but we had not yet been able to identify any place pointing to it, though, from the number of miles we had put behind us in that forenoon, we thought we should be near the mouth of the Mattole River. At lunch we finished the last morsel of food we had taken with us. Resuming our journey, hour after hour passed until near sundown, when we came to a place on the coast where we could see ahead for several miles, but the landmarks locating the river were not visible. We concluded it would be unwise for us to attempt to finish the trip in the dark and there was nothing else to do but camp where we were. We had nothing to eat and were hungry. While standing around discussing the situation I felt a trifle chilly, so put on my coat for the first time after the first night out, and, putting my hand in a pocket, I felt a package, which I removed to see what it was, and to the delight of all hands it proved to be a part of a paper of tea that the cook had put in the pocket of my coat, conveniently hanging near the camp fire of that first night out. A couple of the party went to the beach and gathered some mussels from the rocks. Up on the mountain side a half mile or so was seen an Indian shack. I rode there in hope of being able to get something to appease our hunger, and found a half-breed man at home. After considerable parleying I purchased two loaves of bread—all he had. These loaves were about ten inches wide by fourteen long and an inch and a half thick. At first he denied having any eatables but finally brought out the bread at the sight of a dollar. Further offers of money, however, were of no avail in getting anything additional. When I dumped the bread in a sack I concluded that by weight I had not paid a very excessive price for it. I also noticed some little lumps over the top surface of the loaves the same as raisins indicate their presence in cake. Examination showed, however, that, instead of raisins, the loaves had been stuffed with grasshoppers. When I got back to camp the other men had returned with a lot of mussels, so with our bread, tea, and mussels we had a meal that satisfied our hunger, at least. We picked the grasshoppers out of the so-called bread, though. We saved one loaf and some of the mussels for breakfast, but, as nearly all of the party suffered from illness during the night, we had "loaves and fishes" to spare after the morning meal. Some charged the illness to the shell fish, others to the grasshopper bread, but as one member of the party had not eaten the mussels and was the only one who escaped the sickness, we finally concluded the trouble was due to some poisonous substance in the mussels. I know I could not eat a mussel for many years after the incident. Our illness resulted in a very early start in resuming our travels. It is well we did not attempt to complete the journey after dark the night before, for we did not reach Petrolia until some time after noon that day. Upon reaching the mouth of Mattole River we turned inland from the beach, riding along the banks of the river, and in a little while began to detect the odor of oil in the air. We then forgot all our troubles, for surely this smell of oil pervading the air must mean that there were endless quantities of it, which spelled wealth for us. I was somewhat intoxicated by the odor of oil, like others of the party, and felt as I thought a millionaire must feel. Subsequently, we visited all parts of the oil field and, although at no place were more than five barrels per day being recovered, we were not discouraged, for in our ignorance of the business we concluded where there was a little oil on the surface there must be great quantities waiting to be tapped by the drills.



View of Napa River looking east from the end of Second Street. It was in this bend of the river where the steamer landing was first established. The river in the right foreground was the "swimming hole" for the boys of pioneer days and the place where the author learned how to swim.

One of the pioneer flour mills of Napa Valley that became famous in after years as a landmark and for its great vine-covered water wheel.

One of the first houses erected in Napa. It is still standing. In its time it has done service as a hotel, residence, store, and boarding house. It is one of the type of "ready-made" buildings sent around the Horn in the earliest of pioneer days.

In a week's time we were homeward bound. We found our cache as we had left it. I can recall only a couple of incidents on the homeward trip worth relating. One afternoon while Crossing Shelter Cove Mountain we noticed a small band of deer off some distance on a ridge favorable for a shot. We left one of the party, who was not a hunter and had no gun, on a little flat in charge of our horses and pack animals while the remainder of the party went after the deer. We were absent possibly a half hour. When we got back not a horse was in sight and our friend was sitting on a log, his face as white as a sheet. In response to our inquiry as to what had happened, he said we had hardly turned our backs on him when a large grizzly bear had come out of the thick brush but little more than fifty feet away, and sat up on his haunches as if to inspect the trespassers on his domain. When the bear gave a loud sniff or two the horses jerked away in terror, racing off to the east. After the horses had disappeared in the brush, the bear eyed the man for a while, then returned to the brush whence he came. Our friend acknowledged that he was "frightened stiff" and momentarily expected the grizzly would come back and make a meal of him. He said the pleasantest sound he ever heard was that of our voices when returning. We were now all on foot without blankets or food, and miles from any habitation of man. Fortunately the horses had taken the direction we had intended to go when they started on their flight. It was easy to follow their trail. We began to find blankets, cooking utensils, provisions, etc., belonging to the packs, scattered along the way, and all hands were loaded with these things before we came up to the animals, which were quietly feeding in a little valley or depression on the mountain top. They had given us a rough tramp of two or three miles, but caused nothing more serious.

One day we encountered great quantities of wild pigeons.

Everybody declared here was our opportunity for a pigeon pot pie. I killed in a very short time as many as were thought necessary for the meal. It was dark before we found a suitable camping place. All hands went to work preparing for the fine meal we had been anticipating, and the pigeons were put to boil in a large iron pot we had for such purposes. They boiled and boiled, but no amount of fire or cooking seemed to make their meat tender. Finally, about 9 o'clock, when our hunger would not permit of further delay, we decided we would have to eat them, even though not tender. No crowd of campers ever sat down to a meal with stomachs so empty of food and minds so filled with joyous expectancy. Everybody selected pigeon for his first mouthful and that proved enough. We could have overcome the toughness of the meat, but when we found it as bitter as quinine we could only spit it out, with exclamation of language that would not appear nice in print. The birds had probably been feeding on acorns or some other food which had imparted the most bitter taste to their flesh. That supper was long remembered by the members of our party. The distance we traveled from Napa to Petrolia was estimated to be about 250 miles. With the side trips and return, we calculated we had, in all, ridden about 600 miles and had traversed a lot of wild country in which we had not even a trail to mark the way. The mountainous part was extremely rough. We all returned home in fine shape, pleased with our experiences and full of hope and expectations of great wealth coming to us from the oil lands. However, the investment in the oil comcompany stock proved a total loss. Although our company bored a couple or more wells at places where oil was plainly visible seeping out of the ground, and thousands of dollars were expended in various other places in the district, no oil in paying quantity was ever found. Wells were sent down to great depths but without finding oil in greater quantity than to make the "smell" referred to. I never regretted the loss of the money. In truth, in after life I regarded it as a profitable investment, for the loss tended to curb my disposition for speculation and taught me the fallacy of jumping at conclusions and that appearances and smells were not to be relied upon as being more than indications. Not very long after this, the entire country was in a state of speculative frenzy by reason of the great wealth found in the Comstock mines. I went through it all without a touch of the fever.

At the time of the trip to the oil country I did not fully value the privilege that came to me of riding through a goodly part of Nature's grandest and only exhibit of the kind in the world, the California redwoods in their primitive state—a forest of majestic trees, beautiful in their symmetrical form, and imposing and magnificent in their great girth and height. Little did any of us think that, within a comparatively short time, the ruthless logger, who had already begun the work of destruction at points nearer settlements, would invade and have cleared these forests. But, as already stated, such is the fact. Some of the redwoods were of immense size. I remember passing a tree with the base burned out, making a cavity in which our entire party might have encamped. I rode my horse into the opening and turned him around so as to come out head first. I did this without difficulty. The tree was very tall and was so large in diameter that the cavity at the base did not endanger its stability.

I have said we all enjoyed the trip, but that is hardly an accurate statement, for there was one drawback to the pleasures, affecting one of our party. As soon as we got into the wild country he was in mortal fear of Indians. A part of the country traversed by us had been largely under the domination of bad Indians, but really there had been no danger from them for a year or two. Fighting with them had been brought to a close after they had been badly beaten by the whites and many of their numbers slaughtered. They had been "pacified," and the majority of our party who knew the character of the aborigines well enough to feel secure against any attacks on this trip did not let the thought of Indians interfere with their sleep or enjoyment of the journey. For myself I was not so sure of the peaceful conditions of the Indians, or that they might not take a notion to become bad again on short notice. However, during daylight I felt no apprehension whatever, and at night the man who was so nervous could not sleep, so I knew we could not be taken by surprise. I did not feel it necessary to remain awake or to take notice of any strange noises about camp. The nervous man attended to all that while we enjoyed our rest undoubtedly all the more, because we had a man continually on guard. At the time we considered the matter a joke, but now I am inclined to think we were very inconsiderate of the feelings of our friend.

There was another oil excitement in Napa which for a few days overshadowed the Humboldt oil interest. Doctor Stillwagon, a great wag, declared Napa to be the greatest country on earth, and felt it should not be excelled or outdone by any other section of the state. As the production of mineral oil seemed to be a subject uppermost in every one's mind and most attractive as a source of wealth, the doctor further said that oil should be found around that section somewhere without delay, and took it upon himself to make the discovery. His large practice as a physician took him almost daily into the country. On one of these trips he returned with a soda bottle filled with water and oil in about equal proportions. This he exhibited to town people, stating it had come from the Goodrich ranch about three miles east of town. The news of finding this oil spread quickly, creating intense excitement. Soon the road to the ranch was filled with vehicles conveying people to the newly discovered oil field. A company was organized to buy lands and bore for oil. The news reached San Francisco. People came from there to see the oil. Everybody was shown the spring on the side hill with a film of oil floating over the water. All the visitors who saw it were convinced that oil had been discovered. Doctor Stillwagon seemed depressed, however, and had little to say other than to caution his friends against excitement. The discovery was three or four days old when a couple of well-known San Franciscans came up to see the spring. I piloted them to the ranch. When we arrived there the owner's little boy ran out to open the gate that we might drive through. As he did so one of the gentlemen, throwing the boy a quarter, said, "Bub, how much oil did daddy put in the spring this morning?" The boy, to the great surprise of all hands, replied as promptly as an impediment of speech would permit: "A-a-about a b-b-bottle f-f-full!"

It is almost needless to say, this candid answer exploded the local boom, to the great delight of the doctor, who had only intended to have a little fun, but was greatly worried when the joke got away from him, and he found his words of caution were regarded by his friends as efforts on his part to mislead them for selfish interests.

CHAPTER VII

SQUATTER TROUBLES

Disputes of Land Titles in Settling the Validity and Boundaries of Mexican Grants—Incidents Arising in the Contest Over the Suscol Grant—Murder of a Settler While in the Custody of an Officer.

WHEN THE result of the war with Mexico brought the Territory of California into the United States, it was agreed in the articles of peace that our government should recognize and respect all Spanish or Mexican grants of land within the territory and protect the owners in possession thereof. As a rule these land grants covered the cream of the land in the districts where land was considered by the Spanish and Mexican settlers as worth holding. In very many cases the boundaries were so poorly defined that much litigation followed in after years, when adjoining property became valuable and it became necessary to establish definite lines. Then there were some grants which proved to be of fraudulent origin, and there was more litigation to establish the fact. Many innocent purchasers suffered in such cases.

Grants, genuine in character, were assailed on technicalities or trumped-up charges of fraud. This was the case of the General Vallejo grant, known as the Suscol grant, which practically covered the land lying between the Suisun marshes on the east and the marshes of Napa River and Mare Island Strait on the west, and from Carquinez Strait on the south to Suscol Creek, some ten or twelve miles north. During the first years of American occupation the land of this grant was regarded as inferior on account of its hilly character and exposure to the sweep of the trade winds from off San Pablo Bay, but when two towns began to grow upon it—Benicia, named after the owner's wife, and Vallejo, given the family name—and the soils of the hills, even to their tops, were found to be exceedingly fertile, the attention of land sharks was drawn hither, and the validity of the grant to General Vallejo was attacked. Among the soldiers who came to California during the war with Mexico was Captain John B. Frisbie, in command of a company of New York volunteers. Having married one of General Vallejo's daughters, Captain Frisbie took up the defense of the title to the grant. A very large part of the grant had been sold to settlers. Of course the attack made on the legality of the grant affected the validity of the titles of all the settlers or owners, and as quickly as the titles were questioned, squatters made their appearance in formidable numbers and located on the best of the land on all parts of the grant. The settlers organized to defend their interests and the squatters did likewise to present a strong front in an offensive campaign, and a veritable war was on. The shacks erected by squatters in their attempt to take possession of land would be torn down, only to be put up again. Settlers and squatters went about armed with rifles and pistols. There was shooting; blood was spilled; murder was committed; the courts were filled with cases arising from this trouble. Even Congress was finally appealed to. Captain Frisbie was an exceedingly active and forceful man and he led the settlers' side in a most vigorous manner. The fight was bitter and eventually culminated in the waylaying and wounding of a squatter, and in turn the assassination of the settler who was supposed to be responsible for the shooting of the squatter.

The squatter was traveling along a public road, not very far from the town of Vallejo, after dark, and was shot by a man hidden in a fence corner. The victim had been accused of an attempt on the life of a settler, using the same method of attack. However, the squatters were incensed. A settler by the name of Manuel Vera was accused of the crime and threats against his life were openly made. He was placed under arrest, but there was no jail in Vallejo, so, while arranging for bonds and to safeguard him while the arresting officer went home to eat his supper, Vera was temporarily put in a room in E. J. Wilson's family apartments in the second story of a brick building in the center of town, the lower floor of which was used as a postoffice and store. It was the purpose to take Vera over to the navy yard for the night, as he would be secure from all possible attack, once there. The presence of Mrs. Wilson and her little children, it was thought, would be sufficient to prevent any act of violence while in the Wilson home. The squatters were determined to kill Vera. Their organization had summoned a band of one hundred or more (the exact number was never known), to assemble mounted, on the eastern outskirts of town at sundown, undoubtedly for the purpose of executing Vera. Their spies in and out of town had been alert all day and in some way had obtained knowledge of the intentions to place Vera in the navy yard for security of his person. It was supposed that the leader of the mounted band was informed that he would have to act quickly if the purpose of killing Vera was to be accomplished. The shades of night were hardly closed when the mounted band of squatters rode into town like a company of soldiers, clearing the streets of all loiterers until they halted before the postoffice. A certain number remained to hold the horses of those who dismounted and entered the building, going upstairs. It did not take the others long to find Vera and riddle his body with bullets. Seventeen wounds were found on his body, yet he lived several hours after. Mrs. Wilson fortunately was not compelled to witness the horrible deed, as she and the children happened to be in another room. Nevertheless, the affair was a terrible shock to her, mentally and physically.

The bloody deed was committed and the authors of it were out of town in less time than it takes to relate the circumstances. The excitement in the community naturally following such a crime was very great. The brutality of the act—the murdering of a man in custody of an officer—justified the people in denouncing the affair as a hideous outrage against society and a cowardly act against the laws of the land. As the men who committed the deed had their faces blackened or covered with masks, no member of the band was fully identified. The squatters had many friends among the citizens of Vallejo, and this fact probably prevented any success in the efforts to detect and punish the individuals engaged in the assassination. The grand jury met soon after the affair occurred and seventeen persons were indicted for complicity in the murder. It was feared that any attempt to arrest and punish the perpetrators would be resisted by the squatters and that more blood would be spilled, but the Sheriff of the county secured the services of the Suisun cavalry company, went to Vallejo and arrested all of the accused men without any trouble. It was planned to try them one at a time, but in the first case the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," so thereafter all the other cases were dismissed.

In the first stage of the legal fight the settlers were victorious. The state courts upheld the validity of the grant, but upon appeal of the case to the Supreme Court of the United States they met with an adverse decision. This court decided that General Vallejo claimed two grants from the Mexican government—one in Sonoma County, where his homestead was, and the Suscol grant, the one in question. The court found that under the Mexican laws a person could not hold two grants, therefore declared the Suscol holding an invalid grant. As may be imagined, the news of the decision elated the squatters, who became more aggressive, as well as more numerous, but the settlers were not beaten yet. They held possession of their land where they could, by the power of might, and appealed to Congress, where, in the course of two or three sessions, the contest was finally settled. The land embraced within the grant was ordered surveyed into townships and sections, as all public lands were, but not to be opened to pre-emption. Finally an act was passed which provided that the settlers who could prove their titles to have been purchased from General Vallejo or his assignees should be given a patent for such holdings upon the payment to the government of $1.25 per acre. These favorable acts of Congress were not obtained without strenuous efforts, but they brought the contest to a close with victory prevailing on the side of those who had purchased the land in good faith and no thought of insecurity of title. The squatters, however, attacked the authority of Congress to deny them the right of pre-emption, and it was not until March 21, 1870, that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was rendered putting an end to the contest. The decision was to the effect that the squatters acquired no vested rights in the land that Congress could not take away, unless the land had been actually paid for. When the government ordered the grant to be surveyed, the surveyor selected for the work was T. J. Dewoody, the leader of our expedition to the Humboldt oil fields. He asked me to make up one of the surveying party, acting as chainman. As it was to be a short job I accepted the position, and in the next few weeks dragged a surveyor's chain pretty much all over the grant, singing out "stuck" to the rear chainman's song of "stick." We camped out the entire time and, as the work was light, we enjoyed the employment as a frolic. One young fellow whom I shall call Jim was particularly mischievous. He couldn't pass a farmyard without robbing the hen nests. Just before noon one day he found a couple of dozen eggs which he stored in between his shirt and body. Soon we started down a long, steep hill for lunch. As the grass made the going quite slippery, I invited the man with the eggs to sit on a shovel blade while I should pull on the handle and thus give him a ride down hill. He accepted and we were soon going down at a rapid pace and, considering the bumps, very unpleasant for the rider. He attempted to stop by digging his heels in the ground and succeeded, but the momentum threw him over on his stomach, smashing every one of the two dozen eggs. He was a sight and not in a frame of mind that made it exactly safe for me. Fortunately for his comfort and the need of change of clothes, we were near camp. On another occasion we were resting on a little elevation overlooking a farm yard and garden, while the chief and a gentleman named Hill went away some little distance and temporarily out of sight. They scarcely had their backs turned before Jim was utilizing the telescope feature of the surveyor's instrument, searching the farm yard and garden. Suddenly he bounded off and in a few moments came back with a couple of watermelons, and had just cut into them when the chief and Mr. Hill returned. Jim politely asked them to participate in the feast. Mr. Hill replied that while he appreciated the courtesy, he thought Jim possessed a lot of cheek to ask a man to eat his own watermelons. It was then we learned that Mr. Hill owned the ranch.

We got so used to tramping that we thought nothing of walking home, eight or ten miles, to Napa Saturday evenings after walking miles in our work during the day. The week we were camped in Vallejo I missed the stage on that Saturday night so walked the sixteen miles to Napa.

While we were working near the summit of the hills northeast of Vallejo and making a monument in establishing a section corner, I found a rock about the size of a man's head. I called Mr. Dewoody's attention to its great weight and peculiar appearance. He immediately pronounced it to be a rich piece of cinnabar or quicksilver ore. As we were surveying and not mining, no search was made by us to locate the source of this piece of ore. Some fifteen years or more afterward a rich mining property known as the St. John mine was developed near there.

In giving some outline of the history of the Suscol grant I think I may relate some facts in connection with a piece of land located in the extreme northwestern corner of the grant, or on the Napa River, at a point where the Suscol Creek, which was the northern boundary of the grant, empties into the river. They are not only interesting but are illustrative of the opportunities for accumulating fortunes in California in early days in ways other than by digging for gold. In 1851, William Neely Thompson, a lumber dealer in San Francisco, sold to General Vallejo the lumber to build the state house in Vallejo, which the general, with a certain amount of land, presented to the state in consideration of Vallejo being made the capital city. Mr. Thompson took as pay for the lumber 320 acres of land, located as above mentioned, allowing $12 per acre as the value of the land. Soon after this deal, Simpson Thompson, a brother, arrived from the Eastern states with the intention of establishing illuminating gas works in San Francisco, but, finding that coal used in such works would cost about $50 per ton, gave up the idea. In the absence of any other occupation he concluded he would see what he could do with the brother's land at Suscol. He decided to plant part of the land to orchard. Young trees, pits, and seeds were obtained from the East and planted in the spring of 1853. Peaches were produced from these pits in sixteen months, and apples from seeds in two and a half years. Mr. Thompson also had the foresight to see that there was going to be a great demand for fruit trees, so decided to use some of the land for a nursery. In a very few years the Suscol orchards and nursery were famed for their fine fruit and trees and were known from one end of the coast to the other. The first basket of peaches sold from the orchard brought $23.75, or about 80 cents per pound. I am quite sure this statement is true for, as stated elsewhere in the memoirs, I saw peaches sell at $1 apiece in Sacramento. James Thompson, son of the founder of the orchard, who succeeded to the care and ownership of the place in after years, said the books kept by his father showed that he received, in 1856, 70 cents per pound for apricots, 50 cents for apples, and 30 to 60 cents for peaches according to variety. The year before, they sold the cherries for something like $3 per pound. In 1856 they sold nursery trees from 60 cents to $1.50 each, and at higher prices for large trees. The farm, orchard, and nursery that year earned something like $40,000. The place was in a high state of cultivation and improvement in 1871, the last time I visited the orchards, but was not the money-making concern it had been, owing to competition.

CHAPTER VIII

BEGINNING NEWSPAPER WORK

Experiences in an Early Day Printing Office of San Francisco—How Two Young Men Started a Daily Newspaper in Napa—A Move to Vallejo—Parting from Home Ties—Founding of the Vallejo Chronicle.

AFTER HAVING enjoyed the rare opportunities of outdoor life for a number of weeks, I received a letter from Mr. Ray, the journeyman printer whose acquaintance I made in the Napa *Register* office, and who assisted in giving me my first instruction in type setting, telling me he had obtained the position of foreman in one of the best job printing offices in San Francisco and I could have a place with him at $15 per week. As I was anxious to work in a job office where I could have some experience in job work, I accepted the offer. This office was owned and conducted by Edward Bosqui, in connection with a large bookbinding establishment. He would take nothing but the very best work, and the printing turned out from his establishment had the reputation of being of superior excellence. Mr. Bosqui was not only a fine gentleman but a man of high ideals, kind and considerate to those dependent upon him for employment. He never missed an opportunity to talk with his men in a way that was helpful and encouraging in their battle with the world. His talk was always practical, logical, and convincing, and the men could not help being the better for it. He impressed upon them that loyalty, character, and energy were everything in whatever business one might choose to follow. He maintained that a man with these virtues could succeed in whatever vocation he undertook, from pegging shoes to selling diamonds. He exacted attention, promptness, and truthfulness from his employees—rules of conduct which were strongly reflected in his transactions with customers. Here I worked for several months, when Mr. Ray had to give up his place on account of illness. He was succeeded by an excellent printer named George Daley, one of whose very first acts was to dismiss two or three of the old hands, of which I was one, but as soon as Mr. Bosqui heard of it he sent for me and had me reinstated. However, I felt that my position would be unpleasant, and when, a few days later, I heard that the de Young brothers wanted a young man to work on their paper I made application to them for the job. They were publishing a little four-page paper called the *Dramatic Chronicle*, in W. P. Harrison's job office down on Clay Street. The three brothers, Gus, Charlie, and M. H., were practically doing all the work of publication except the press work. As I remember the distribution of their labors, Gus attended to the business part, Charlie the mechanical part, and M. H. the distribution of the editions. I had my talk with Charlie about the vacant position. After questioning me as to my experience and ability in a printing office he concluded I would fill the requirements and should receive $18 per week. I was elated with the chance to get away from the place under Daley and so expressed myself to my associates. They in turn dissuaded me from going to work on a newspaper where less skill was required and where the employment was more tiresome and no more remunerative. So I sent word to the *Chronicle* office that I would not accept the place. But I could not make up my mind to work under Daley and told Mr. Bosqui that I must leave him, so, with kindest words and advice, he let me go. As I always had done when out of a job, I went to my home in Napa.

In subsequent years the *Dramatic Chronicle*, mentioned here, developed into a regular morning paper, eventually becoming the San Francisco *Chronicle* of today, one of the great papers of the Pacific Coast. My refusal to take a position on the paper was undoubtedly an important turning point in my life. If I had gone to work there, in all probability my career of life would have been along narrower lines and quite different from that which I have enjoyed and never regretted.

Before I close this chapter I must relate a funny incident happening in Mr. Bosqui's printing office. A great many briefs for lawyers were printed there. One of the regular customers was Ben Brooks, one of the most prominent lawyers in the city at that time. All the copy for the brief work was hand written, this being before the day of typewriters, and some of the writing was abominable, and of this class the copy furnished by Mr. Brooks was the worst. We seldom saw him. In fact, he was known to only a few of us older hands. We had a brief of his in hand for which he was in a great hurry. Some outsiders had been called in to help "set it up," and to be paid so much "per thousand" for their composition, which fact made bad copy very objectionable. The copy was, as usual, execrable. Finally one of the new hands got stuck on a page and could make nothing of it. Several of the other compositors gathered around, all trying to help decipher Brooks's writing. The first man was swearing rather loudly just as a tall stranger leaned over the crowd, asking what the trouble was about. The reply came back: "Oh, a blankety-blank lawyer thinks he knows how to write, but he couldn't make fish hook copy for an A, B, C class!" The stranger took the copy, studied it for a moment, then quietly handed it back with a smile and a remark that he thought they were right. The stranger was Mr. Brooks, who slipped out of the office smiling, as if more pleased than annoyed because he could not read his own copy.

At this time three newspapers were being published in

Napa: The *Register*, of Republican faith; the *Reporter*, conservatively Democratic, and the *Echo*, radically Democratic. All were weekly publications, and, to use an old joke, the *Echo* was especially weakly in size, circulation, general appearance, and, in fact, weakly in everything except the tone of its editorials. In these it was a regular little spitfire. Its utterings against the federal government and Republicans in general were unusually vicious—so much so that it was in constant danger of having its office destroyed by those whose feelings were outraged. This treatment had been meted out to several other newspapers in various parts of the state conducted editorially along the same lines. The publisher of the *Echo* really expected it, and I think was disappointed when the Republican element of the town proved to be more tolerant and law abiding than those in some other communities. His name was Alex Montgomery. He knew little or nothing about the mechanical part of newspaper work. For some unknown reason we became very good friends, notwithstanding the difference in our ages and the wide gulf separating us politically. I was back in town only a day or so when Mr. Montgomery came to me saying one printer (all he had) had left him and he wished I would go with him and "get out" the paper. I was pleased with the acknowledgment of a publisher that I had the ability to do all the mechanical work necessary to perfect the issue of a newspaper, and it set my mind to work as to what I might possibly do in the near future, instead of working for wages for others. I accompanied him to his office, which had about the smallest equipment for a printing office I had ever seen. There were only a few cases of type, a composing stone and hand press. The editor's desk was a large dry goods box at which he had to stand to write. Either forced economy or expectation of destruction of his plant denied him the comforts of a stool or chair. I had set only two or three stickfuls of type for his paper when he handed me a small piece of copy characteristic of the *Echo's* general political tone. It fretted me some to be the agent of dissemination of such unpatriotic opinion, but I smothered my wrath and called for more copy. This time it came in shape of a particularly venomous reflection on some policy or act of the government. I thought I detected a malicious twinkle in his eye when he handed me the copy. However, I had only put a few lines of it in type when my indignation grew beyond control and I threw down the composing stick, grabbed my coat and hat and left the office, passing an opinion on the editor, the paper, and his party that was more emphatic than polite. Nevertheless, he laughed as if the affair was a good joke, notwithstanding the predicament he was in regarding the issue of the paper. Seemingly the incident did not change his regard for me in subsequent relations.

I was now a young man out of employment and began seriously to consider plans for the future. Up to this time I had been practically drifting along, dropping into this place and that as the eddies of time had carried me. I concluded to make an effort to go into business for myself. I had noticed that none of the Napa printing offices was properly equipped for executing job printing except in a crude way, so I approached the publisher of the *Reporter* with a proposition to lease his presses and material, which he very promptly accepted. I purchased a Gordon job press and added it to the outfit in the *Reporter* office and started work in business for myself. My success came fully up to my expectations. Owing to improved facilities I introduced, and modern ideas obtained by experience in Mr. Bosqui's printing office, the work turned out by me was some improvement on what the business men of Napa had been getting. So I had enough business to pay me good wages and encourage me for bigger operations.

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Beginning Newspaper Work

Working in the *Reporter* office on the newspaper was a friend, Livingston Gregg, of about my own age. We had been companions from boyhood, and now that we were following the same vocation our relations were closer, if anything. We discussed many projects in the endeavor to work out a field to give play to our ambitions. Some of our talk included the plan of starting a paper somewhere. The publisher of the *Reporter* was cognizant of our discussions and seemed anxious to forward our hopes, so we made a proposition to him to lease his material and start a paper which was to be called the *Daily Reporter.* He was to have use of all the matter we put into the daily for his weekly. As this would greatly increase the amount of reading matter in his publication and at the same time reduce his cost of labor and in other ways lessen his work, he accepted the proposal. Gregg and I were to be the owners and publishers of the new paper, the first daily paper to be published in Napa. We issued a neatly printed circular announcing the forthcoming of the *Daily Reporter* and that its purpose was simply to furnish a daily summary of passing events in Napa and the surrounding country. In politics it was to be independent. We did not desire to say neutral, for that sounded as if we were lacking in courage. The reason for our "independent" attitude was that Gregg was a Democrat and I a Republican. This political complexity bothered us considerably in framing our salutatory to the public. But we finally reached the conclusion that, as everybody in town knew our political predilections, they would understand the necessity for our declaration of independence in political matters, and, as they would soon find out that we both thought alike in what constituted decency and honesty in politics, this feature of the paper's policy would not be very embarrassing or troublesome. The first number of the *Daily Reporter* appeared on the morning of September 24, 1866, under the heading of "Leach & Gregg, publishers and proprietors." Neither one of us was yet twenty years of age, but in our eyes it was a man's paper, however the public might look upon it. We both hustled around the street gathering the news, set all the type, ran the forms off, or, in less technical phrase, printed the paper on a hand press, and for the first week, fearing the work would not be done just as it should be, I delivered the papers to the subscribers myself. I do not recall the number we printed, but I do remember that after working hard all day and along in the night getting the paper out, I was pretty well exhausted when through delivering to the subscribers. In fact, in that first week of publication we hardly went to bed at all. In our solicitation for subscribers and advertisements we met with generous response; therefore, when the paper appeared, it was well filled with business cards and general advertisements, and had an excellent list of subscribers, considering the size of the population of Napa. Like all daily newspapers of that period, our paper consisted of four pages and the whole sheet was about as large as a man's pocket handkerchief. But business was good and we were soon able to enlarge the publication to a fair size for a country daily paper.

We were not restricted in time in the work of preparation and printing of this first issue—we had devoted several days to it—but after the first number was issued and we faced the fact that we had to do, inside of the next twenty-four hours in the issuance of the second number of the paper, as much work as we had performed in getting out the first issue, it looked like a stupendous undertaking, shaking faith in our judgment, to some extent, as to whether we had not undertaken too big a job, but our courage and zeal were not seriously diminished. It was near midnight when we finished printing the second number. I obtained three or four hours' rest and was out before daylight distributing the paper to subscribers. When through with this part of the work, I had my breakfast and was at the office early, again setting type for the succeeding number of this paper, having for copy items and suggestions picked up in my rounds as carrier. Just how long we worked under this programme I do not remember, but it was for at least a week or two. We found we could afford to employ a boy to deliver the papers and that it would be less exacting upon us in the work of publication to issue the paper in the evening, and as acceptable to our subscribers. Thereafter we published the *Reporter* as an evening instead of a morning paper. Considerable interest in our efforts was taken by the public. Several of the citizens who afterward became prominent in state and national politics contributed editorials and news items in assisting us in our labors of publication. This was particularly true of John M. Coghlan, afterward Congressman from this state. He was a very popular resident of Napa and had been but recently admitted to the practice of law. He was an interesting writer with a keen perception of humor, and everything he contributed to the paper attracted more than passing notice. Wirt Pendegast, a State Senator, was another brilliant and prominent man who occasionally gave us the aid of his pen. Both of these men rose to positions of power and influence in the state, but were claimed by death in their early manhood.

Not many weeks after we had entered this field of journalism the *Reporter* office was visited by fire, which gave us our first experience of misfortune. The fire was discovered about midnight but not until after it had gained some headway. It originated in the composing room, but just how was never determined. The fire apparatus of Napa consisted of a small hand-brake engine such as was common in protection against fire in California towns in those days. The water supply was from cisterns at the street squares. The members of the fire company were volunteers from among those engaged in business in town. When the flames began to pour out of the windows of the printing office and had worked up through the roof of the building, it looked as if a very destructive conflagration was having its beginning, as the block was built up solid and, although mostly brick, the buildings were not fireproof. The firemen, however, did excellent work, extinguishing the flames before they spread to the adjoining apartments, as readily and effectually as would have been done by a steam fire engine. The printing office was badly damaged, though out of the wreckage we recovered my job press and the hand press on which we had printed the paper, practically uninjured. We also found a few cases of type that were usable, and with some assistance from the other printing offices in town we got the paper out as usual, though we were compelled to work for several weeks in a room about 10 by 14 feet, where all type setting, press work, and editorial work were done, until our original quarters were restored.

Unlike any other newspaper enterprise since undertaken by me, our little paper returned a profit from the day of its first issue. Our subscribers paid us 25 cents per week for the paper, which was then considered a small price. This money, as well as the dues from the advertising, was collected weekly and divided between Gregg and myself after first paying all bills against the firm. I think our earnings over and above all cost netted each of us in the neighborhood of $30 per week. This was more money than either of us had ever earned before. Our success whetted my ambition for operation in a larger field, and Vallejo, which at that time had no newspaper, attracted my attention. I visited the town and found considerable interest manifested in the idea of having a paper started there, especially as it had been practically settled that a railroad was to be built from Vallejo to Sacramento, a matter that was infusing some new life into the navy yard town. My partner did not share my ambition for larger operations, but his brother, Wilmington Gregg, who was also a printer and quite an able writer, did, but as he was unable to get his share of the money necessary for the undertaking we put off going to Vallejo for a few months. In the first part of May following he reported to me that he had succeeded in collecting the $800 necessary for his share of the capital, so we were now ready for the new venture. I made a present of my share in the business of the *Daily Reporter* to my friend and first partner, and the paper continued to be published for many years, under various owners. With my new partner I left Napa for the new field, never to return there to live. It was with feelings of sadness and thoughts of the many days of happiness I had passed there that I bid adieu to the people I loved and who had been so kind to me. I left with regret the country and those blessed hills and vales that had yielded me so much pleasure, as I realized I was stepping out into the world, leaving my parental home forever. I held no fear of the future, but there were regrets I could not suppress—regrets which every son who has loving parents must feel under like circumstances. There were also other heart strings, as one might suspect.

Besides the steamer every other day, there was daily stage connection between Napa and Vallejo. The greater part of the travel patronized the stage and it was by stage we took our departure. The driver had been on the line for some years and was a great big, generous hearted man named Bill Fisher, popular with every one, and who loved a joke as he did his meals. It was some time about this period of which I have been writing, possibly a year or two earlier, when greenbacks were only worth half their face value, that Fisher had an experience with a big, burly woman that raised a great laugh in two towns. To appreciate fully this story one must be reminded that greenbacks were exceedingly unpopular with the people of California, and although during the war and for some time thereafter this kind of currency displaced the use of gold entirely in the Eastern states, gold coin remained the currency of the people of California. Every person who attempted to discharge an honest debt with greenbacks at their face value was ever after known as Greenback Thomson, Smith, Jones, or whatever his surname might be. The big woman in question was in the habit of making a trip about once a week from Vallejo to Benicia and back in Fisher's stage. The fare each way was a dollar. The woman for a while paid her fare like other passengers—the fares were always collected at a station about half way between the two towns—and finally she tendered a greenback of large denomination. Fisher, in his generous way, told her to keep it, and made no collection from her. Then the woman began to make a regular business of tendering greenbacks. When Fisher demurred she insisted upon his taking them at face value, relying upon her belief that, having no small denominations of greenbacks with which to make change, he would have to continue handing back the depreciated currency. Learning that the woman was well to do and able to pay her just debts and abide by the business rules of the day, he laid in a supply of sheets of one-cent postage stamps. The next time she tendered a ten-dollar greenback for her fare, Fisher took it and stuffed it into his pocket. Raising the cushion of the driver's seat he pulled out 900 one-cent postage stamps and handed them to the woman. She dropped them, crying out, "What's that?" "Your change, madam—one hundred cents on the dollar!" About this time the wind caught the sheets of stamps, scattering them along the road. Shaking her fist at Fisher, she bade him drive on. The last he ever saw of her she was chasing down the road recovering the last of the postage stamps which gusts of wind had whirled away.

When my partner and myself arrived in Vallejo we made arrangements to live at the Metropolitan Hotel, of which D. W. Harrier was proprietor. The field in Vallejo for starting a newspaper, especially a daily as we had intended, was not as promising as we had anticipated, for another firm had invaded the territory while we were waiting to collect our capital and had started a weekly paper which was called the Vallejo *Recorder*. It was very apparent that the new paper was doing a profitable business, but it was a grave question with us as to whether the town would support an additional newspaper or not. However, we began to look around for a location for an office. The prospect of the town becoming a tidewater terminus of a railroad system had begun to bring other business concerns to the place and we found it impossible to get a location that suited us. The only place that would afford any accommodation was a dwelling house on Virginia Street, next to a livery stable. The owner had moved or was about to move his family out. We engaged the premises, although they were located on a back street and the rooms were not well suited to our business. The next thing to do was to go to San Francisco and buy type and presses. Our outfit, consisting of a hand press with which to print the paper, newspaper type, and a selection of material for the execution of job printing, exclusive of my job press which I had shipped down from Napa, cost about $1400. We paid cash for our purchases, press, etc., much to the surprise of the dealers, for I afterward learned that most of their business was conducted on a credit basis. If we had known this we would not have had to wait until we had raised the money for the purchase of the plant, and thereby lost the opportunity of having the first paper in the town. The material was ordered shipped and we returned to Vallejo. We found a letter here urging us to abandon the Vallejo project and to go to Woodland, Yolo County, and start the paper there, guaranteeing a circulation and business that were more than we could hope to have in the beginning at Vallejo. At that time there was no direct way of reaching Woodland by any means of public conveyance, so we hired a horse and buggy and went there to give the proposition proper consideration. We found some of the citizens anxious for a newspaper, but the town was small and we thought it held no particular encouragement for the future. The promise of an immediately profitable business was good. So we took the matter under advisement while we journeyed homeward. We weighed the prospects, present and future, of one place against the advantages and disadvantages of the other as a field for our enterprise, discussing the matter from all angles during the day required for the trip back. By the time we reached Vallejo we came to the conclusion that while the Woodland idea assured us against financial risk, a business there could scarcely expect much of a future growth. On the other hand, while a newspaper undertaking at Vallejo was associated with serious doubts as to sufficient income to enjoy a profit from the start, the place had exceedingly bright prospects, affording us a more promising future, which strongly appealed to us. This conclusion decided us to adhere to our first plan of starting the paper at Vallejo, changing it in one respect, with the hope of avoiding the financial uncertainty that bothered us. Instead of a daily issue, we decided to start with a weekly publication. After paying in advance for a week's board and deducting the expense of our trip to Woodland, we had but little over $30 of our money remaining on hand. Our material had arrived and we had taken possession of the quarters which was to be the home of the new paper. We had opened a case or two when the landlord of the premises appeared. After surveying our operations for a few moments he announced in words and tone that sent a chill down our backs that he always received his rents in advance. His manner plainly indicated that we would have to part with practically the last of our cash surplus. As he left with our $30 in his pocket, my partner and I sat down on the unopened cases and simply stared at each other. Finally the humor of the predicament caused us to laugh, then to discuss the serious side of the matter. We thought that as soon as we could get the presses and material in working order we could make a few dollars per week from job work which we might solicit, but we could not figure out sufficient profits to meet our board bill and rent for office. The idea came to us that we could reduce our expenses to a point of safety by getting an oil stove and a few dishes and board ourselves. We confided our troubles to an old bachelor acquaintance, a former resident of Napa. To our great delight he gave us just such an outfit as we had thought of. After dark, as secretly as possible, we moved the cooking utensils to our office and were prepared to board ourselves after the end of the week for which we had paid at the hotel. It was not a very pleasant beginning. We were worried more by what we thought people would think of our manner of living and the possible exposure of our poverty than by the trouble or work of cooking. At the end of the week I attempted to arrange with Mr. Harrier, the proprietor of the hotel, for continuation of rent of our room in his hotel without board. He began to question me and soon wormed out of me a full statement of our embarrassed situation. He laughed at the idea of cooking for ourselves and treated the matter as a great joke. He insisted on our remaining at the hotel until our financial circumstances would enable us to pay our hotel bills. This act of unexpected kindness was the solution of our financial troubles and created a bond of friendship between us that was never broken, and a debt of gratitude I was never able to meet.

We were now able to give our efforts unhampered to the matters of our enterprise. We decided to name the paper the Vallejo *Chronicle*. In our prospectus we promised those things commonly expected of a newspaper, and announced that in politics the *Chronicle* would be independent and not neutral.

This was something a little out of the ordinary, for in those days party lines were sharply divided and partisan feeling still ran high, being one of the consequences of the Civil War but recently closed. As a rule, the newspapers were unquestionably Republican or Democratic in their editorial expressions, and the claim of independence was rare and used principally as a cloak for neutrality. After getting the office arranged to begin the work of publication, the next thing to be done was to make a canvass of the town for subscribers and advertisements for the paper. This kind of work was repugnant to both my partner and myself, but, knowing that it had to be done, we started out. Gregg was to take one side of the street and I the other, and interview every business man in the town. We started in at the foot of Georgia Street, the main thoroughfare. During the first half hour I caught sight of Gregg going in or out of the business places on his side of the street. Then I missed him altogether. I kept at work on my side of the street until the noon hour, glad of a respite from the hateful business. At the office I found Gregg gloomy and despondent. He had accomplished so little in his efforts to get business that he became wholly discouraged and quit work. I endeavored to brace him up to make another effort, showing him the few contracts for advertisements and subscribers I had obtained. It was of no use. He had no faith in his ability and would not try, so I finished the unwelcome job alone.

The first issue of the paper was made on Saturday, June 29, 1867. Interest in the state election campaign was just beginning to be awakened. The Republican candidate for Congressman from our district was Chancellor Hartson of Napa. In our "independence," we advocated his election and picked flaws in the characters of some other Republican candidates, to even up the appearance of our political attitude before the public. I was to reach the voting age that fall, but lost my vote by change of residence from Napa to Solano County. Two or three issues of the paper had now been gotten out, and some little job printing had come to us. We felt encouraged; so one Saturday, after the paper had been printed, we decided to hire a buggy and go to Napa for a visit to our folks. One of the first persons we met in Napa was Mr. Hartson, who was so pleased with our support of his candidacy that he ordered $50 worth of papers and handed me two $20 pieces and a ten in payment. The transaction came near to taking my breath away. It was the largest sum I had ever received in one account in the business, and, besides, we now had enough money to pay our board bill, rent, and incidental expenses for the first month. We were still elated when we started back to Vallejo the following Monday. When near town, at a point where the road was graded up high for the approach to a small bridge crossing, we were compelled to drive down the sloping side of the grade to cross the little creek which was then dry. When we came along, carpenters had just taken up the old flooring of the bridge to replace it with new planks. The creek bottom and sloping sides of the road were covered with high weeds, and we were fairly started down when an old sow lying in the weeds with a litter of pigs jumped up in front of our horse with a snort, frightening him so that he reared and wheeled on his hind feet as if on a pivot, then bolted like a shot out of a gun. This capsized the buggy, throwing us both out with some violence. The horse ran back, with the buggy dragging upside down until it struck a telegraph pole and was badly smashed. The horse passed on out of sight. My partner received a gash on one leg, but otherwise was not hurt. I landed sitting up against the fence, as I first thought uninjured. The first thing I saw was a couple of $20 pieces lying on the ground between my feet. I thought to myself that good fortune intended to stay with us, as this find would pay for repairs. The fairy gift, however, was quickly dispelled when I put my hand in my pocket and found the Napa collections two "twenties" shy. In being propelled from the buggy to the ground my body must have made a complete revolution, otherwise the money could not have fallen out of my pocket. I also found I had a seriously sprained ankle. The horse had such a bad reputation as a runaway that the liveryman never presented us with a bill for the damages to his buggy. My injuries were very painful, but with the assistance of Gregg and a pair of crutches I managed to go daily to the office. Mounted on a stool, with my injured foot propped up under the cases, I set type all day, suffering every moment of the time. I felt it was compulsory for me to do this, as we did not have enough money to pay a printer to take my place in the work of getting out the paper.

Our enterprise was meeting with a favorable reception. We worked hard to make the paper interesting and at the same time a factor in advancing the growth and popularity of the town, and it was gratifying to know that our efforts were not without appreciation. Our cash receipts were now sufficient to meet all our expenses, and that was about all we cared for then, as we were certain the business would in time reach a profit-paying basis. In the course of two or three months R. W. Snow, who had a brick building in course of construction on the main street of the town, offered us the entire second story for our business at a very reasonable monthly rental. We were very glad of the opportunity to make the change of location of the office, as the place we were in was unsuited in every way for our purpose. In the new location our business increased so that we felt it necessary to employ a printer to help us with the mechanical work. Gregg did the bulk of the editorial work at odd times, so he would be able to put in a full day setting type. I assisted him, especially in looking after news items and attending to business matters, as well as setting up a column or two of type each day. A little incident happened about this time which for a while promised very serious results so far as I was concerned, but was finally regarded as a joke by all but one of the principals. Very early one Saturday morning, after the issue for that day had been distributed, I was alone in the office, preparing the mail edition, when I heard heavy footsteps on the stairway. Soon a very large man, a stranger to me, made his appearance in the office. Without introducing himself or making any preliminary remarks, he announced that he had come up there to lick the blankety-blank something who put that piece in the paper about him. It was apparent to me that the man was not only able but determined to carry out his intentions, and as there were no indications of insanity in his manner my only chance to escape was to appeal to his reason. I first assured him he must be mistaken in the paper that had offended him. I insisted that he certainly had made a mistake in the office, and turned to my work of wrapping up the papers for the mail. These remarks and my action only aroused him to more alarming demonstrations and strings of "cuss words." There was no way out, and I had to meet the issue, so I asked him to suspend hostilities until I understood what was the cause of offense, and that it undoubtedly would give him more satisfaction to feel that I knew what I was being licked for. As the proposition now stood, I certainly had not the remotest idea of any item appearing in our paper that could give any one cause of complaint, so I asked him his name. He replied, "Hobbs." I then asked him to point out, the article complained of, fully confident he would be unable to do so, when, to my horror, with shaking finger and another string of oaths he pointed to a couple of verses entitled, "Hobbs, the Office Seeker." The verses told in rhyme what an irrepressible office seeker Hobbs was, how, before election, what an amiable person he was, how he doffed his hat to the ladies, kissed the babies, and patronized church fairs, without putting on airs. And how, after defeat, what an old crab he was, ever so stingy, with face so dingy, he scared the children off the street, etc. I declared that this was the first time I had noticed the verses, and now that they did seem to have a personal application, inasmuch as he had just been defeated for the nomination for Sheriff, I also would like to know, myself, who wrote them and how they got into the paper. I had an idea how it occurred, but I preferred to keep it to myself until I could verify it to the satisfaction of my excited visitor. The offending verses appeared at the top of the column on the fourth page. It was our method to print on this page nothing but reading matter clipped from other journals. If my theory of how the Hobbs verses got into the paper was correct, I would find on the dead-copy hook the copy from which they were set up for our paper in reprint form, which would be conclusive evidence that the verses were not original with us. I invited Hobbs to help me look for the copy. We went over the mass, piece by piece. At last there it was, and, as I had conjectured, a piece of reprint. It had been scissored out of an Eastern publication by my partner, with no thought of the Vallejo Hobbs whom he did not know, even if he had ever heard of him. As I afterward learned from Gregg, he needed a little piece of matter to fill out the column and had selected the unfortunate verses without the slightest thought of any possible local application. I handed Mr. Hobbs the copy, explaining how the remarkable coincidence must have occurred. I probably impressed him with my innocence of any connection with an attempt to bring ridicule upon him, as he left the office in a more peaceable frame of mind and afterward became one of the staunchest friends I had in the town, although he never was quite reconciled to the thought of wholly acquitting my partner and accepting the theory of coincidence.

The election was over, and the Republican majority in the state had been overturned. Haight, the Democratic candidate for Governor, had been elected, and our friend and candidate for Congress, Chancellor Hartson, was defeated by James Johnson. Republican party managers were offended at the vote cast in Vallejo and began to take steps to cause the discharge of such employees in the government navy yard as were known to have voted the Democratic ticket, and even the dismissal of those who were under the suspicion of having so voted. This policy struck me as being not only narrow and unworthy of a great party, but something that must eventually bring injury to the Republican organization, instead of advancing its voting strength. I did not hesitate to express these views. My stand, of course, pleased the Democrats and, on the other hand, was offensive to the Republicans, and was thereby the cause of some loss of business. The weeding out process had been going along for some little time when our paper made a humorous reference to an incident happening at the navy yard, as indicating that there was still another Democrat left in the yard whom our Republican friends had overlooked. A Democratic Constable, who had a grudge against us because of some words had with my partner over the matter of poll taxes, industriously went around among all the Democrats in town known to be patrons of our paper, showing them the item and giving a different meaning to it. Upon the Constable's say-so it was accepted as an offense against the Democrats and, by night of the next day, about every Democrat who had an advertisement in the *Chronicle*, and about every Democrat who was a subscriber, gave us notice to discontinue publishing their "ads" or sending them the paper. This was an experience in journalism quite new and unexpected. Such Democrats who came in person to communicate their wishes, I treated cordially as if the withdrawal of their business was an immaterial matter to us, acknowledging written notices in similar spirit. This concerted action hit us pretty hard, but no one but ourselves knew how hard. As we expected, in the course of a few weeks the majority of these patrons saw their error and how they had been misled, and restored their patronage. If we had been resentful and abusive to the extent which their unjust treatment of us in the first place might have justified, we perhaps would have closed the door against any probability of a renewal of their business. However, we had the good judgment to leave the door open in an inviting way, and they came back. The Republicans continued the policy of weeding out all employees of the navy yard of Democratic faith and preventing their re-employment, and even extended this discriminating policy to those Republican workmen who had enough independence of mind and character to "scratch" their election tickets. When the Democrats came into power, through the election of Cleveland to the Presidency, they followed the same narrow policy, and party managers were able to accomplish their purpose through the navy yard regulations that made the selection, or left the naming of the men to be employed and discharged in the hands of the navy yard foremen. The spoils system of employment at the navy yard continued to exist for nearly thirty years, or, until civil service laws were made to apply in part to navy yards. Neither the Republicans nor Democrats, as party organizations, profited by adhering to the obnoxious system. On the other hand, it gave cause for stigma, scandal, and bitterness.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST RAILROAD TO TIDEWATER

Great Impetus Given to the Growth of Vallejo—The Earthquake of 1868—General Vallejo and Why the City Was Named for Him—Popularity of the Railroad and Its Management—The Steamer New World and the Daring Act of Captain Ned Wakeman—Attempt to Introduce the Chicago Grain Elevator System—Some Vallejo Boys Who Became Distinguished in Public Affairs in After Life.

THE NEXT YEAR, 1868, was one of great activity in Vallejo. Heretofore the business of the community depended almost entirely upon the employment at the government navy yard, but now, for the first time in the his[illegible]he town, considerable money from other source[illegible] distributed among the people.

The railroad company had begun the work of constructing the road to Sacramento and grading for the terminus at South Vallejo. Some Eastern men were erecting a large grain elevator, on the plan of those in use in Chicago, with the expectation of revolutionizing the method of handling wheat in California in bulk, and shipping in bulk to Europe, thus saving the farmers the enormous outlay for sacks. The erection of a large flouring mill was started and wharves and warehouses were being built. These undertakings all promised much for the future of Vallejo and influenced the expenditure of considerable capital in the erection of new buildings in the business section of the town, while new houses in the residence part of the city were springing up in every direction.

The real estate dealers were in clover, Surveyors had their hands full of work. The surrounding country for miles was laid off into streets, lots, and blocks.

By May 11 of that year, the railroad track was laid to Napa Junction, a distance of six or seven miles from the waterfront at Vallejo. The railroad officials gave an excursion and took out three carloads of invited guests, employing a band to give more spirit to the affair. The train was run out to the front, where a complicated device called a track-laying machine was employed in laying the ties and iron rails on the new roadbed. The railroad officials announced that the tracks would reach the heart of the grain-growing section of the country in time to handle the crop of that year, and would be finished to Sacramento by August 1. It was further stated that the San Francisco market price would be paid for grain at Vallejo. This statement was received with enthusiasm, as it not only meant quite a saving to the farmer but it had the further significance of establishing a grain dealing center at Vallejo.

The first big earthquake since the settlement of the country by Americans was experienced in October of the same year. It occurred about 8 o'clock in the morning, and while no very great damage was done in Vallejo, several government buildings in the navy yard suffered some injury. The courthouse of Alameda County, then located at San Leandro, was thrown down, and many buildings in San Francisco were cracked and strained. Only two or three people were killed and a very few injured. Having been up quite late the night before, working in the office, I was in bed at the time in the third story of the Metropolitan Hotel. I jumped out onto the floor but could only maintain my balance by holding on to the footboard of the bed. The building seemed to sway fully two feet with each oscillation, and I fully expected at each swing that the next would whip the top of the building off into the street. I stood near a window where I could look down on the street where I expected to land, and there in the middle of the roadway was a lady school teacher who boarded at the hotel. She was on her knees with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. The impious thought crossed my mind that if I were in her place I would make a different use of my time. There were a number of shakes of much less violence during the day, but as no material damage had been inflicted, the community went on with its business and other affairs as if nothing had happened, beyond a little manifestation of nervousness on the part of some people when the succeeding shocks came.

The business of the *Chronicle* grew, like other enterprises in Vallejo, and a daily issue of the paper was made to take the place of the weekly, but for a few months the venture was at the cost of all our income. It was during this period that my partner became discouraged with the prospect of ever establishing a profitable business in Vallejo, and a visit from his older brother made him so homesick that he suddenly asked me, one morning, to buy his interest in the paper and let him go. Our relations had been exceedingly pleasant and never a word of dispute or disagreement had passed between us. He had shouldered without complaint his share of the struggle we had experienced, and I disliked to have him go. But he had evidently been thinking the matter over for some time, and no argument would change his resolution. I had no money, but said I would see what I could do. I went up town and laid the matter before a friend who promptly advanced the money necessary, simply taking my unsecured note for the amount. In less than one hour from the time Gregg broached the subject, I was sole proprietor and publisher of the Vallejo *Chronicle*. He immediately took his departure, and I never saw him but once or twice afterward. Up to this time it had been a struggle to meet the expenses of the daily issue, but almost immediately the business began to improve, growing beyond anything we had anticipated for that stage of the game. When the collections came in for the first month after Gregg left me, I had something like $300 over and above expenses, and I was soon able to take up my note, which was done with no little feeling of pride and satisfaction.

Hard work, close attention to the details of business, and devotion of the paper to the town's best interest had at last brought reward. In speaking of hard work I mean it literally. For instance, from the day of the first publication to the time I acquired Gregg's interest, or for nearly two years, he and I had done all the press work of printing the paper on a hand press, both for the weekly and daily, besides setting a greater part of the type for the publications. Also in some way I found time to execute all orders for job printing, setting the type and running the job press by foot power, while upon Gregg fell the bulk of the editorial work. He would make the rounds of the principal streets once or twice a day for local news and to interview friends, upon whom we depended for information of the occurrence of anything worthy of notice in the paper. No time was lost or wasted by us, for when we went out for meals or any other purpose we were alert for news items and discussion of subjects of local interest. Keeping the books, making out bills, and attending to collections fell to me, to do at such times as would not lessen the amount of other daily routine work expected of me. We must have given an average of about sixteen hours daily to our work, although we invariably took Sundays for rest. I can recall during that time but two occasions of working on the Sabbath. One was the issuance of an extra, giving the news of a frightful railroad accident between Oakland and San Leandro, where there was a large death list, including some of California's most prominent men. The other was caused by an election emergency. Fortunately, we both had good health and lost no time on account of sickness.

The improvement in the business of the *Chronicle* soon enabled me to employ help to do the best part of the mechanical work heretofore contributed by me. In fact, in a very short time I had about all I could do in attending to the business of the concern and superintending the work of others. The paper was making money beyond anything I had expected. I purchased a Hoe cylinder press, as the circulation of the paper was overtaxing the capacity of a hand press. The press cost between $1500 and $2000. I do not remember the exact amount, but it seemed like a large investment, although the paper required it. I also purchased a bookbinding outfit and more job presses and material. Our office was now equipped to make blank books and to do all kinds of job printing. We had no driving power for the presses. As was the rule in many offices in that day, we had to depend upon foot and hand power. Electric power had not been developed, and steam power was costly and not easily obtained. The new cylinder press was geared to run by hand. A big Chinaman who frequently found interest in visiting our office was very curious about the purpose and operation of the new press. When it was set up he wanted the job of turning the handle. He worked for me several months, coming to the office every afternoon with great regularity and remaining until the forms were off and washed.

Finally the necessities for steam power were so great, I gave an order to Booth & Co.'s iron works in San Francisco for the construction of an upright boiler and engine. W. R. Eckert, then a designer and draughtsman employed by the government at Mare Island, and who afterward became quite famous in his line, designed the engine for me. The engine cost $1200, but it certainly paid for itself many times over. Besides, it was a good advertisement and it afforded me considerable satisfaction to note the imprint on our work, "Vallejo *Chronicle* Steam Power Print," especially when I considered there were not very many power-driven plants in the state outside of San Francisco.

The office was now turning out considerable job work. We had a power press, three job presses, ruling machine, and bindery. The largest contract we had up to this time was the printing of a directory of the growing city. The entire printing and binding of the books were done in the office. A couple of young fellows came to Vallejo for the purpose of publishing the directory. They did not have sufficient capital and were soon in financial troubles, and I had to take the business off their hands and complete the undertaking. It was the only directory ever published for Vallejo, and the size of the place, or business conditions at the time, scarcely warranted the publication. The book contained about 3000 names, which, with ordinary communities, would have indicated a population of 15,000 people, but the growth of the city had been sudden. Many men were engaged as workmen in the navy yard, and many others were giving the new town a trial, with the intention of bringing in their families later; consequently, an estimate of the population can not exceed 10,000 or 12,000. To give any size to the book and to pad out its pages we had to work up a lot of reading matter, some of which was historical and interesting. From Doctor Platon Vallejo, son of General M. G. Vallejo, was obtained the contribution of an article entitled, "History of Vallejo—Why So Named," from which the following is an extract:

> The country round about what is now Vallejo was once in the absolute possession of numerous tribes of fierce and warlike Indians, who looked with no favor on the few whites who from time to time appeared among them; and they paid no heed to the mandates of the Mexican authorities, whose headquarters were at Monterey. In 1835 an expedition of 600 men was fitted out at Monterey by General Figueroa, military commandant and governor of the Department of California. This expedition was

placed in command of General M. G. Vallejo, then an officer in the Mexican service, and who had been for three years previously stationed in the lower country, with instructions to proceed with it to this region, and to endeavor to make treaties with the various Indian tribes, if possible; and if unable to do so, then he was to attempt their subjugation by force. The Indians showed no disposition to negotiate, and so General Vallejo determined to use the logic of force. His first battle with them occurred in Russian River Valley, and the second and largest one was fought at what is now known as "Thompson's Gardens," a few miles north of Vallejo. The place was then called "Soscol" (which means "artichoke" in English) and subsequently corrupted to "Suscol." In this second battle General Vallejo lost two men, killed, and several were wounded. Of the 700 Indians engaged, 200 were killed and a large number wounded. But this chastisement seemed only to exasperate them, for immediately thereafter they congregated in immense numbers from all the valleys round about, completely hemming in General Vallejo and his little band of soldiers. He notified General Figueroa of the state of affairs and asked to be immediately reinforced, adding, like a true soldier, that, if necessary, he would fight with what force he had as best he could. General Figueroa promptly replied that he would himself come to his assistance with 600 men, and designated Petaluma Creek (now Lakeville) as a place of rendezvous for the two forces. After the arrival of this large band the Indians concluded that it would be wiser to make treaties than to fight, and so a grand council or "pow-wow" was had, treaties were made, the pipe of peace was smoked, and quiet once more reigned. This effected, General Figueroa returned to the capital (Monterey) with all his forces, leaving General Vallejo behind with a small number.

At this time the commander-in-chief directed General Vallejo to lay out a town where Sonoma is now standing. He did so, and a colony of 450 Mexican families was sent to occupy it. But this colony was not successful. The people became discontented and mutinous, and General Vallejo placed them all under arrest and sent them back whence they came. The general had by this time become enamored of the country and determined to make it his permanent abiding place. To this end he applied to the supreme government for a tract of land, and was invested with the ownership of what is now known as the Petaluma grant. At various times during the troubles of Mexico and her consequent pecuniary straits, General Vallejo furnished the government large sums of money and other supplies. In consideration of these favors, and in part payment for his services as an officer in the government employ, the Soscol rancho was deeded to him. It was then known as the National rancho.

When California was ceded to the Americans, General Vallejo accepted the new order of things and was elected to the convention called to frame a state constitution. Subsequently, when in the State Senate, the name of "Solano" was, at his suggestion, given to this county, being the name of an Indian chief who had aided the general in the war against the Indians. He proposed the name of "Eureka" for what is now the City of Vallejo, but his legislative colleagues, appreciating his efforts for the settlement of the place, determined to honor him by giving to it his own name.

In 1850, General Vallejo determined to have the state capital permanently located at this place, and to this end he presented a memorial to the Legislature. He proposed to grant to the state, free of cost, twenty acres, for a state capitol and grounds, and for other state buildings 136 acres, making in all 156 acres, in the most desirable parts of Vallejo. But, more than this, he likewise agreed to give $370,000 in gold! After a struggle, Vallejo was made the capital of the state. But it was not permitted long to be such. It did not subserve the interests of politicians that it should.

The general's life was a stirring and eventful one, as a pioneer, a soldier, and a legislator. Indeed, it would be hard to find a record more romantic, and a life more honorable. He was born in Monterey, Cal., in 1808, when Spain ruled the land. When Mexico won her independence, the republic had no warmer supporter than General Vallejo, who, true to his Republican instincts, opposed and defeated a plot, entertained by some native Californians, to turn the country over to the monarchies of either England or France in preference to allowing it to become a part of the United States.

B. T. Osborn, a pioneer, told me that the first house in Vallejo was erected by him in February, 1850. It was a small affair, 10 by 10 feet. He did not know just where the main street was intended to be when he built, but it subsequently turned out that the dwelling was located in the "heart of the city."

I think it was about this period (1868-9) that Adolph Sutro launched his great scheme of driving a long tunnel into Mount Davidson, Nevada, to ventilate the Comstock mines and drain the water from them. The mines were hot and the abundance of water was a great hindrance in mining operations. At this time the project was regarded as a stupendous enterprise and attracted much attention. As it was a live topic, we gave the subject some space in our editorial column, favorably commending the scheme as well as the courage and enterprise of Mr. Sutro, with no thought of our comments ever reaching his eye. In the course of two or three weeks I received a letter from Mr. Sutro, thanking me for the editorial, and enclosing an order for 100 shares of the stock of the tunnel company, to be delivered to me when the certificate should be ready for issue. I put the letter and order away and the matter passed out of my mind. Some eight or nine years afterward, while walking down California Street in San Francisco, I noticed a sign in a hallway, "Office of the Sutro Tunnel Company," which brought to my mind the order for the stock. I called upon the secretary, who told me my order was still good. Subsequently I received the 100 shares. These were in my possession for some three or four years, when at home one evening about 9 o'clock, reading a San Francisco newspaper, I noticed a quotation in the New York market of the tunnel stock at something like $5.88 per share. I grabbed a hat and ran for the telegraph office, which closed for the day at 9 P. M. I got there just in time to send a message to a friend in New York to sell 100 shares of Sutro tunnel stock for me. I realized something over $500 from the sale. I had never noticed a quotation of the stock before and I do not remember that I have ever seen one since.

If anything, the business conditions in Vallejo were better in the year 1869 than in the preceding one. The railroad to Sacramento, Woodland, and Napa had been completed, which made the establishment of great lumber yards in Vallejo possible and profitable. The handling of lumber and wheat and the manufacture of flour on a large scale, with the railroad shops, embraced the features of Vallejo's new business. I remember that about this time I made a careful estimate of the amount of money being disbursed monthly in Vallejo for salaries and wages by sources wholly independent of the navy yard or government control. While I can not recall the amount, I do remember it was fully equal to the sum disbursed monthly by the government at the navy yard. Ocean ships lay alongside the wharves to be loaded with wheat for European ports. In the height of the shipping season, two or three ships each week would be dispatched with cargoes complete. The coming and going of river steamers, the frequent arrivals of huge grain-laden barges, and the plying back and forth of tugboats that handled the grain ships gave an appearance of commercial activity to the harbor which played no small part in the formation of the opinion, generally entertained at that time, that Vallejo must certainly grow to be the second city on the coast. There were some people so enthusiastic on the subject that they expected Vallejo to surpass San Francisco in population and business importance, and this notion was not confined solely to local residents, but was shared by people of San Francisco and Sacramento, who invested freely in Vallejo city lots. Moreover, the faith in great things for the place was also entertained by some very prominent financiers of the Eastern states who had real estate holdings in Vallejo, and were occasional visitors there. Among those whom I now recall was Colonel

E. H. Green of New York, husband of Hetty Green, who, after the death of the colonel, became famous as a financier. Orange Judd, the famous publisher; Joseph Medill, and several other of the most prominent citizens of Chicago were also among the number. All of these were subscribers to my paper. Colonel Green was a stockholder in one of the banks of Vallejo. It was only within the last few years (in 1914) that Mrs. Green disposed of the holding. Admiral David Farragut, the greatest naval officer of the Civil War, was the owner of two of the largest brick buildings in the town. Colonel John P. Jackson of the big law firm of Hoadley, Jackson & Johnson of Cincinnati, Ohio, was one of the large owners of Vallejo property. Colonel Jackson subsequently became president and general manager of the Vallejo railroads and steamer lines. There were others of prominence in the business world, whose names I can not now recall, who pinned their faith in a great future for Vallejo by investments in real estate there.

The first lot of freight hauled by the railroad company was a train load of wheat piled on flat cars. Upon notice of its coming, citizens flocked to the side hills back of town shouting a welcome and giving voice to expressions of pleasure at the sight which meant so much for them. It was an era of prosperity, and everybody engaged in business was making money. I now induced my mother and father to remove from Napa to Vallejo, which made me feel more contented.

My printing office had become so crowded that I felt the necessity of seeking more commodious quarters. After some thought on the subject I concluded to purchase a lot and erect a brick building. This was in the early part of 1870. I selected a lot on Sacramento Street, between Georgia and Virginia streets, purchasing it from Paul K. Hubbs, the man who had loaned me the money to buy my partner's interest in the paper a few months before. I made arrangements with General Frisbie to loan me the money to erect the building. The little banking concern we had in town then did not have capital enough to warrant making loans of this character. In fact, I remember once the manager called a meeting of the directors to decide whether or not he should cash a check for $1000. After engaging an architect and obtaining plans, I let the contract for the erection of the building. When the work had progressed nearly to the point where the first payment was to be made, I went to General Frisbie's office three days ahead of the date of payment to get the money. To my great dismay the general was out of town and was not expected back for several days. I had pride in meeting my bills on time and keeping to the very letter of every contract made, and this was a case where more than one man would be disappointed by the failure to meet my obligations. The contractor depended upon me, and the men employed depended upon him for the money for their wages. In my distraction over the situation, I pictured in my mind loss of credit and all sorts of financial and other troubles for myself and others connected with the job. I said to myself that I must get that money by Saturday night. With the formation of the resolution I hired a horse and buggy and started on the trail of General Frisbie. At Napa I found he had left there a few hours ahead of me on Friday evening, bound for San Francisco. Saturday morning found me in the city chasing around the banks and places where I thought I might find him. At last, near noon time, I found him at his club. I explained the situation and obtained his check. I managed to get back to Vallejo with the money to make the payment to the contractor, with scarcely a moment to spare for him to disburse it among his workmen before quitting time, without any one having knowledge of my anxieties or the narrow escape I had from defaulting on the first payment on my building.

Profiting by experience, I made provision in ample time for the remaining payments. I was proud of my success in establishing the paper on a paying basis and housing it in a home of its own. The building was of two stories. The printing office was established on the upper floor, and the lower floor I intended to rent, but as about all the applications, for some time, were for saloon purposes, it remained vacant until the postmaster of Vallejo arranged with me to have it occupied by the postoffice.

A street car line operating over a track connecting the north and south parts of Vallejo was established about this time, which helped give something of a metropolitan appearance to the town, but when the boom times reached their limit and hard times replaced prosperity, the cars and track disappeared and the place was without such conveniences until another era of progress and improvement in the business and growth of the city was experienced in later years.

The owners of the California Pacific Railroad were financially interested in the growth of the city and they freely co-operated with the citizens in matters intended to promote its welfare and progress. The managers of the company were energetic, progressive, and broad minded. I do not recall a single instance of a clash on the part of the citizens with the officials of the company. I might relate a couple of instances of dealing with individuals, illustrating the policy of the company, that obtained for the corporation a position of popularity both in the minds of the citizens of Vallejo and the country through which their roads operated. While burning off weeds and grass along the right of way, a gang of laborers let the fire get away from them, destroying a lot of fencing and standing grain. The railroad company, without question, paid the owner the full value of the damage done. There were a few hundred feet of an almost worthless rickety fence on one side of the burnt field, running down to the railroad tracks. This the company replaced, without request, with a new five-board fence, giving as a reason for their action that the old fence was scorched. Every one in the neighborhood soon knew of this act of liberality on the part of the corporation, and the officials were complimented freely, especially for the reason that the owner of the land so fenced was a man of small means. I was present at the settlement of another claim for damages by a farmer. A train had struck and killed a bull. The owner had been sent for as soon as the report of the accident reached the railroad office. When asked what value he had placed on the animal the farmer gave a figure. The railroad official expressed some surprise that the amount was not more, and promptly paid over to the farmer the amount, plus a sum to fully cover his loss of time and expense of coming to the city. This was done, too, in less than twenty-four hours after the time notice of the accident had been received. After the man departed I expressed the thought that the company would probably be imposed upon when it was known that such a policy was followed in settlement of damage cases. The official replied that in some instances this would be true, but, even so, it was cheaper than employing lawyers and paying costs of suits, though he found a great deal of honesty in humanity, especially when it was encouraged by fair treatment. These incidents illustrate the plan adopted by the corporation in dealing with the public and will explain how it was possible for the company to freely secure from the city and county authorities about everything asked for without complaint or objection on the part of the people.

When the railroad was completed to Sacramento the steamer *New World* was purchased to run in connection with the trains from Vallejo to San Francisco. This was about the fastest steamer ever plying upon the waters of this section. She frequently made the run from Vallejo to the city in one hour and twenty minutes. The railroad run to Sacramento was made in about an hour and fifty minutes. Thereby the time of travel between San Francisco and the capital was reduced, and trains were operated so that people of one place could go to the other and have time to transact considerable business and return home the same day. The steamer *New World* had a history. She was built in New York early in the '50s, being intended for a speedy steamer on the Hudson River. However, she was purchased and fitted out to be sent "around the Horn" under her own steam for use on the Sacramento, and was placed under the command of Captain Ned Wakeman, a dare-devil in character and a superior navigator by profession. Just before the time set for sailing, the steamer was attached to satisfy some kind of a judgment obtained in court, and a deputy sheriff was placed on board. But such action was not sufficient to withhold Captain Wakeman from steaming out of New York harbor when he was ready to leave. With flags flying and the deputy sheriff helpless, the steamer left for San Francisco, where she arrived in good time and was put upon the run between that city and Sacramento. Wakeman's high-handed act was a matter of widespread interest for a while, but I do not remember that he was ever punished or even arrested for the offense. When he retired from active life in later years he settled in Oakland, where he died, mourned by a large circle of acquaintances and admirers. When the steamer was purchased by the Vallejo Railroad Company, one of the engineers who helped Wakeman run away with the vessel from New York was still employed in the same capacity, and from him I obtained the story of the daring act.

The railroad company attempted, in 1870, to bring out from New York another steamer of even greater speed than the *New World*. The vessel was named the *D. C. Haskins*, but she got no further than Cape Hatteras, where in a great storm she foundered. The officers and crew were rescued. The railroad people, after the loss, made no more attempts to bring vessels "around the Horn," but bought what steamers they needed from the supply here.

At the time when the State of California was growing and exporting thousands of tons of wheat annually, the fact that our farmers adhered to the use of sacks in handling their grain, even shipping it in sacks to Europe, was the cause of much adverse comment on the part of Eastern visitors, as being a useless and extravagant waste. Finally G. C. Pierson, a Chicago grain elevator man and a capitalist, came to the state in 1867, determined to introduce the elevator system of handling grain in bulk here. The new railroad tidewater terminus at Vallejo presented every advantage required for the business, and he decided to erect his elevator on the waterfront of Vallejo. He was a hard man to deal with and, being unable to reach an understanding with the railroad company, was compelled to abandon the project. Thereupon General Frisbie and Doctor Rice, president of the railroad company, took up the enterprise and enlisted the co-operation of Isaac Friedlander of San Francisco, the grain king of that period, and Charles Wheeler, an Eastern grain operator, as well as some other capitalists of lesser note. A company was organized and an elevator erected, the building being completed in 1869. It was the pride and hope of Vallejo, as the beginning of another great grain mart of the world. It was a massively constructed building and towered above everything along the waterfront, like a modern skyscraper in the business center of our big cities. Pictures of the structure were as freely used by the business men of Vallejo for advertising as was the State Capitol building at Sacramento for like purpose. When the plant was ready for business it was expected that the farmer would load his wheat in bulk into box cars or barges to be conveyed to the elevator, where it was to be stored until sold and run into the ships' holds for transportation to Europe, but the farmer would not co-operate with the elevator people. He preferred to stand the loss of the sacks, adhering to the old method of storing his wheat in the local warehouse of his section until he was ready to sell, and all the zealous work of Mr. Wheeler, manager of the elevator company, was without results. Mr. Friedlander then used it as a warehouse, storing in bulk the grain he purchased from the farmers. He profited over the old warehouse methods of storage to the extent of the value of the sacks. So the elevator proved a great disappointment to the community as well as to the owners. About three years after its completion, as if unable to endure the disgrace and ridicule of the miserable failure of its original purpose and the humiliation of the attempt to put it to less important use, one fine summer afternoon, or, to be exact, September 16, 1872, the elevator began to totter on its foundation, then collapsed and fell into a monstrous heap and buried its face thirty feet deep in the mud of the estuary. The roar of the crash reached almost every ear in town. Thus closed the first and last attempt to introduce the grain elevator system into California. If the promoters had put up small elevators at receiving points along the railroad, the introduction of the system might have been a success.

It was in the beginning of the year 1869 that the acquaintance I had made with your mother developed in mutual attachment and marriage. A friend and I were looking over some photographs and my attention was attracted to the picture of a young lady. The sweet face and kindly expression appealed to my sense of loveliness so strongly that I expressed a desire to have her among my acquaintances, for I thought she must be a person of magnificent character and of most agreeable companionship. My friend told me that it was the photograph of Mary Louise Powell, daughter of Abraham Powell, one of the foremost citizens of Vallejo, and that she was then a pupil at Mills Seminary at Benicia. Shortly after this I was greatly pleased to be introduced to her.

We were married December 1, 1870, in the parlor of Mr. Powell's residence by the Reverend N. B. Klink of the Presbyterian church at about 9 o'clock in the morning, with no one present except our parents, immediate relatives, and Mrs. T. W. Hall, a dear friend of ours.

My newspaper business kept pace with the general advancement and growth of the city, and I had a fine lot of young men working for me. Bert Worthington, who has a national reputation as a general manager of railroad business, was a newspaper carrier in our force. Sam Irving, member of the board of regents of the state university, was another one of our boys.* A. B. Nye, State Controller of California, began his career in life in my office, starting as office boy, working up from station to station until he became editor of the paper. It was during these years of our relationship that I learned to appreciate his superior ability in newspaper work, the soundness of his judgment, purity of character, and high moral courage.

A gentleman came into the office one day early in 1871, saying his son had just returned from the East, where he had been attending college, and was now desirous of getting employment in a newspaper office. Could I give the young man a position with us? I was rather interested in his statement of the matter and in the young man's ambition, and told him to send his boy around. This boy was A. B. Nye. As was the custom with beginners, one of his daily duties was to sweep the office floor. This work could be done at his leisure after the general hours of work in the composing room were over for the day. I was soon attracted by the boy's insatiable desire to read everything in print around the office. I never knew him to waste a moment of opportunity to gratify this desire. I frequently saw him with a paper or clipping from a paper in the hand with which he held the upper end of the broom handle, reading and sweeping at the same time, and in other ways I found reason to believe he possessed those qualities which afterward developed and gave him the reputation of being one of the best journalists the state has ever produced. I resolved to give him every opportunity—in fact, to push him along when necessary. A few months after he had been at work in the office I received an anonymous contribution for publication in the shape of a parody on a poem that had just been published by the other paper in Vallejo. The authorship of the poem was claimed by a man who was so conceited in the matter of his poetical ability that he was near to being an object of ridicule in town. As a rule we never published any contribution from anonymous sources, but this parody was so rich in its humor, so fitting to the time and circumstances, and generally meritorious, that I gave it a place in the columns of our paper. It created something of a sensation. I do not recall any publication of similar character that I ever made that attracted such general attention and was so highly complimented. There was great demand to know who the author was, but of course I was unable to say. Several months afterward—perhaps a year—I met a former employee in Sacramento who asked me if I had ever found out who wrote the parody. I replied that I had not. After swearing me to secrecy, he said Nye was the person. I was delighted with the information, not that the knowledge of authorship of the parody was of any particular value, but that I now knew that I had among my employees a man of rare attainments as a writer. I do not know whether Mr. Nye ever learned that I had been made acquainted with the authorship of the parody or not; I do not remember of ever discussing the subject with him, but the knowledge I had gained made me impatient for the chance to enroll young Nye on the editorial force of our paper. The opportunity soon came by the sudden departure of a reporter. I called Mr. Nye into my office and offered him the place. He was greatly pleased with the idea but expressed some misgivings as to his ability to do the work expected of a reporter. I gave him some general instructions as to his round of travel in search of news items, and sent him out. At the noon hour I saw him and he appeared discouraged, as he had not been able to turn in more than about ten lines of copy. I tried to encourage him by telling him his work would be satisfactory and easy when he became acquainted with the people on the streets. That evening, after all the hands had left the building, I found Nye in my office waiting for me in a most dejected frame of mind. He said he was sorry but he would have to take his discharge, as it was impossible for him to become a reporter, and as I had given his case or position in the composing room to another man, there was nothing else for him to do but to leave me. I said he did not have to go; that he could have his case again. To my great pleasure he returned to his work of setting type. Not long after this some unusual accident occurred warranting the publication of the fullest details. I went to Nye and asked if he would not undertake to cover some feature of the case, explaining just what was wanted. He consented and fulfilled his assignment like a veteran, and from that day until he became editor of the paper, worked with the local force, doing the work better and more reliably than any one I had ever employed. As editor of the *Chronicle*, he elevated the tone and standing of the paper, creating an interest in his department never before known. He remained some six or seven years until he became ambitious to enter into business for himself. Then he purchased the Dixon *Tribune* in 1877, and therefore was compelled to resign his position on my paper. I deeply regretted the loss of his services but our relations of friendship remained unchanged, and when in after years I entered journalism in another field, Mr. Nye was associated with me as a partner. However, the particulars of this venture belong to another chapter.

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*Mr. Irving has since been made Mayor of the City of Berkeley.

CHAPTER X

EVENTS IN AND ABOUT VALLEJO

Colonel John P. Jackson and His Relation With the City—Anthony Chabot Builds Water Works—Introduction of Air Brakes and Miller Platforms—Amateur and Professional Dramatic Incidents—Planting of Shad and Other Fish in Our Waters—Hard Times Strike Vallejo—The State Printing Office.

I THINK it was also in the year 1869 that I made the acquaintance of Colonel John P. Jackson, about the time he became the president of the California Pacific Railroad Company, the corporation owning the railroad from Vallejo to Sacramento. As our office was executing nearly all the printing of blanks and blank books used by the company, I frequently came in contact with the colonel, and the acquaintance thus formed developed into a friendship—I might more correctly say an attachment—that continued with great regard, one for the other, until his sudden and unexpected death nearly thirty years after. The colonel was a very youthful appearing man when he first came to the Coast. Not long after I had made his acquaintance, in conversation where several were present I remember he said he was forty years old about that time. There was an expression of surprise by all, and no one was more astonished than I, for I looked upon that number of years as constituting old age.

Colonel Jackson loved newspaper work. He not only gave me information which put me on the track of very important news which enabled the *Chronicle* frequently to "scoop" the San Francisco papers, but at times he himself would write articles and news items for publication. As there was no clash of interests between the people and our railroad at that time, his motive in writing was not to influence public opinion in railroad matters. In fact, his contributions were devoted largely to the discussion of the business advantages and promising future of the Pacific Coast, and particularly to its attractiveness as a place in which to live. He was very enthusiastic on the subject and never missed an opportunity to impress upon strangers some of his thoughts of the beauties, the attractions, and possibilities of the state. I recall a letter addressed to one of his old partners in Cincinnati, in which he said: "California, oh, glorious climate, six months in the year, and not a fleck in the skies!" This letter was probably written from Napa, where he passed all his leisure hours. He purchased the famous Napa Soda Springs property, finding great delight and enjoyment in sojourning there. The property had been in litigation for years and the title was so clouded with legal cobwebs that would-be purchasers were afraid to buy it. However, the colonel undertook the task of unraveling the complications and finally succeeded in securing a clear title. As our intimacy became closer and his interest in the *Chronicle* increased, he made an offer to purchase a half interest in my business. The proposition was exceedingly pleasing to me, because to accept it would not only bring me in closer relation to the man I most respected for his brilliancy of mind and admired for his rectitude and strength of character, but the money I would receive would enable me to pay off my obligations. I was still owing quite an amount on the newspaper building. The trade was quickly consummated. The colonel was a delightful public speaker and as such was very popular in Vallejo. He was the orator at two Fourth of July celebrations and made addresses on several other occasions of public assemblage. Our partnership continued under most pleasant relations for several years until the period of hard times and depression in business struck the town. Our newspaper business ceased to be profitable, and as there was no prospect of satisfactory rêturn to him on his investment, I proposed that I deed the building to him and he turn over his interest in the newspaper to me. This suggestion was carried out and our partnership ended, but not our friendship, which, if anything, grew stronger as time advanced. He subsequently loaned me considerable money to help me over the financial difficulties caused by the set-back the town had received.

October 1, 1871, was the date of a most important event in my little home. My first child was born. It is perhaps needless to say that I was particularly proud of the youngster, and in writing to the colonel, telling him of my great fortune, I incidentally said I intended to name him "Jackson." I received a splendid letter from the colonel in reply, in which he congratulated us and thanked me for the evidence of my kind regard, but said I would soon find out that naming the babies was a matter pretty much outside of my province, or at least, when I had as much experience as he had, I would not attempt to interfere with the mother in such matters. He thought the name of that baby would be Frank A., Jr., a selection he most heartily approved. Well, that is how it happened; the angelic mother said, "We shall name him Frank," and I did not object.

The officials of the California Pacific Railroad Company were progressive people. They were the first to introduce the air brakes and Miller platforms for passenger cars on Californian roads. I had the pleasure of being present at the first test of these new devices. It was in the summer of 1871, June 2. A train equipped with the new inventions was run out on the main line and the operations of the air brake were demonstrated. Of course, the great improvement was manifest to all who witnessed its workings, and the railroad company was commended for its enterprise. The ability to stop a train under full headway within little more than its length seemed a marvelous thing. Under the old equipment of hand brakes, with a brakeman to each car, as was the practice, a train could not be brought to a full stop inside of several times its length. The hand brakes were operated by the brakemen, who were supposed to remain constantly on the platforms of the cars and to work the brakes upon signals from the locomotive whistle. One blast was the signal to apply the brakes, and two whistles to release them. The Miller platform was really a change in coupling the train together. Before the invention was introduced the cars were coupled with big links and pins, which gave quite a space between the platforms, allowing a great deal of jerking and jolting of the cars in starting and stopping, and which also was the cause of many fatal accidents to people who attempted to pass from one car to the other while the trains were in motion. The new invention coupled the cars so that the platforms were one against the other, making the train as one solid mass and eliminating the disagreeable shaking up so commonly experienced by passengers under the old method. The passenger cars used by the Vallejo road were superior in finish and comfort to anything in use on the Coast. The efforts of the management to please the traveling public were fully appreciated.

This company, in 1871, began to reach out for other roads, and announced its intention to extend its main line east via Oroville and the Beckwith Pass and become a transcontinental railroad. The Napa Valley railroad, the Petaluma road, and the Stockton and Copperopolis road were all purchased within a short time, and finally the California Navigation Company, with all its steamers plying between San Francisco and Sacramento and other interior points, was absorbed. Our office had to do all the printing for these lines, as they came under the jurisdiction of the California Pacific company. However, we were not destined to enjoy the business for any great length of time. The Central Pacific company had completed its road over the Sierras and across the State of Nevada, and made junction with the Union Pacific near Ogden, and had also, under the name of the Western Pacific, completed the railroad from Sacramento to Oakland, and was looking with jealous eyes upon its competitors who already had the best and shortest lines where there was the greatest amount of local travel, and was threatening to become an opponent to transcontinental business. The owners of the Central Pacific did the only thing possible to head off this formidable competitor. They leased the entire system of the California Pacific for a term of ninety-nine years, but before they brought the owners of our road to terms they had begun the work, showing they intended to practically parallel the Vallejo and Sacramento route.

The political campaign of 1873 made it a season of extreme activity for me. The addition of a large amount of political printing to an office already crowded with railroad work required close personal attention on my part to keep things moving as they should. When the rush was over nature compelled a rest. It was about this time, or July 27, 1873, to be exact, that the second addition to our family arrived. The nurse or doctor could not restrain me from getting out of a sick-bed and going to the room of the brave mother to show my joy and affection for her and have the satisfaction of having the new-born son in my arms, if only for a moment. After this event my mind was, for the time, diverted from business cares, and my return to health quickly followed. There was no question or trouble in the selection of a name for the baby. I knew better, now, than to suggest any name outside of the family, but I had no desire to do so, so the infant naturally received his grandfather Powell's given name of Abraham.

Very soon after Vallejo began to take on an air of prosperity, in 1867, there had been talk of the necessity for a water supply. As a rule, the water obtained from wells within the limits of the older part of town was unfit for household purposes. It was not only very hard but very brackish. Nearly all the old residents had cisterns which they filled with rain-water in the winter, and they depended upon that supply to last them through the dry season for all household purposes. While not intended for this purpose, when the cisterns in the central part of town were constructed, these supplies of rain-water served to prevent several disastrous fires. Fortunately they were built so as to be convenient for the fire engine to take suction, and were used on several occasions to good advantage. In fact, the cistern owned by E. J. Wilson and located near the corner of Georgia and Sacramento streets, gave more water for fire purposes during the years from 1867 to 1870 than to the owner for his uses. Several water companies were organized and various plans suggested with a view to obtaining a water system for the city during the year mentioned. Napa, fifteen miles north of Vallejo, was at the time without a water supply other than what was obtained from wells, and a company was organized by citizens from both towns to bring water from Milliken Canyon, about three miles northeast of Napa, where a supply of the finest kind of water could be impounded sufficient for both communities. This was the best scheme of all that was presented, considering the quantity and quality of the water and promise of return on the investment, but nothing was accomplished toward creating the system beyond the organization of the company. I never knew why the plan failed.

Another company, through its representative, appeared in Vallejo in the early part of 1870 with the announcement that it would introduce a water supply for the town at once. The agent purchased for a reservoir site a lot that I happened to own which was on one of the highest elevations in town, and he put a gang of men to work excavating. The lay of the ground was such that the proposed reservoir would have had several feet greater elevation, and could have been constructed at considerable less cost, if the company had acquired the lot adjoining mine and made the excavation across the rear portion of the two lots. This fact, coupled with the efforts of the company to sell stock to the citizens of Vallejo, and a very hazy explanation of the source of the water to be supplied, caused people to believe that the company's activity in actual work was only a sham. Such it turned out to be, and I found out that the only "capitalist" behind the scheme was the proprietor of the defunct San Francisco mining paper, for whom I had worked and was the only employee and creditor who secured his dues when the paper failed, the details of which incident are related in the earlier portion of these memoirs. It is possible that my discovery saved some of the Vallejo residents from making a bad investment.

There were schemes presented by others for bringing water from Suscol Creek and from American Canyon, but before either took on any aspect of promise Anthony Chabot of Oakland, who had but recently put in the water system for that city, quietly dropped into town, and after surveying the situation announced that he would install a system and have water in all parts of town in less than twelve months. This was in the early part of 1871. Following the necessary formalities with the city authorities, Mr. Chabot placed a large number of men at work constructing the dam for what is now known as Lake Chabot, and also laying pipe in the street. Another gang of men was employed in constructing the large pipe for the main, from the dam to the distributing system of town. The length of the main line was about three miles. Mr. Chabot was a superior man in this line of work and he had no trouble in keeping his promise as to the time of the completion of the work. Probably no community was ever more pleased with the realization of this long-deferred hope of a water supply than was that of Vallejo. Without it, the future of the place was seriously handicapped, and the danger from a conflagration that would wipe out the town was a serious menace. Citizens who had no cisterns of rain-water to draw from were subjected to no small expense for the water they consumed in their households. They had to buy it by the barrel and thought they were getting it reasonably when competition brought the price down to 35 cents per barrel, which was equivalent to between $7 and $8 per 1000 gallons. So the gratification of the people upon being able to draw water from faucets in their houses at a cost per 1000 gallons of but little more than they had been paying per barrel, to say nothing of the comfort of the feeling that they now had some protection from fire, can be appreciated. It was a day of joy when the water was turned into the system. Mr. Chabot stocked the lake at once with Sacramento River perch, and after the second year we had some sport fishing there. Now comes the record of a most remarkable experience, unfortunate and costly, both to Mr. Chabot and to the citizens. He had been using riveted sheet iron pipes in other water supply instalments with great success, but he had overlooked the fact that the soil between the dam and the town contained certain chemical elements most destructive to iron not properly protected—a feature he had not had to deal with in his other installation. I think it was in the summer of the third or fourth year after the installation that the chemicals of the soil showed their power over the thin iron of the pipe line by causing numerous large leaks along the line from the dam to town. Some were geyser or fountain-like in form. The water, released from the pipe, forced its way up through the earth, spouting several feet into the air. It was soon apparent that the pipe line was useless for the purpose for which it had been constructed, and for some reason, which I can not now recall, it was impossible to shut off the water in the reservoir from the pipe line, so there was nothing to do but to let the contents run away through the breaches in the main line. In a few weeks there was not a drop of water behind the dam and the people of Vallejo had to return to their cisterns and to buying water by the barrel. Before the winter rains came Mr. Chabot replaced the thin iron pipe with heavy cast iron pipe. During the summer the mud at the bottom of the lake was fissured by contractions in drying out, and it was supposed that it was in these fissures that nature in some way preserved some of the perch or their eggs, for the next year after the lake was filled again the perch were as plentiful as ever. There is another chapter to the history of Vallejo water supply. It is quite a story how the people, after Mr. Chabot's death, became dissatisfied in dealings with his successors, voted bonds and installed a system of their own, and prohibited the old company doing business in competition with the municipal plant, but all that occurred after my departure from Vallejo, and was a matter in which I was in no way connected.

In looking over the files of the *Chronicle* for the first years of its existence, I was reminded of my connection with the Vallejo Dramatic Association and my experience in amateur theatricals before I went to Vallejo. I do not recount these matters with the thought that they have any importance or any interest, beyond the humor involved. I have already mentioned the disas-

THIS VIEW of the most important part of the main business avenue—Georgia Street—of Vallejo was taken about 1868. The street was neither paved nor graded, and could not even boast of sidewalks. The view is looking westerly, showing a portion of Mare Island Navy Yard and the old sectional dry dock across the straits. The buildings on the left in the foreground behind the picket fence were the homes of the Frisbie families and were the most pretentious in the town.

From a picture in the possession of Wm. Topley, Vallejo.

trous attempt I made to recite a poem at a Sunday school exhibition, and I am sorry to say that my second attempt to appear in public was another failure, but in an altogether different way. I was about eleven years of age. On this occasion the Napa Dramatic Association was giving an entertainment where there was to be a giant in the cast who, at a certain time in the play, was to be disjointed. I was selected for the "upper joint" of the giant—that is, I was to sit astride the shoulders of a large man, who not only furnished the larger part of the giant but also the voice and speaking part. Of course, we were draped with a cloth that completely covered my head and reached to the floor. I could see nothing, but I had been instructed that when the man on whose shoulders I was riding should stoop I was to jump down and run off the stage with the drapery. It appears that I was too keen for the cue. Before the time intended, I mistook a slight stoop or forward movement for the signal for me to jump, and was in the act of doing so when he suddenly straightened up in such a way that I was thrown violently to the stage, falling on my head. It was thought I must be injured, for there was a rush from the wings and from the audience (my father among the latter) to pick me up. I was only stunned, but the play was seriously interfered with.

Two or three years after this event I had another experience. In those days the young ladies of the town did not help the young men in their dramatic efforts, so they had either to employ professional actresses, or themselves personate the female characters in plays they presented. The association, on the occasion I refer to, was to give a play in which there was to be a young girl with only a word or two of speech. I was asked to take the part, and some of the big sisters of the members of the club undertook to dress me for it, and, as I remember, they had more fun in doing it than I got out of the whole affair. This was in the days of hoop-skirts. The one they put on me was too long in front, being in the way of my feet when I walked, and too big behind, being a serious obstacle in the way of sitting down. The girls tried to show me how to circumvent these troubles, but it was of no use. The time was too short to acquire the knack, or I was too clumsy. I had to walk about a block in this rig to the theater. I think I could have walked on the top of a picket fence with as much confidence from tripping and falling. When I reached the space behind the scenes where the "star actors" were, my presence caused a commotion, and my appearance on the stage even more. I have an indistinct recollection of the disturbance caused by my awkwardness, and of my shedding the rig and taking it back to the house on my arm, thoroughly resolved never to allow myself to be used in that way again.

In after years, even after moving to Vallejo, I took part in comedies, never essaying any sentimental character but once, and that was the last time I ever participated in any dramatic entertainment. It was one of the rules of the club that every member should accept any part or character he might be given in making up the cast for a performance. Whether by design, misjudgment, or accident—I never knew—I was assigned a sentimental part in a play that was to be made quite an event. I remonstrated, but it was of no use. A couple of beautiful girls, sisters and actresses, were engaged for the female parts. I was to impersonate an ardent lover. In the first scene of my appearance I was to make love to one of these girls, twine my arms around her waist and gently lead her off the stage. I did not like the job, and the boys all knew it and they all assembled in the wings, giving me what they called encouragement. Unknown to me, your Uncle Harry had brought his sister home from the seminary at Benicia that she should see the performance.

Now this was at a time when I had just discovered that all my happiness in the world lay in making this sister think that I was the only young man worthy of her consideration. It was the thought of this that increased my objection to the part for which I had been cast. I had been able to withstand all the guying from the wings, but it was in that part of the scene where my arm stole around the waist of the girl that my eye fell upon my sweetheart down in the audience. I was paralyzed. I never knew how I finished the scene. My only thought was to square myself, and I did, without much trouble. However, I resigned from the club.

While on the subject of theatricals I may as well relate the details of an occurrence in Vallejo that was the cause of great amusement in the theatrical world at the time. California has furnished men and women who have made world-wide reputations as actors and singers, as well as given young people from other sections the opportunity to develop here histrionic ability that made them famous. Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough were two young men who came into our state in the '60s and found employment on the stage of the principal theater of San Francisco. They were not strangers to the stage when they came here, but had not yet impressed the theater-going public with the belief that they possessed any particular merit. In a few months, though, they became immensely popular. The people of San Francisco in many ways gave evidence of their appreciation of the extraordinary merit of these men, and through their patronage they succeeded in winning a place among the names of the greatest actors of that day. The people seemed never to tire of them, so they remained in San Francisco, appearing regularly on the stage of the principal theater in a stock company with but few and short omissions for several years. The omissions were largely caused by the stock company being laid off temporarily for an operatic season, or in the presentation of some special play. The stock company would take advantage of the lay-offs to give plays in other cities of the Coast. On one of these occasions the company concluded to give the people of Vallejo a treat in presenting Shakespeare's play, "Othello," at Eureka Hall. This was the only place in Vallejo at that time with anything like a stage, and while there was some pretense of arrangement for scenery, it was all too simple for any theatrical effect. In fact, the simplicity of the stage contrasted strangely with the great actors appearing in the tragic rôles of the famous characters of "Othello." What probably added to the absurdity of the situation was the fact that very few people had been attracted to the hall, so that when the candle footlight had been lighted and the curtain "went up," not more than fifty or sixty people were seated on the benches as the audience. The majority of those there probably had never witnessed a tragedy —at least under such conditions. The actors were unable to impress them with the seriousness of their parts or the tragic features of the play. From the beginning, the audience giggled over the heavy parts, and finally laughed outright, as if witnessing a comedy, in the best scenes of McCullough and Barrett. The actors, instead of being annoyed, were so amused that they were unable to conceal their emotions, and soon ceased to try. All hands on the stage were as full of laughter as the audience. Even McCullough, as Othello, was convulsed with laughter while in the act of killing his faithful wife, Desdemona. As may well be imagined, what was intended as a presentment of a tragedy was unexpectedly converted into a farce, with McCullough and Barrett as the leading comedians, and under these conditions the play was carried through to the end. Probably "Othello" was never played before or since under similar circumstances. I could not remain to see the end of the burlesque, nor did I detail a reporter to interview the popular actors as to impressions made on them by the incident. For the reputation of our town, I thought the less said about the affair the better it would be. McCullough and Barrett, while they must have suffered some pecuniary loss by reason of the slim attendance, seemed satisfied and pleased with the experience, and used to speak of it among their friends, in after years, as a great joke.

I was much interested in the work of the fishermen who plied their vocation in the waters of San Pablo Bay, Carquinez Strait, and other vicinities of Vallejo, and I was especially interested in the efforts of B. B. Redding and other prominent citizens of our state to transplant several varieties of food fishes of the Atlantic Coast waters to the Pacific. They began the work early in the year 1871. The completion of the railroad across the continent made the idea practical. The Californians engaged the co-operation of Seth Green of New York, a man famous for his practical knowledge of the value and habits of the fishes of our country. Mr. Green had demonstrated the possibility of transplanting fish from one locality to another, as well as the culture of fish. He entered into the plan of the Californians with great zest and gave his personal attention to the first shipment of young fish across the continent, which consisted of 15,000 baby shad. The little fish came in specially designed cans and were immediately taken to Tehama and put into the Sacramento River at that point, on June 27, 1871. One of the papers of that day, in describing the event, said that the little fish were about the size of "a wiggle and a half." In April of 1873, another lot of 75,000 little shad was placed in the Sacramento River; in June following, 35,000 more, and a few years later an additional lot of 150,000 was planted, all being put in the Sacramento River. A law was passed protecting the fish until December 1, 1877. The State Sportsmen's Association, however, offered a reward for the first mature shad caught in our waters, but it was not until the spring of 1874 that any one was able to lay claim to the prize. One beautiful morning in the year last mentioned, while taking an early morning walk before breakfast, I strayed down on the Main Street wharf to see the fishermen's catches, as was a common practice. On this occasion one of the fishermen, "Baltimore Harry," announced that he had been waiting for me as he had a strange fish for my inspection. He then presented me with a fish weighing about a pound and a half or two pounds, the like of which I had never seen, but from what I had read and heard I immediately concluded it was the first shad caught on the Pacific Coast. The fisherman said he had never seen a fish like it before and asked me if I could name it. He said there appeared to be great quantities of them but they were so small that they escaped through the meshes of his salmon net. I told Harry I thought I could classify his catch but preferred not to just then, and further said that if he would say nothing about this fish, when he caught another I would tell him how he could get $50 for it. The fish he gave me I carefully wrapped and carried to Mrs. Powell, your grandmother, to whom I presented it, knowing her acquaintance with the fish and her fondness for it. She immediately pronounced it to be a shad. She cooked the fish and we had it for dinner that night. We thought then, and I have never had occasion to change that opinion, that it was the first shad caught and eaten in California. About two weeks later "Baltimore Harry" showed me another shad he had caught, about the same size of the one given me. I gave him a letter of introduction to Ramon Wilson, president of the State Sportsmen's Association, and instructed him to give the shad to Mr. Wilson, which he did and received the $50 prize. This fish was a matter of great interest. The San Francisco and other newspapers commented freely upon this evidence of the success of the scheme to introduce this valuable food fish in our waters. The association had a big dinner at which the lone shad was the great feature. I had intended to tease my friends about their claim to having had the first shad, but so much importance and wide publicity had been given the event that I regarded it too serious a matter to joke about. I regretted my course and maintained a discreet silence.

A very strange fact developed with the introduction of the shad, as apparently the waters, temperature, or some other conditions caused a remarkable change in the habits of the fish, which added enormously to the value as a food supply. In the Eastern waters, their native habitat, they only run into the rivers where they can be caught for a few weeks each year. They make their first appearance in March in the rivers of the lower Atlantic Coast, remaining from four to six weeks, then disappear, to run in some stream further north, and so on until all the rivers flowing into the Atlantic have been visited. But here in our waters the shad remain the year round. I never heard a theory advanced for this change in habit, but the temperature of the Eastern rivers undergoes quite a change with the difference in seasons. It is well known that the change in temperature of the waters inhabited by the shad here is slight, and is probably about that of the rivers of the East when the fish seek them. Our waters doubtless give them an even temperature naturally required by the fish.

The catfish was another variety that was transplanted about the same period as the shad. The "cats" seemed to find the changed conditions very agreeable for propagation, for they soon became most abundant in the sloughs and stagnant branches of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Fresh water eels were also planted about the same period, but they did not prosper in our waters. I never heard of any being taken other than two, caught in the Sacramento river about three years after planting. One was a foot and a half long and the other three feet in length. These were in all probability some of the original planting, for it is now known that eels go out into mid-ocean to drop their eggs, and that the little eels hatched from the eggs do not reach or enter the fresh water stream flowing into the ocean until about a year after their birth. They inhabit the fresh water and tide waters of estuaries for several years thereafter until they reach a condition of maturity, then they in turn go out into the ocean, as stated. After having deposited the eggs, which seems to be the crowning and final act of their existence, the female and the male who assists die. It was undoubtedly a fortunate matter that efforts to introduce this snaky looking fish into the Pacific waters was a failure, for it has been found that eels are very destructive to the spawn of valuable food fishes in Atlantic Coast streams.

Striped bass was another valuable food fish that was successfully introduced here after the shad. Black bass came still later and has prospered beyond any expectation. Both of these varieties, beyond their value for food purposes, were desirable to sportsmen on account of their gamey qualities.

Carp, common in so many parts of the interior waters, is also a transplanted species, being brought by private enterprise by a German who lived in Sonoma Valley in the early '70s. He had a fine place and thought that a fish pond in his grounds, stocked with German carp, would be a source of satisfaction to himself and a matter of interest to his friends. The carp were extensively advertised by the newspapers of the state as a curiosity, and the Sonoma place was visited by many people for the sole purpose of seeing the new fish. All went well for a few seasons when one wet winter a flood swept through the fish pond, carrying the carp away into the stream, Sonoma Creek, which, after the course of a few miles, terminates in San Pablo Bay. Carp seem to be remarkably prolific in reproduction of their kind, for in a very few years they were to be found almost everywhere in the quiet waters of the interior of the state. In fact they soon became a nuisance and almost a pest in some places, especially in waters used for domestic supply. The carp, being a scavenger of the fish family, goes rooting around the bottoms and mud of the margins, keeping the water in a constant state of disturbance. Great has been the abuse hurled at the man who was responsible for the carp being here.

While the waters of our bays are favorable to the growth of oysters, they do not for some reason propagate here, and the only oysters taken from these waters are those planted as "spats" and allowed about three years' growth. Neither were any clams to be found on the shores of San Francisco and adjacent bays until the fall of 1875, when somebody found that the clam, now so common in our markets, had made its appearance on the tide flats of San Pablo Bay. The discovery created some little excitement among the lovers of this variety of Mollusca. Parties came from a distance to "dig for clams." In the course of the next five years the clams were abundant on all the flats of the bay shore. It is believed that the sudden appearance of the clams was due to the oyster beds that had been made in San Francisco and San Pablo bays. The "seed" had been inadvertently brought here with the "spats" or young oysters. However they came, the clams were a most valuable contribution to the natural food products of the state.

While the waters were receiving additional inhabitants of new varieties, one kind of food fish, sturgeon, which at one time existed in great numbers, began to disappear. Forty years ago a person traveling on the bay could see sturgeon jumping out of the water in almost every direction. While I was living in Vallejo, there were several instances of sturgeon jumping out of the water and landing in the row boat of the workingmen while passing to and fro between Vallejo and the Navy Yard. The sudden addition of huge, flapping fishes, weighing a hundred pounds or more, in a boat already well filled was no laughing matter. In those days this fish was so common that Chinamen and the poorest classes of people were the only consumers of the meat. Now it is so scarce that it is very rare in the markets and is considered a delicacy.

The destruction of the grain elevator ended the hope of the community for the introduction of the new method of handling grain, and of Vallejo becoming the business grain center of the state. In our anticipation we had pictured a number of giant grain elevators on our water front, many more docks and warehouses, and a harbor filled with shipping, with the great increase of population that would follow such improvements and business enterprises. Our expectations of future greatness in this direction were seriously shattered when the big grain elevator building fell in a mass of ruins.

However, more serious damage to that great future we all had predicted for Vallejo happened when control of the railroads leading out of the city passed from the California Pacific Company to the Central Pacific. The announcement of the change was a sad and hard blow to Vallejo. Everybody felt that the destinies of the place were now in the hands of railroad men who had no particular interest in the growth or welfare of the community. As was expected, the repair shops were practically closed and the number of other employees at the Vallejo terminus was materially reduced. The depressing effect of the unfortunate change was quickly manifest in the reduction of property values and the suspension of real estate transactions. All hope of Vallejo becoming the terminus of another great transcontinental railroad system was dispelled.

Following the change in the control of the railroad came another misfortune to the business interests of the community, which was like heaping more fuel on the fire to make the work of destruction complete. The Secretary of the Navy ordered the discharge of about half of the force of workingmen employed in the navy yard. It can be well imagined how this combination of circumstances affected the reputation of Vallejo as a city of great expectations.

The loss of employment drove many resident workingmen and mechanics out of the city in search of work elsewhere. There was the loss of the floating population as well as of some business firms. In all, Vallejo lost a large percentage of population and about all its prestige. There was an abundance of real estate for sale but practically no buyers. Those who remained in business suffered from the conditions, but they were largely men financially strong and better able to weather the storm.

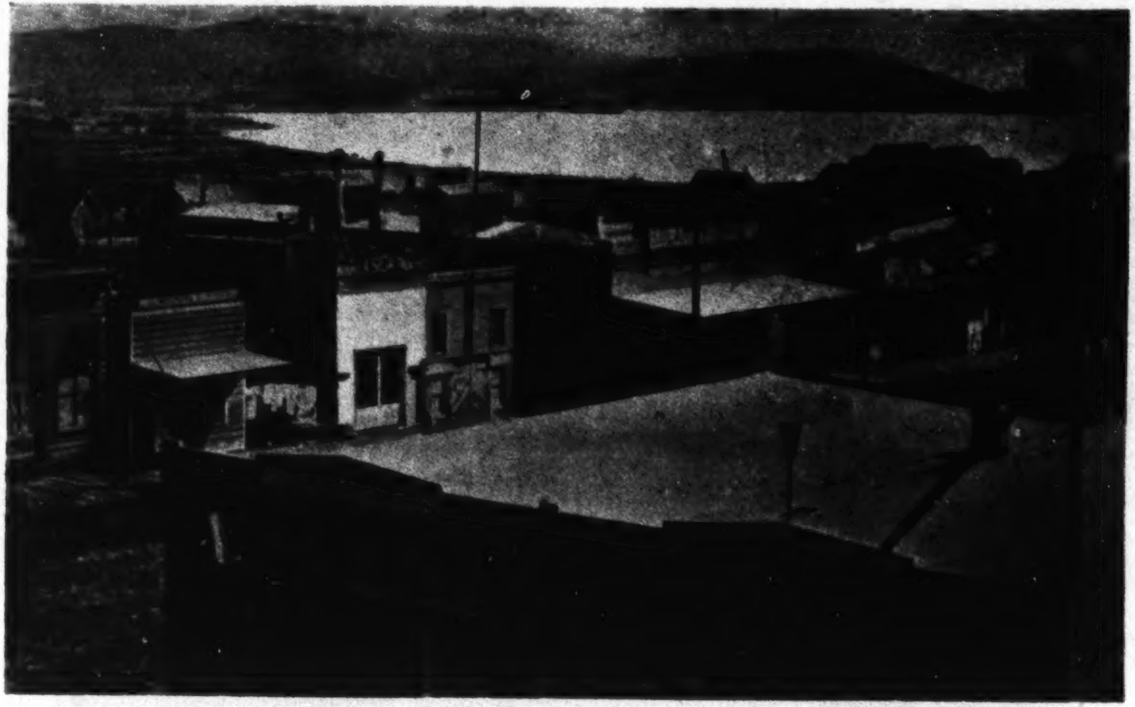
Notwithstanding the combination of misfortune, some of us retained our optimistic views of the future for the place. It seemed to us that the natural advantages existing at Vallejo, with its extraordinary facilities as a shipping point, would sooner or later be recognized by manufacturing and business interests, and that it was only a question of time when the city would again be prospering and growing in population and wealth. Some of us who felt this way, having more courage than good judgment, bought property that was thrown on the market at depression prices. In the early period of the depression (1873) I purchased the two-story brick building on the south side of Georgia Street between Santa Clara and Sacramento, used in later years as a meeting place for fraternal organizations. I bought it subject to a mortgage, paying the owner, I think, about $4000 for his equity. At the time the lower floor was occupied by two stores, and the upper floor by offices, all filled with tenants. The monthly rental collected from the building was approximately $300, and I was calculating upon this income to pay the interest and monthly instalment upon the mortgage. Here is where I showed more courage than good judgment, for I had no revenue from other sources with which to meet these payments in case I should fail to receive the rentals of the building. A failure in rental receipts is just what happened. Within sixty days from the date of my deed there was not a single tenant left in the building and it looked as if I must lose the property. I was in distress. While I needed the money invested in the building, I worried more over the mortification of the failure and exhibition of poor judgment, in attempting to buy property in such a condition of business affairs under such poor financial circumstances. I had to do something, and do it quickly, to "save my face." I talked the matter over with your dear mother, who was ever ready to share with me the trials and tribulations of my business affairs. Her courage and excellent judgment were my refuge on many occasions. In the matter of this building we decided to have the upper story fitted up at slight expense for living apartments, and to move the newspaper office into the first story. The money we were paying for house rent, and to Colonel Jackson for office rent, was more than sufficient to pay the interest on the new purchase. I presented the case to Colonel Jackson, who told me not to hesitate making the change on his account, and in his big-hearted way insisted upon my doing that which was best for my interest.

We made the change and lived there very pleasantly for some four or five years. It was in our home in this building, May 3, 1878, that our third boy was born, who was called Ed at once, being given my father's name. I well remember the day—it was a most charming one—and it is difficult to express the delight I felt that another grand boy had been added to our family group, as I was proud of my family, and I had good reason to be. One feature of our residence in this building became a source of unpleasantness and irritation. I was so conveniently located and some people were so inconsiderate of my time for rest that I was called out at all hours of the night to answer business calls. This was especially true in election times. While living there I had about the most serious spell of illness ever experienced, from overtaxing my strength and capacity for work. It was not long after we had moved to this place when Abe, then scarcely two years old, was seized with illness that threatened to be fatal. The hours of anxiety we passed while watching over and caring for him severely taxed the strength of his mother. My anxiety was doubled when I found how her cares were telling upon her. The most critical period of the case was now reached when we had to hold him in our arms, so as to give him the quickest attention in case of occurrence of convulsions. The doctor had instructed us what to do, and to carry out his instructions it was necessary to keep a quantity of water hot. The kitchen was the only place where that could be done, so I requested our Chinese cook to keep up the fire during the night. I held Abe in my arms a good part of the night, insisting on his mother lying down during my vigil. The crisis passed between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. The change in condition for the better was so marked that I was able to lay him down in peaceful slumber. I started to leave the room to tell the Chinaman he could allow the fire to die when, to my astonishment, there he lay fast asleep, curled up on the mat in front of our bedroom door. He had understood Abe's critical condition and the necessity of prompt action in case of convulsion, and he had remained in front of our door all night, ready to answer my call in the least possible time. When I awakened him he was quite chagrined that he had fallen asleep but delighted that the patient was so much improved. It is perhaps needless to say that this Chinaman remained as help in our home for several years until he entered the laundry business. Upon the advice of our physician, we moved our residence to a very pleasant dwelling in the residential section of town. The building I finally got rid of by deeding it to the mortgagor in consideration of the return to me of my note. Of course, I sacrificed the amount I paid for the equity, but I was pleased to get out of the unfortunate investment so easily.

About the time I made the purchase of the building, E. J. Wilson, one of the prominent real estate owners of the city and a friend of mine, who felt much as I did about the future of Vallejo, came to me and said that he had a chance to buy a tract of several hundred lots on the eastern edge of town at a very small figure, and wanted me to join him and make the purchase. When I explained that I had no cash he said that he would put up the money and take my note for $3000, which was my share of the cash necessary. The history of the value of the lots subsequent to the purchase was not unlike the values of everything else in the real estate line. I had a number of business transactions with Mr. Wilson, covering quite a long period of time, without settlement, so we got together one day and, after some hours of work, had adjusted about everything, when I noticed he had made no mention of the purchase of lots and my note. I called his attention to the omission and he responded by going to his safe, extracting the note, and tearing it up, with a comment in substance that, as the lots were not worth anything now, the note should have no value, and especially, as he had advised me to enter into the speculation, he did not want me to be a loser by the transaction. Mr. Wilson and I remained cordial friends until his death some years ago. He was a warm-hearted man and there are many people who can testify to his kind acts. He was very secretive in his charities as well as in his business affairs.

It was some time in the year 1873, or possibly early in the following year, that I conceived the idea of constructing a job press for a special line of work, such as long runs that had to be executed on a narrow margin of profit. In furtherance of my plan I made a working model of the press I wanted. It was complete in every detail, less than twelve inches long, and not more than six inches high and five inches wide. I worked the greater part of the time on it at home at nights after the children were put to bed. I did not get a press made from the model on account of the cost, as there was not business enough in sight to warrant the outlay. At the time I constructed the model there was no press made like it, or, at least, I never heard of one. Thirty-five years afterward, while visiting a department of the United States treasury where the carmine-colored seals are printed on government currency, I was greatly surprised and pleased to find a number of presses patterned exactly after my model. I could not find a detail that was not covered in the model I had made. I dearly loved to work with tools and to be making something, but as I grew older it seemed as if there was a growing demand upon my time which prevented the gratification of my desire.

Even before I was old enough to vote, I became greatly interested in political matters. I could not keep away from the polling places on election day. While, owing to my youth, I could not participate in the discussions that arose and were common to such places, I loved to hear the talk, for I entertained a live interest in the success of the Republican, or Union side as we called it then. On one occasion, when only eighteen, I was very proud to be chosen as clerk of a primary election in Napa. That seemed to me to be the transition point from boyhood to manhood. I was a constant attendant of county conventions, but it was not until 1869 that I first attended a state convention. John Howell, a former newspaper publisher from Sonoma County, was a candidate for State Printer. He asked me to go to the Republican state convention at Sacramento and assist him to secure the nomination. At that time the state had no printing office and it was the practice, as provided by law, to elect a man, designated as State Printer, who was supposed to do the printing required by the state in his own office. Therefore, only persons who had printing offices were regarded as eligible for the position. Of course it was impracticable and impossible for any one country printing office to execute all the printing required, and it was the custom for several proprietors to combine and support a certain one of their number for the position of State Printer. Whoever was elected divided up the business with his associates. It was a very unbusinesslike and costly way of doing things. As might be expected, the custom finally led to charges of wrongdoing, when the Legislature provided a printing office of its own and required the election, or appointment, of a man to run it. When I reached Sacramento a day or two prior to the assembling of the convention, I found, to my surprise, that Mr. Howell expected to be nominated without making combinations with other printers. I looked over the field to find out who were candidates, what strength they possessed, and what chances my friend had, and I found only one person who had made any organized effort for the nomination who was formidable. This was a well-known publisher from one of the mountain towns. The Republican party was then beginning to feel the demoralizing influence of bitter factional feeling arising from the railroad company's attempt to control the politics of the state. Anthony & Morrill,



VIEW from near the intersection of Georgia and Marin streets, the business center of Vallejo, looking southeasterly, showing South Vallejo, railroad shops, lumber yards, and the grain elevator in the distance, the latter on the extreme right. This picture was taken in 1870, after the election. The broom over the club room tells how the election went.

From a picture in the possession of Wm. Topley, Vallejo.

publishers of the Sacramento *Union*, were the leaders of the anti-railroad faction. In my investigation I found that this formidable opponent, while receiving the support of Anthony & Morrill, had combined with some publishers supporting the railroad faction. One particularly interesting feature of this combination was that the railroad organ, the paper established to kill the *Union* if possible, was a member. I was now satisfied that my friend Howell, with a little good judgment and care, could win the fight. I laid the situation before him, showing that, if he would only consent to join hands with the other lesser candidates, then give out the information I had obtained which would destroy the opposition combination, he could get the nomination with little effort. I spent a very great part of my time in winning Mr. Howell over to my view of the case. It was not until the next day that I secured his consent to accept a third member for his combination.

Finally I succeeded in getting his agreement to the acceptance of McClatchy of the Sacramento *Bee*, Gagan of the Oakland *News*, and another publisher whose name I do not recall. There was but little time left before the meeting of the convention. While others of our combine were working up votes for Howell, I hunted up Mr. Morrill of the *Union* for the purpose of playing the trump card in the game. In my youthful enthusiasm I was sure that the publisher of the *Union*, as soon as he heard my story, would repudiate our opponent and give us his all-powerful support. He listened patiently to my statement. When I was through with showing him how he was indirectly working to give financial aid to a paper started by railroad interests with the avowed purpose of displacing his paper, he replied that all I said might be true, but he had given So-and-so his promise to support him for the nomination, and he was going to do it, as it was too late now to investigate the matter. Then he added, with great vehemence, "So-and-so will be nominated for State Printer and will be elected, and if what you say shall turn out to be the facts, then I will have his office and accounts experted so that the business of State Printer will not be worth anything." This sounds very mild when I recall the language actually used in making this declaration and threat.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I was badly disappointed. We made a lively canvass for Howell, and just before the convention met in the session that would select the candidate for State Printer we concluded that we had just a bare majority of the vote. At this moment I was approached by the chairman of a county delegation having about sixteen votes, which had been promised to Howell, saying that, unless the latter took some publisher he mentioned into our combination, he would go into the other combine and the delegation would follow him with their votes. Howell, as I expected, flatly refused to consider the proposition, saying he had enough votes. There was no time left to argue the matter with him, so we had to let the delegation of sixteen votes go. The hot contest over, this nomination created great interest in the outcome, not only among the delegation but on the part of the spectators. The vote was so close while the roll call was being made, no one could tell how it had resulted until the finals were announced by the clerk. Our opponent won only by a bare majority. The sixteen votes lost at the last moment killed our chances of winning the nomination. It was my first attempt at "smashing the slate" of a political convention, and although the effort failed I certainly enjoyed the experience, and I do not think I missed any of the state conventions of the Republican party held during the following twenty years.

As Mr. Morrill had foretold, our opponent was elected and, as I had warned him, the partnership developed; and as Mr. Morrill had threatened, the work of the new

State Printer was experted so fiercely that no profit from the work of the state accrued to the combination, either to principal or any member thereof. A claim of several thousand dollars for alleged unpaid services due the State Printer was before several sessions of the Legislature, only to be rejected. Many years after, the widow succeeded in getting an appropriation from the state in satisfaction of part of the claim, if not all. It had been the custom, up to the time of the election of State Printer, to charge the state for its printing "all the traffic would bear." There was but little competition in those days and no one complained. Everybody seemed to take it for granted that a printer had a right to charge all he could collect for his work. Mr. Morrill, through his expert, prevented further enjoyment of the state's business on such a basis, but how close the expert pared down the profits on the state work I am not prepared to say. It was the contention of the *Union* and the expert that the State Printer was being allowed a commercial profit on all work turned out by him. On the other hand, the State Printer complained that he was being deprived of any profit by the way his bills were cut down. However, the controversy brought the ugly and unbusiness-like method of doing the state printing before the public eye in such a way as to cause a reform in the system, and the state supplied its own office with complete equipment for doing the work.

During the boom period I had many opportunities to sell out my newspaper business. I was offered nearly $20,000 for the plant by Harry Mighels, a well-known publisher of Nevada, and as this sum was considerably more than double what it had cost me, the profit of such a transaction was something of a temptation. But being married and "settled down," contented with my business prospects, and most happy in my home life, I could not see how, even with the increased capital, I could improve my condition in a business way or add to the comforts or pleasures of our home. I rejected all offers as they came, but the fact that other newspapermen were attracted by my newspaper and wanted to purchase it was pleasing to my pride, making me feel that I had in some measure been successful in my efforts to establish a newspaper of merit. It was my policy from the first that the paper should command the respect of the community for honesty of purpose, reliability, and decency, and that people should depend upon it for all legitimate news. I caused to be published, for the first time in the history of the county, full details of the meetings of the Board of Supervisors and transactions of the City Trustees and City Board of Education, having quite a controversy with the members of the last named body over the matter of sending a reporter to its meetings to record the doings of the board for publication. The members were indignant and resented the appearance of the reporter as an intrusion, claiming that they should be allowed to proceed with the business of school matters in privacy, and were horror stricken with the idea that publication should be given to what one or another member said in the transaction of business before them. The board refused to proceed with its business upon the reporter's appearance at the second meeting. The chairman of the board came to me personally and requested, begged, and threatened, but I would not be moved, insisting that the public was entitled to know all that a public officer did in an official capacity. The board made some futile attempts to avoid the reporter's presence, but as they were unsuccessful, it soon became reconciled to the new order and we had no more trouble.

One of the best business strokes I ever made was when I conceived the idea of sending a competent writer out into the surrounding country to write up in newsy form what he found of general interest among the farmers, fruitgrowers, and stockraisers. His travels took him around through Solano, Napa, Lake, and part of Sonoma counties. The articles sent in for publication by our representative were very interesting and attracted much attention to the paper, materially increasing its circulation, while the new subscriptions and other business picked up by our agent considerably more than paid his salary and expenses.

CHAPTER XI

POLITICAL AND OTHER INCIDENTS

Bitter County Seat Contest—Efforts to Establish Private Ship Yards—The Comstock Mine Craze—Exciting Times With the Fire Department—Justice McKenna; His Rise in Political Life—Visits by Grant, Farragut, and Hooker.

AN ATTEMPT to move the county seat from Fairfield to Vallejo was a matter that wrought up the feelings of all parts of the county to an extreme state of bitterness and excitement before the matter was finally settled. The suggestion of removal originated in the mind of E. H. Sawyer, at that time a prominent citizen and property owner of Vallejo, early in 1873. The idea at first was not received as a popular scheme, but Mr. Sawyer adhered to his plan and for months worked single handed obtaining signatures to a petition, required by law, asking for the removal. Not until Mr. Sawyer's petition contained the requisite number of names did he receive any assistance. Then other leading citizens joined him in formulating a plan of action whereby public interest in Vallejo was aroused, and a mass meeting was called. At this meeting speeches were made setting forth the advantages that would accrue to Vallejo by reason of being made the county seat, and an executive committee was selected to take charge of the campaign. Although Vallejo was much the largest town in the county, it was located in the extreme southwest corner, and was regarded by the people generally as a political hotbed, and for these reasons it was almost universally opposed in its ambition to become the county seat by the inhabitants of the other towns of the county. Like the Vallejoites, the up-country people met and organized to combat the efforts of the former. The petition was presented to the proper authorities and an election was ordered to determine whether or not the county seat should be moved. The battle was now on. The Vallejoites made strenuous efforts to win some of the up-country men to their way of thinking, with some little success, but it was not safe for an individual in the neighborhood of Suisun to express himself as being in favor of removal. One poor fellow was so thoughtless as to declare that he was going to vote for the removal, and the report that reached Vallejo was that he was promptly ducked in the muddy slough flowing by that town. No election ever held in the county called out so many active workers, every possible voter being made to go to the polls. It was even said, with reasonable grounds for belief, that all names of deceased persons and absentees on the great register of some precincts were voted by men who thought they were performing a duty to the side of the controversy they represented. When the votes were counted, all of the precincts had polled a considerably larger vote than at the general election held a few months before, ranging from 20 to 85 per cent increase, and Vallejo won by about 300 votes. The Supervisors were compelled to declare that the people of the county had decided to remove the county seat, therefore on and after February 7, 1874, Vallejo was the seat of county government.

The up-country people were not beaten yet. They immediately started a suit to enjoin the removal, employing a number of prominent attorneys to conduct the case, Justice McKenna, now on the supreme bench of the United States, directing the proceedings for the plaintiffs and winning praise from both sides for the masterly way in which he presented facts. The Vallejoites did not have such an imposing array of attorneys, but they had some good fighters, and after a battle royal in the courts lasting several days, the judge rendered a decision in favor of Vallejo, denying the application for an injunction. The offices were removed to Vallejo and that place was the seat of government for the county. The different officials were located around town in different buildings where suitable rooms could be obtained, but this was only a temporary arrangement, as a fine court house and a jail were to be erected immediately.

However, the up-country people had more fight left in them yet, but the scene of the contest was shifted to the state capital. The Legislature was in session, and a bill had been introduced to divide the county of Solano, setting Vallejo off by itself as a new county, to enjoy its new-won prize as it might, with the county boundaries not much greater than the city limits. The Vallejoites were incensed. The proposition was most humiliating. A delegation of the most active citizens was rushed to Sacramento to combat the bill. The halls and lobbies of the capitol were filled with citizens from Solano, and woe to the poor members of either house who showed themselves to this crowd of excited and earnest men. Such a pulling and hauling, coaxing and urging of members was never seen before nor since. I was one of the number from Vallejo, and I know I did my share of the disagreeable work. The earnestness and the zeal with which the citizens from both sections of the county worked were soon imparted to many members of the Legislature, possibly to the detriment of the work they had in hand. It was soon evident that our opponents had won over to the support of the division bill a majority of the members of the Legislature, but we had a fighting chance to defeat the measure by delaying its consideration in the Assembly after it had passed the Senate, but on the last day of the session of the Legislature it was forced through. We then appealed to Governor Booth to veto the measure and he did, but it was generally understood that he privately intimated to the opposition that if it would get a bill through, moving the county seat back to Suisun from Vallejo, he would sign that. Whether he did or not, when it was found that the Governor had killed the division bill, an act removing the county seat back was rushed through both houses in a few moments' time, while they were preparing to adjourn, and on March 30, 1874, the Governor signed the bill and Vallejo was compelled to give up the seat of government to its victorious opponents. The ill will and bad blood engendered by the contest which had lasted for nearly a year was the worst feature of the affair, the evil influence of the antagonistic feeling continuing to be felt for years afterward in politics, business, and social matters.

In recalling incidents belonging to the period of my business career prior to my removal from Vallejo, the occasional visits to our office of a curious character come into my mind. The man I refer to was a tramp printer named Haslit, commonly known pretty much all over the United States as "the Pilgrim." I first made his acquaintance in 1864 in Napa, while I was an apprentice in the printing office there. The Pilgrim was a small man, then not much over twenty years old, short in stature and delicate in limb and features, probably not weighing over 120 pounds. On the occasion of our first meeting he came into the office clothed in a suit that must have been made for a 300-pound man. If he had donned them to appear ridiculous he was most successful. The clothes, besides being filthy, were torn and in tatters. The Pilgrim was one of those objects which you instinctively feel like picking up with a pair of tongs and dumping into the nearest garbage can. The proprietors of the office put him to work. Before the first day of his employment was over we had struck up something of an acquaintance, although he was quite reticent. I asked him if he would not like to exchange the suit he was wearing for a suit of my old clothes, and he said he would be most glad to do so. In fact, he declared, he felt lost in the trousers he was wearing, as although they had been cut off at the knees, there was so much waste room about the belt that his suspenders were sorely taxed to keep the garment in proper place. He was a sight. I brought him a suit of my old clothes from home and the next morning he made an altogether different appearance. Incidentally I profited by the gift to Haslit, for I found in the pocket of my suit some state warrants, being pay for military service at the state encampment, mislaid by me some months before. From that time on the Pilgrim was my friend, and whenever in the next thirty years or more he came to California, he seemed to make it a point to hunt me up. While he talked quite freely with me, telling me where he had traveled and relating some of his experiences and observations in different parts of the country, he was generally credited with avoiding such familiarity with other people. As a rule, he showed up in town in periods of about three or four years apart. When his visits occurred, after I became a proprietor, he would walk into the printing office and, without asking whether his services were wanted or not, would hang up his coat and tell the foreman to give him some copy or distribution of type to work on. He might work one, two, or three days, seldom more than three, then say "he guessed he'd move on." When asked how much he had done, he would reply that he had not measured it up but he thought it was so much, generally greatly overstating the amount. However, he would accept whatever amount of money was given him, scarcely looking at it, with every manifestation of satisfaction. When he made up his mind to leave, no amount of coaxing or offer of double pay would induce him to remain. One of his peculiarities was that he would work in only one office in a town. He was in Vallejo in 1875. At that time he told me that since he was there, in 1871, he had been across the continent twice. Leaving Vallejo at the latter date, he went East via Nevada, Utah, Colorado, etc., working at different places along the route until he reached Omaha; then he started down South, following the Missouri and Mississippi rivers until he reached New Orleans. From there he made a circuit through the Gulf states, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, and Maryland, finally reaching New York, where he lingered a short time, then started West and continued in this direction until he reached California once more. This trip occupied about four years. The Pilgrim was not a temperate man, although I do not remember ever seeing him intoxicated, but on one of his visits to the state I do recollect seeing published an account of his arrest on a charge of drunkenness in some neighboring town. The last time I saw him was not long before I retired from the Oakland *Enquirer*, or more than thirty years from the time I first saw him in Napa. He was still shabby and still dirty; time and the hardships of the life he was living were telling upon him in the whitening of his hair and the deepening of the lines in his face. I often wondered what could have been the causes that so completely warped and misdirected the course of his life. What became of Haslit I never knew.

The wages paid to the workmen employed in the navy yard by Uncle Sam were as a rule a trifle higher than were paid elsewhere for similar work. The conditions and hours of work were also more favorable. As a result, when there was a discharge of employees in the yard, a considerable number of men would remain in idleness in Vallejo, awaiting the chance for re-employment. This practice, involving such a great waste of labor, attracted my attention. I considered many plans with a view to utilizing it for the benefit of the community. The greatest difficulty I met in my attempt to devise a practical scheme was the lack of capital. However, some time early in 1874, after many conferences with some of the leading mechanics, I submitted a plan which was agreed to. In short, it was this: One of their members, a master ship carpenter, was to submit a design of a large three-masted schooner. The men were to give their time and labor in the construction and receive therefor an interest in the completed vessel. Every week each was to receive a receipt showing how much labor had been contributed, and its value. I had obtained an agreement from a hardware firm to supply the rigging, sails, etc., accepting an interest in the completed vessel in payment, also an agreement from Mr. Powell to supply all the timber on the same terms. Thus we had succeeded in starting a shipbuilding yard without a cent of money for working capital. The city authorities gave the unused part of a street that ended on the bay shore for the ship yard. In a short time the frames of the new schooner began to go up, the men working industriously and enthusiastically until the vessel was ready for launching. The vessel was named the *Joseph Perkins*, after the designer and superintendent of the work, and was launched with something more than the usual ceremony. The plan had worked so smoothly, nearly up to the time of completion, that there was no thought of failure in any part of the scheme, but a certain storekeeper who had been accepting the workingmen's scrip in lieu of cash for groceries, attached the schooner, demanding payment in cash for the amount of scrip held by him. The firms furnishing rigging and timber were forced to the same action to protect their interests. There was no money or organization to fight the suit brought by the groceryman, and the schooner was sold at auction to satisfy the claims mentioned. Sixteen thousand dollars was realized, which was about half her cost. As nearly all the workmen had traded off their dues for labor to the storekeeper, the unpleasant ending of the enterprise did not cause any very great hardships. I was greatly chagrined and disappointed that a weak spot had been left in our arrangements, permitting such an unfortunate ending to the undertaking when it had almost reached the point of success. The *Joseph Perkins* was said to be a finely built vessel by those competent to judge, and she certainly presented a fine sight, with her canvas spread, sailing down the bay.

Having established the fact that the workmen of Vallejo could build sea-going vessels as well at Vallejo as could be constructed elsewhere, I went to work on a plan of incorporating a shipbuilding company with stock subscriptions sufficient to raise enough money to pay for the labor in building a full-rigged ship. The materialmen were to come in on the same plan as with the schooner. In recognition of my activities in the enterprise, I was elected president of the company. I worked hard for several weeks and succeeded in getting signatures for the amount required. Grounds for the ship yard were purchased, a "loft" and tool shed built, and everything was ready to lay the keel, when I was compelled to go East on a trip connected with matters personal to myself. During my absence the official acting in my place called in some portion of the subscription money. Whether through inadvertence or intentional purpose I do not know, but demands were made upon the materialmen for payment in cash of the percentage of the amount they had subscribed to be paid in materials. This started a row which grew to such proportions before my return that it could only be settled in the courts. The shipbuilding enterprise was killed and the property sold. After the business was all settled up, some little money was left which was paid back to the subscribers. The undertaking cost me a round thousand dollars in coin, the amount of my subscription, as well as a lot of hard work. Some little benefit accrued to the community by reason of our work. A street was cut through a high hill, giving access to a section of town on the waterfront that had been inaccessible except by a roundabout way. The ship yard fell into the hands of a firm which had established an industry there, giving employment to a few hands. This second failure rather dampened my efforts to find employment for the idle workmen of the navy yard force. In view of the growth of the shipbuilding industry around the bay in subsequent years, had this misunderstanding not occurred, a permanent business would probably have been the outcome of our enterprise.

Among other activities to advance the interests of Vallejo was the organization of a Board of Trade in '76 or '77. I was made president of the organization and served in that capacity until leaving Vallejo. It was an active organization, though I do not recall any accomplishment of special importance. Considerable effort was made by the board to induce certain manufactories and other industrial enterprises to locate in Vallejo, but the fact that larger wages were being paid at the navy yard made managers of such business timid about locating there.

During the mining excitement aroused by the discovery of silver-gold ledges on Mount St. Helena in 1874, in which I participated to some extent, I learned of the existence of some chrome iron deposits in Napa County. I made an investigation with a view to finding out if the ore had any economic value, and, if so, how it was to be treated or disposed of, to realize on it. I found there was only one buyer, a firm in San Francisco representing the chrome works of Baltimore. A talk with the members or agents of the firm developed their method of doing business with owners of chrome iron deposits, a method that did not seem very fair to the mine owners. Before the agents would make a price on any ore, they insisted upon knowing the exact location of the mine, which enabled them to figure exactly the cost per ton for delivery of ore at tidewater. Then to the total cost of mining and transportation they would allow $1 per ton for profit to the mine owner. So for some ore located comparatively near the bay they would pay, say, $12 per ton, and for ore located where it would cost $4 or $5 more per ton to get it to a shipping point, they would just as willingly pay $16 to $17 per ton. I did not like this way of dealing and concluded to go East and see if I could not find a market for chrome iron where the owners of the deposit could secure all that their ore was worth. I left Vallejo on March 11, 1875, on the overland train, on my first trip across the continent by rail. In those days the trains ran very slowly, requiring seven days' time to reach New York from San Francisco. Eating houses along the road were so few and so poor, and trains so irregular in reaching points where meals were obtainable, that passengers started out with big lunch baskets stored with eatables to last them until Omaha, at least, was reached. Pullman cars had not been introduced on the overland road at that time, and dining cars were a convenience that came some few years later. The company had sleeping cars, though, which were not quite as luxuriously finished as the Pullmans, but so far as I remember were quite as comfortable and convenient. They were styled "palace cars."

In the Rocky Mountains we ran into some extremely cold weather and a snow blockade, which did not prove to be a very serious matter, however. We arrived in Chicago nearly on time but in the midst of a sleety blizzard. In going from the train to my uncle's store, I thought I would perish from the cold, which seemed to penetrate to my very bones. That night I slept but little on account of the cold, although the bed was piled with everything I could find in the room to make more covering. The next day the sun shone and the natives called it pleasant weather, but to my notion it was anything else, as the thermometer indicated several degrees below the freezing point. My relatives insisted upon showing me around the city. We were out on the trip some three or four hours, and when we got back home I felt as if I had been that long in an ice chest, and my fingers were frost bitten. After leaving Chicago I visited Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. In all these cities, as well as in Chicago, I visited every place where I thought something about the chrome iron business could be learned. I was very thorough in my search and gathered much information. Having completed my round I had the knowledge that there was only one consumer or purchaser of raw ore of any consequence in the United States, and only two in Europe. The one in this country was located at Baltimore and was represented in California by the agents in San Francisco, previously referred to. In Philadelphia I met a gentleman who told me his experience in an attempt to establish a plant for the manufacture of chromates from chrome ore, which gave me some idea of how absolutely the market was under the control of the existing factories. He said he found quite a large deposit of chrome iron in California, the owner of which made a favorable contract with him to sell the ore on a tonnage basis. He chartered a ship which carried about 2000 tons of ore and commenced putting up reduction works in or near Philadelphia while waiting for the vessel to come "around the Horn" with the cargo of ore. He noticed the price of the manufactured article began to drop, and before the ship arrived it was selling below any rate which he could make. So he quickly took the hint when he was asked if he did not want to sell his cargo afloat. He let it go for less than it cost him, charging up his loss to experience, and made no further effort to establish chrome iron works. I had gone to Baltimore for the special purpose of calling on the firm which seemed to have such a strong grip on the business, and, on giving my name, I was courteously received and was told they had heard of my presence on that side of the country and understood the nature of my business. I was unable to obtain any statement promising a different method of dealing with the California mine owners and was practically told such matters were left with their California agents. It is perhaps needless to say that I lost all further interest in chrome iron mines and returned to California by the most direct route. I was absent on the trip about thirty days. While in the different cities I made it a point to call on our relatives living in such places and also had the pleasure of meeting some prominent men in Washington, among whom I recall Senator A. A. Sargent and Chief Naval Constructor Hanscom. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, but did not find time to present it.

There lived in our part of the country a man by the name of John Neate, an Englishman by birth. He was a man of more than ordinary education and refinement. He had some knowledge of mineralogy and an insatiable desire to engage in mining. Not long after I made Vallejo my home, I heard of Neate's prospecting in the hills back of town and that he was opening up a deposit of cinnabar. His work interested me because of my finding the rich piece of ore in the same neighborhood several years previous, a fact I have mentioned in the earlier part of these memoirs. Mr. Neate, in his first location, failed to find ore in any considerable quantity, although he spent no small amount of money and effort in his attempt. Some few years later he found a more promising prospect on the Joseph Wilson ranch, a mile or two further north of the other prospect, and it became what is now known as the St. John mine. He soon found enough ore to warrant the erection of a small furnace of his own design. With this furnace in operation and the aid of a few miners, he began to realize some part of the hope that had been in his mind for years past. He was making money easily and quite rapidly, for quicksilver was then selling for nearly $1 per pound. If he had not been impatient he would undoubtedly have become a rich man. He thought that, if his little 10-ton furnace was making money for him, a 40-ton furnace would be proportionately that much more profitable. There is where he made the error that finally brought to him financial disaster and the loss of the mine. To enable him to build the new furnace and run a long tunnel to connect the ore body with it, he borrowed $40,000 from John B. Felton. He had a partner in the mine, and the buying out of that interest also involved him in further debt. When the new furnace was fixed and put in operation it failed to reduce the ore. It would not work satisfactorily. As a consequence Mr. Neate could not meet his obligations, which by this time were many. The property was sold under attachment and, if my memory is correct, was bid in by some of the lesser creditors in satisfaction of their claims. The Felton estate lost its loan in the wreckage. Previous to the failure the mine had been considered worth between $200,000 and $300,000. Quite large bodies of good ore had been struck or opened up. Owing to the large consumption of quicksilver in the Comstock milling plants at Virginia City, Nev., and the high price of the metal, good quicksilver mines were sought after. An agent of Senator Jones of Nevada requested me to obtain for him an option on the St. John mine. I could not get a written agreement but the owners agreed to sell the mine to me for $200,000. I notified Jones's agent and an expert was sent to examine the property, with the result that the agent informed me that the senator wanted the mine and would give the price and pay me handsomely for my trouble. I notified Neate's partner to close the deal. Neate and his partner in some way mussed up the matter so that the senator became displeased and refused to consider the property any further. Subsequently

Neate made something of a stake in mining operations and went to London with the hope of promoting on a large scale. The last I heard of him was that he was traveling through the cities and towns of California, going from house to house gaining a precarious livelihood selling a little pamphlet of poems of which he was the author.

While writing of John Neate and his mine I am reminded of a visit to the property by an Eastern gentleman named Hale, who a few years later became Governor of New Hampshire. Mr. Hale was engaged in the manufacture of furniture in that state, and in connection with his business made yearly trips to the Pacific Coast. On one of these trips we met and formed an acquaintance lasting for several years. While calling on Mr. Hale in San Francisco on one occasion, he remarked that he had never seen a mine and expressed a desire to go into one so that he could tell his Eastern friends how mining work was conducted. I offered to give him letters to some Nevada County miners but he thought it would take more time than he could spare to go to Nevada City or Grass Valley. I happened to think of the St. John mine as one affording the opportunity he wished for with the expenditure of but little time, so invited him to come to Vallejo. When we arrived at the mine he expressed some reluctance to going underground, but finally I induced him to take a candle and enter the mine with me through the 800-foot tunnel. At the end of the tunnel where it intersected the ore body quite a chamber had been cut out and two or three ore chutes were installed to receive the ore being mined in the upper levels. These chutes were lined with iron. Mr. Hale stood with his back to one, leaning on it, while the foreman was explaining how the ore lay in the formation of the wall near by. He was much interested until a carload of ore was dumped into the chute from the uppermost level. The falling ore striking the sides and finally the iron lining of the chute, made a terrific noise. It was as if the whole top of the mine had fallen in. Mr. Hale with great fright dropped his candle and, leaping like a deer, ran out through the tunnel. I could not stop him with my shouts. When I reached the outside, there he stood in great excitement, bespattered with mud from head to foot. He seemed glad to see me and was anxious to know if any more had escaped with their lives. He thought the whole top of the mine had fallen in. No amount of explanation that no one was hurt and there had not been an accident would induce him to return to the mine. His nerves had received a shock that killed all further interest in mine work.

The two great mining epochs of the Coast were the placer mining era of pioneer days and the later Comstock period. Both yielded fortunes to many people but in decidedly different ways. The wealth won in the first instance was due to legitimate efforts in mining the precious metal from the earth, and it was distributed among a greater number of people. In this period neither did any one fortune ever approximate any of the larger accumulations of wealth that grew out of the Comstock era, but for a time when the number of millionaires in the United States could be counted on the fingers of one hand, the fortunes of pioneer days were considered large if not extraordinary. While the value of the gold and silver yielded by the Comstock mines was equal if not greater than the amount wrested from the gravels of the early day mines, it was not directly by the distribution of these riches that the majority of the fortunes were made. It was by the buying and selling of the shares of stock representing the ownership of the Comstock that many became wealthy. Never before or since has the state witnessed such an era of stock gambling craze. There were few people in the country hereabouts who were not familiar with the value of all the principal Comstock shares, even if they did not own some. It was the condition and development in the mines that principally influenced the rise and fall of prices of the shares. Not infrequently the fluctuations were exceedingly sharp, and shares that may have cost a few hundred dollars one day could be sold a few days later for many thousands. The striking of a new body of ore, any improvement, or pinching out of a bonanza would be first known to the management or those on the inside in control of the mines. Inside information of mine conditions was used to the greatest advantage in buying and selling shares, and was imparted to friends for their benefit and sometimes for their loss, for it was not always reliable. I went through nearly the entire stock craze period without the slightest desire to speculate in the stocks. Undoubtedly I was influenced by my loss of $800 some few years previous in the Humboldt oil excitement. However, I had a very narrow escape from a loss of several thousand near the close of the period. Colonel Jackson, who had profited by investments in shares to no small extent, quite frequently had given me inside information on mine conditions, which, if I had taken advantage of, would have yielded no small gain. On this occasion, meeting my friend in San Francisco, he called my attention to the fact that I had not availed myself of the advantage of the information or "tips" he had given me, but he would give me one more. He explained how a body of ore had been found in the Best & Belcher, I think it was, and with the publicity of the information to be made the next day, the price of the stock would go skyward. I told him that I would think the matter over and when I reached home would telegraph him my conclusions. That evening I wired him to purchase a certain number of the shares, saying that I would send down next week the $3000 or $4000 margin needed for the deal. Naturally I sought the following issues of the morning and evening papers from San

Francisco for the anticipated rise in the price of the stock. Instead of an advance the quotations showed a shrinkage. In truth, the price of the stock of the Best & Belcher has never been as high since as on the day on which I ordered the purchase. Agreeable with my promise, I went to the city with the money and tendered it to the colonel. He was surprised, saying he had not received any telegram from me. At first I thought his attitude was due to his generous desire to befriend me and save me from loss, but he insisted that he had not received the order from me. So we went down to the telegraph office to see what had become of the telegram I had sent. The investigation developed the fact that my dispatch had been handed to a green messenger boy, who had left the message in a tailor shop adjoining the colonel's place of business, and the tailor not being able to read did not know what to do with it. In this way, by the combination of two very fortunate and unusual incidents in telegraph operations, I was saved from the loss of the first money I was tempted to put into mining stock, and no one was more pleased that the transaction turned out as it did than Colonel Jackson. It was one time when luck seemed to be on my side.

To give an idea how some fortunes were made in dealing in Comstock shares, I will mention two or three transactions coming under my observation which are illustrative of deals common to that period. Four hundred shares of Consolidated Virginia costing $2.50 per share, sold for $1000 per share. One lot of Crown Point shares costing $9 per share, sold for $1360 per share; Gould & Curry, costing $60, sold for $500. It was said, and my observations seemed to confirm it, that the majority of these suddenly-made fortunes were lost in the same gambling pit whence they came.

For many years the fire department of Vallejo consisted of a hook and ladder company, a hose company, and two fire engine companies; the latter using the old-fashioned hand-brake engines, one of which, though, had proved itself to be very efficient and had a great record as an extinguisher of fires and belonged to San Pablo Company No. 1. The membership of the fire department was made up of volunteers, who received no pay for their services. However, at that time members of a fire company in good standing under a state law did have privileges of which the firemen were very jealous. They were exempt from payment of poll tax and jury duty. About 1875 or 1876, the state Legislature repealed or amended the law so that the firemen were no longer exempted from paying poll tax. This aroused the members of the San Pablo engine company to a high sense of indignation. The company held several meetings for the discussion of the situation and finally on July 13, 1876, resolved to disband. They first manned the ropes and paraded the main street with the engine, after which they returned to the house, pulling the machine into place in reverse position, and dispersed. The action of the company was a serious matter, considering that the town was largely built up with frame structures. The next day I went around the town and secured the signatures of about thirty business men to an agreement obligating themselves to form a new volunteer fire company. This document was presented to the city trustees with the request to turn over the apparatus to the new company. The petition was granted. At that time the engine house was located at the foot of Georgia Street on the north side. One of the first things the new company did was to remove the building to a more central location up town, on Virginia Street, near Sacramento. The new organization proved faithful to its duties, though they became quite onerous. For a while the company was called out almost nightly in responding to false alarms and incendiary fires. It seems that some members of the disbanded company regarded their action as being in the nature of a strike, and the new organization was looked upon by them as a strike-breaking device, and the members of the new company were considered "scabs." It is only fair to say that this feeling was not entertained by all the members of the old company, but was manifested only by a small number of the younger and less responsible men. However, they made it exceedingly unpleasant and exciting for the entire community. The incendiarism had become so frequent and threatened such great damage to the town, that a vigilance committee was organized, providing a night patrol of the main streets, citizens acting as patrolmen as they would be called upon by the committee. Threats to maim and kill were made from anonymous sources to the leading members of the new fire company if they should persist in responding to fire alarms. However, they assembled so quickly and in such numbers that no serious assault was ever made. The organization of the vigilance committee seemed to put an end to the trouble, and after a period of peace and quiet the patrol was abandoned, but one Sunday morning at 3 o'clock the heavens were illuminated by a sudden burst of flames in the center of town. With the sounding of the alarm, there was a rush of firemen and citizens to the location of the blaze, which proved to be the San Pablo engine house. The roof was a mass of flames. An attempt to open the front doors proved that they had been fastened against any unlocking. They were finally battered down, but all attempts to remove the hose cart and engine were fruitless, as they had been fastened to the floor to secure their destruction. The fire inside the building had gained such headway that nothing could be done to undo the fastenings, and the crowd of citizens were compelled to stand idly by and witness the wilful destruction of the city's most effective fire-fighting machine. The smell of coal oil at the fire, the suddenness of the blaze, together with the circumstances above related left no doubt as to the origin. The coming of daylight, however, gave further and convincing evidence of the incendiary act. From the sidewalk in front of the place where the engine house had stood, to the alley entrance of a saloon about a block away, was a trail clearly marked by dripping of coal oil. It was well known that the coterie of members of the old organization that had showed so much opposition to the formation of the new company made this saloon their headquarters. Beyond the circumstantial evidence related, no further information as to who the culprits were was ever developed during my time in Vallejo. No one was arrested for the deed, though nearly everybody was satisfied as to who was responsible for it. The citizens were aroused and a greater interest centered in the fire company. With the aid of the city authorities we purchased a small steam fire engine, housed it in a vacant store in the Masonic Hall building and placed a guard over the property. Whether the vandals became frightened, or were satisfied with the destruction of the old apparatus, we never knew. We had no more trouble. The company with its new engine made a creditable record. The membership was made up of leading storekeepers, bankers, and lawyers. S. G. Hilborn, afterward Congressman from the third district, was one of the most active members. At one fire my familiarity with the operation of steam engines came into play. I performed the duty of engineer, getting the engine to work in what I thought was fairly good time. When I retired from business in 1879 I sent in my resignation as a member of the fire company, but in the letter of acceptance I was notified that I had been elected an honorary member.

The prosperity of Vallejo was so closely allied with the work laid out for the navy yard that our newspaper kept in as close touch with the navy yard authorities and department officials as possible for the purpose of securing all information that would be news. On one occasion I had information of the possibility of orders being issued at Washington for the performance of certain things which were of considerable importance to the people in Vallejo. A former employee of mine had taken a position in the navy yard, the duties of which occasionally brought him into its main office building. I had requested him to keep his eyes and ears open for the anticipated orders. One day, shortly after, just before the paper was going to press there was placed in my hands a copy of a telegram from the Secretary of the Navy to the commandant of the navy yard embracing the order I had been looking for. The publication of the news was a pleasure to the community, but was the cause of an uproar in the commandant's office. The chief clerk, Cox, was summarily dismissed from office and mischief was at play generally. I explained to the commandant that while I could not tell him how I came by the copy of the telegram, he had most unjustly accused his chief clerk. He would not accept my statement clearing Mr. Cox unless I would tell him everything, which was impossible. The real culprit was never suspected of having any connection with the affair. I never told how I obtained the copy of the telegram, but as no harm can come to any one now, as nearly all the participants have passed away, I will give the facts. It was supposed that this telegram after being received was laid on the commandant's desk. He was out at the time or had stepped out just after its receipt, for it lay on his desk until a gust of wind through an open window blew the telegram and some other papers on the floor. My man came into the room and seeing the papers scattered around, proceeded to pick them up and replace them on the desk.

His eyes dropped upon the message, the substance of which he committed to memory while replacing the papers. Then he stepped out of the room without being seen and subsequently sent me the news. I admit it was a great deal like receiving stolen goods, and I never felt quite satisfied about it after the commandant acted as he did, although there was no good reason for his withholding the information. Mr. Cox was finally re-employed in the yard, but I think he was compelled to accept a subordinate position.

Justice Joseph McKenna, who for the last ten years or more has been an honored member of the Supreme Court of the United States, entered upon the practice of law in Solano County about the same time that I began the publication of the *Chronicle* in Vallejo. His residence was in Suisun. I soon became acquainted with him and our acquaintance grew into a friendship that has never ended. I admired him for the brilliancy of his mind, cleanliness of his character, his high ideals, and his sense of honor and truthfulness. As an attorney in pleadings in courts and as a public speaker he always appeared to great advantage, and attained more than local reputation. When he became a candidate for the Legislature in 1875 it was a pleasure to assist him in his election. He took position at once as one of the leaders on the floor of the Assembly, and on more than one occasion carried measures to victory by the force of his arguments and power of oratory. The defeat of the enactment of a bill to repeal the Compulsory Education Act was due to his untiring efforts. The opposition to the bill was strenuous and much oratory came from both sides of the question. His conduct in the bitter contest over this measure and the ability he displayed won for him commendation and compliment from his opponents and the opposition newspapers. His advocacy and vote for the bill were unquestionably the cause of his defeat a short time afterward when he appeared before the people as the Republican candidate for Congress in the old third district. It was supposed that some religious influence was behind the bill, which, being chagrined at defeat, sought to even things by defeating McKenna for Congress. But people generally understood and appreciated his high minded and honorable stand and honored him for it.

There are some other incidents in connection with that Congressional election worth relating. Justice McKenna was nominated in the Congressional convention held in August as the Republican candidate for his district. His opponent on the Democratic ticket was J. K. Luttrell, who had the advantage of being the incumbent. He was a hustling chap, alive to all the arts and devices of politicians in getting votes, and did not scruple to say anything on or off the stump, regardless of the underlying facts, that he thought would advance his political interests. For a couple of times he was invincible as a candidate, but his tactics, reckless declarations, and promises finally made him easy to defeat. The Vallejo *Chronicle* made a vigorous fight against Luttrell when he was opposed to McKenna for the position of Congressman, but the district then was very large, extending away beyond the limits of the general circulation of our paper. It embraced the entire northern part of the state from Carquinez Straits and Sacramento north to the state line. Perhaps we did not assist McKenna or injure Luttrell in that election even within the radius of the circulation of our paper, but the contest we waged may, and I think did, have its influence in the succeeding Congressional election.

Soon after the nominations in 1876 the nominees were in the field making efforts to cover the great district and to address and meet as many of the voters as was possible. Reports soon began to reach us that Luttrell was making all kinds of misstatements about the Republican candidate, charging, among other things, that McKenna was afraid to meet him in joint debate, in such language that one would infer he had challenged McKenna and the latter had avoided him. Luttrell kept getting bolder in this matter and finally was faced by some of McKenna's friends. Then he attempted to hedge by denying the use of the language attributed to him. However, the upshot of this meeting was a challenge on the part of Luttrell and its acceptance by McKenna. An arrangement for the debate was fixed for the evening of October 26, at St. Helena, Napa County. This was some little time ahead, and because the itinerary of both candidates brought them into that place the same night, it was arranged that the Republicans and Democrats should gather in the one hall and listen to the candidates. By the conditions of the challenge and acceptance, McKenna was to open the debate and close, and be allowed one and a half hours for opening and a half hour for closing. Luttrell was to have one hour and a half—a total of three hours and a half for the debate. The night before the debate McKenna spoke in Yolo County or Yuba, and had to start from Knights Landing or Marysville very early next morning on the only train that made connections, so that he could get into St. Helena on time for the meeting in the evening. He left orders to be called in the morning that he might take the train, but it was not done. He was awakened by the whistling of the departing train, and hastily dressing he sought some of his friends to aid him in devising means to overcome the embarrassment that his predicament threatened. His failure to meet Luttrell at St. Helena would confirm all the wild assertions the latter had been making. Besides, it would discourage and humiliate McKenna's own party and friends. All agreed that he must be landed in St. Helena in some way, and it was finally arranged to take a light buggy with a double team and arrange by telegraph to have relay teams ahead at necessary points along the road. In this way they drove across the country to a station in Solano County to connect with a train that enabled McKenna to reach St. Helena in time to take his place on the platform.

It was evident by the remarks Luttrell was making that evening that he was informed of McKenna's misfortune and did not know that he had overcome the trouble. An immense crowd had assembled and the neighboring towns contributed delegations of people interested in the contest. Luttrell and the managers of the meeting were on the stand, and only a few minutes remained before the hour announced to begin the debate. McKenna's friends began to manifest a nervous anxiety, and Luttrell a corresponding degree of elation. He had been predicting that evening that his opponent would dodge the meeting by laying blame on the railroad. Almost at the moment when all despaired of McKenna's presence, he appeared on the scene as if dropped out of the sky to save the day for the Republicans. As he walked up to the platform he was cheered as a hero. Luttrell's face was a study. Something had gone wrong. Nobody knew just what had happened, and they could only speculate.

The preliminaries were brief. McKenna stepped to the front and spoke for one hour and a half in language forceful and brilliant, with a dignified but pleasing manner, and most courteous in the references to the Congresssman, his opponent. His friends were wild with delight and were not slow in manifesting their feelings.

When Luttrell took the platform in reply it was clear that he had lost his composure. He was irritated and angry and appeared at great disadvantage. He realized that the vast audience recognized the superiority of McKenna as an educated man and an orator. Luttrell used his hour and a half. During the course of his speech he made a very serious charge reflecting upon the Republican party which, he claimed, was supported by an official report which he had in his possession.

When the time came for McKenna to close the debate he referred to the foregoing charge and suddenly turned and asked Luttrell for the privilege of looking at the "official report." The latter began to dive among his papers and documents, hemming, and hawing, and at last muttered "it must have been misplaced."

"Never mind," said McKenna, "I can wait," and stood immovable, watching the movements of Luttrell and waiting for the "report."

Finally, in pure desperation Luttrell produced the alleged report. McKenna looked at it, then instantly held it up to the audience, and there was displayed a Democratic campaign document with the very *unofficial* heading on its title page: "Republican Lies." A roar went up from that crowd that fairly shook the ground. Words were unnecessary. About all the comment McKenna made was: "There was a time when Congressmen were expected to instruct their constituents, but here is a man who would mislead them."

The scene at the close of McKenna's speech was something remarkable, and such a demonstration at a political meeting is seldom recorded. Such shouting and cheering! Democrats struggled with Republicans for the privilege of shaking McKenna's hand. Finally the crowd picked him up and carried him off to the hotel. Luttrell, contrary to the arrangement of the debate, attempted to make another address, but no one would stop to listen to him. In less than three minutes he was left alone with his shorthand reporter, to find his way to the hotel as best he could. The crowd went with the victor. The matter would have probably ended there had not Luttrell been so indiscreet as to have claimed in subsequent speeches to have annihilated his opponent in the debate.

In response to this declaration, our paper challenged Luttrell to give his shorthand report of the debate to the press for publication. Finally we offered to pay him for the report and agreed to publish it, but of all our goading he took no notice.

The Saturday night before the election Luttrell spoke in Vallejo. As I was the presiding officer of a Republican meeting that night, I was unable to attend the gathering to hear the Democratic Congressman. It was unfortunate, for when he arose to speak he looked around the audience and asked if Mr. Leach were present. When satisfied that I was not there he held out a bundle of manuscript, saying: "Here is that shorthand report of the St. Helena debate, and I will give $50 to have it published." He made the most of my absence and failure to accept his offer. I did not learn of the incident until the next morning while I was in a barber shop being shaved. I looked at the clock and saw by the time that Mr. Luttrell could not have left the hotel yet, and though but half shaved I rushed to the hotel, picking up two or three acquaintances on the way. I found the Congressman in the hotel office. I told him I had just heard of his offer of the night before and was there to accept it. He then changed the proposition so that I was required to contribute to his $50 an equal amount for the benefit of the schools. I accepted the offer immediately and started to write a check, when he said he would be unable to carry out the proposition, as the report was in San Francisco. Then I called attention to the fact that he claimed to have had it in his hand the night before when he offered it for publication. I wanted to know which was the truthful statement, "The one made then, or now?" He replied: "It is just like you black Republicans to take advantage of me when you know I sent that report off in my trunk!" and then bolted for the street. The absurdity of the reply caused a big laugh from the crowd that had gathered in the hotel lobby, and that was the end of it. He was elected, to my great disgust and lessened confidence in the power of the press. Without going into details which now perhaps have lost their interest, the gentleman was subsequently retired to private life. He was not without some good points as a Congressman. He was untiring in the performance of his duties in Washington, and was ambitious to give good services to his constituents and his country.

A few years later, in 1882, in the Republican congressional convention that assembled at Benicia, McKenna was again given the nomination. The district had now been changed so to include only a few of the more populated counties in the central part of the state, which were strongly Republican in vote. As a nomination was almost equivalent to an election, there were at least three other very strong candidates contesting for the nomination. We balloted nearly the entire afternoon. I do not recall how many ballots were taken. No candidate had a sufficient number of votes to give him the nomination, but the McKenna supporters were the most active, enthusiastic, and determined. Finally, late in the afternoon, the break came and McKenna was made the unanimous choice of the convention, and at the following election in the fall was elected.

In Congress, McKenna quickly won a place of influence, commanding the respect of the foremost members of the House. When the lamented McKinley was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, I heard him speak of the young Californian's ability and soundness of judgment, in terms that showed that eminent statesman placed McKenna in the foremost ranks of the Congressmen of that day. President Harrison held McKenna in the same esteem, for he appointed him United States Circuit Judge, and Mr. McKenna was filling this position when McKinley was elected President. Knowing the opinion of the latter and the high regard he had for the material qualities of the Congressman, I was almost certain that he would invite McKenna to accept a position in his Cabinet. It so proved, and Justice McKenna was made Attorney General of the United States, a position he filled with credit to himself and the country, until he was made a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. His career has been a successful one and a matter of pride to his friends of early days. It is worthy of more than passing notice. It shows how much character counts in life's course and what can be accomplished in life by determination, application, and tenacity of purpose. Here is a man early endowed with noble traits of manhood, imbued with determination to learn and ambition to excel, modest but courageous; who fought his way from poor boyhood in a little country town in California to one of the most exalted positions in our government.

During my residence in Vallejo the place was honored by visits of several of the most distinguished men of our country. Admiral David Farragut, the naval hero of the Civil War, was not only a frequent visitor, but was one of the large property owners of Vallejo. Some years before the war, when the admiral was on duty on the Coast, he became impressed with the idea that Vallejo enjoyed a location that gave promise of development of a city of importance, and he purchased two or three lots in the main business part of the city, as well as some residence lots. When some years later the city began to grow he erected substantial brick buildings on the business lots. The upper part of one was made into a theater and was known as "Farragut Hall." Many of the Vallejoites enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the admiral, which in some cases extended back a number of years, when he was stationed at the navy yard and before he had attained his great fame. His personality was most agreeable; he was quiet and unaffected in manner, affable and gentle in speech—qualities that added to his popularity and caused him to be greatly admired and beloved by the Vallejoites.

General U. S. Grant, the famous commander and ex-President, visited Vallejo and the navy yard on his trip around the world. The occasion was made a holiday, and the demonstration on the part of the citizens in welcoming the great soldier to Vallejo was hearty and most creditable to them and most pleasing to the visitor. Being one of the officials of the day, I enjoyed the pleasure of shaking hands with General Grant and exchanging a few words with him. A few nights later I was an invited guest at a banquet given in San Francisco, attended by General Grant. Sitting next to me at the table was Fred MacCrellish, one of the publishers of the San Francisco *Alta*, who had served with Grant in the Mexican War and who was intimately acquainted with him. MacCrellish asked me if I had an autograph of the general. I replied in the negative. "Well, I will get one for you." So saying, he wrote on a card, asking who was in command of a certain battery in one of the battles of the conflict with Mexico and sent it to the general by a waiter. In a few moments the card was returned with the reply signed by the general in his characteristic signature. MacCrellish then turned the card over to me and I have it yet. Some twenty-five years later I became acquainted with U. S. Grant, Jr., who bore a remarkable resemblance to his father both in looks and manner. The junior Grant, after attaining a residence in California through making his home and investments in San Diego, aspired to be elected to the United States Senate. However, he was defeated and retired from the political field.

General Hooker, an old Californian, and known to fame in the Civil War as "Fighting Joe," visited Vallejo in the seventies and was given a warm reception by the citizens.

He remained in town a couple of days renewing friendships with old acquaintances of pioneer days and comrades in the late war. A number of old soldiers called on the general at his hotel. With the party was an attorney and veteran of the Mexican War named Judge Coombs. He shook hands with the general, when the latter measured the judge from head to foot and said:

"I have seen you somewhere before."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was with you in the Mexican War."

Hooker, saying it was a pleasure to thus meet old comrades, asked the judge to take a glass of wine with him. The judge took the proffered glass and, raising it, said:

"General Hooker, accept this toast, for it is probably the last I may be called upon to give to you:

"I drink to the health of General Hooker, the only American general who ever fought above the clouds."

After a moment's silence the general said: "I don't think I shall ever be so near heaven again as I was on that occasion."

Judge Coombs's reference, of course, was to the Battle of Lookout Mountain in the Civil War.

The hard times following the misfortunes of the change of ownership of the railroad, with attending removal of repair shops, etc., and the wholesale discharge of navy yard workmen, had a disastrous effect upon the business men of Vallejo. There were not a few failures. Some shut up shop and moved away, and those who remained barely existed for some time. A factor contributing to the continuation of the "hard times" was the policy of the government in reducing expenditures at the navy yard. After the big discharge of workmen in the early seventies, the navy department kept reducing the force until the average number of workmen employed in the yard for 1876 was only 330. The smallest number in any one month was 190 men, and the largest 690, which was about half the number employed in the years of "prosperity."

In 1877 I reduced the size of the newspaper and curtailed expenses in every possible manner. I can not recall just how long this period of business depression continued, but after six or eight years property values reached a very low mark. A great many people who had bought lots in the new parts of town refused to pay the taxes levied upon them and they were sold by the authorities for the benefit of the county and city. It was some time in 1878 or 1879 that I was in San Francisco one day and called upon my friend Colonel Jackson, when he presented me with a deed to all his real estate interests in Vallejo. I asked him what he wanted me to do with the property, as I could not fathom his purpose. He replied by saying that he was tired of paying taxes on the property and that so far as he was concerned, I could do anything with it that pleased me, as he was done with it. The property conveyed consisted of an undivided interest in some acreage property near the city limits and some fifty or more city lots. Upon my return home I went to E. J. Wilson, who was buying all property at tax sales or which was being sold at similar prices, and arranged to sell him all the city lots at a ridiculously low figure, something like $50 apiece, as I remember. The acreage property was under the control of Mr. Wilson, although there were several individuals who owned undivided interests in it, two or three of whom were non-residents. I told Mr. Wilson that I wanted a division of this property, at least so far as the interest I held was concerned. Mr. Wilson was willing, but said that there might be some objection on the part of other owners. I announced that under such circumstances I could apply to the courts and obtain an order for a division and segregation of my interests. In the course of a few days Mr. Wilson mapped out a line of procedure by which we could reach the desired result and which I was pleased to accept. We determined the amount of land due me to embrace some fifty acres, and we also agreed that it should be taken from the northeastern corner of the tract. We had the piece of land surveyed and prepared the papers for the signatures of the other owners to complete the transaction. It was a comparatively easy matter to secure the signatures of owners living in California, but I was put to some trouble and expense in obtaining the signatures of the non-residents, especially where one owner, a Mr. Ruelofson, had died and his heirs had taken up their residence in Paris. Fortunately the estate had enough other property in California to warrant the employment of an attorney to look after its interests. After locating this attorney in Sacramento and laying the matter before him and patiently waiting a few months, I finally received the signatures for the remaining interests. The attorney charged me for his fees and expenses $500. I now had my land in shape to dispose of and soon found a customer who paid me somewhere in the neighborhood of $3000 for it. I think that after all expenses were deducted, I had about $5000 as the proceeds of sale of the lots and acreage. Half of this amount I took down to San Francisco and placed on Colonel Jackson's desk. It was the colonel's turn to ask what I meant by the offer of the money. When I explained, he wanted me to keep it. I insisted, however, that he had given me the property to use as I pleased, and what I had done was not only the proper thing for me to have done but was what I had wanted to do. The profit that came as my share entered into my financial affairs at a most opportune time. It enabled me to pay off a debt which at that time looked large and was burdensome. For some months previous to this transaction I would have been glad to have given up to my creditors my newspaper and other holdings for a discharge from my financial obligations. In truth, I did make such an offer to one of my largest creditors and was laughed at, and told that my proposition evinced a lack of courage, a weakness not to be expected in a young man of my standing. All this was coupled with some good advice. This talk, from one of my best friends, was not pleasant to hear, but it fired my spirit and stirred me up to a determination to win out. If I had made any reputation for business capacity, I decided then and there it should not be impaired by any lack of zeal and energy on my part. I know I walked away with an entirely different feeling. Within a very few months from that time I had paid off every dollar I owed. The tide seemed to turn with the real estate transactions just described.

CHAPTER XII

LEGISLATIVE EXPERIENCES AND FARM LIFE

Nominated to Represent Solano County in the Legislature—The Campaigns—The New Constitution—The Republican National Convention of 1880—Life on the Farm—Appointed Postmaster of Vallejo.

THE HARD WORK I put in on the newspaper in the preceding twelve years, and devotion of personal labor in matters pertaining to advancement of the general interests of the community, together with the mental anxieties incident to payments of notes as they became due, seriously affected my health. Our physician gave it as his opinion that it would be impossible for me to regain a normal condition of health without being rid of all business cares, advising that I sell the newspaper and go to the country and live an outdoor life for several months. Knowing your mother was worrying over my condition, I acted on the advice of the doctor and disposed of the *Chronicle* and its business. In March, 1879, I sold to Thos. Wendell, a young man who had been employed in the editorial work of the paper for several years. He was an exceptionally bright man and a born journalist. He died suddenly a year or so after his purchase had been made, and in the settlement of his estate the paper fell into the hands of some ambitious young men of Vallejo who had but little experience in newspaper work.

Now, free from all care, your mother and I thought it would be pleasant to locate for the summer at or near Aetna Springs, Napa County, so I engaged a cottage near the springs grounds. The building had been constructed by some settler in years gone by, before there was any thought of the springs being made a place of resort or recreation. There were three or four rooms somewhat roughly constructed, but with the wagonload of household fixtures I had sent there we were soon very comfortably established. We brought a house maid with us, as the care of you boys, especially Ed, who was just learning to walk, gave your mother enough to do without having the labor of cooking and attending to other work. We certainly enjoyed the life there. It was in the month of April when we arrived, and all nature was in its glory. The attraction of the springs brought enough people to keep us from being lonesome, even if we had been so inclined. There were a couple of trout streams within walking distance which gave me frequent occupation. Game of various kinds was also plentiful. On several occasions I shot rabbits, quail, and wild pigeons from the door yard. My health began to mend at once, and within a few weeks I was able to tramp all over the surrounding hills with little effort. I kept a horse and buggy there, which enabled us to vary our pleasure trips by going to more distant places. Our stay at Aetna was made more pleasant by the visit of your grandfather and grandmother Powell, with the three girls, your aunts. It was my purpose to remain at Aetna all summer, not returning home until fall, and then to make a trip to the Eastern states, but politics interfered with the plan, as will be seen. It was during the summer when, reading a paper giving an account of the proceedings of the Republican county convention of Solano, I was surprised to see that I had been chosen as a nominee on the Republican ticket for the Legislature. As I had no ambition or thought leading in this direction, my astonishment can well be imagined. In the course of a few days I received a formal notice of the action of the convention, with a request to meet with the county committee. I made the trip home for this purpose, which I found to be nothing more or less than a meeting to arrange for a campaign plan throughout the county, providing speakers from among the candidates, I being booked to make a speech in all the towns and voting centers. I remonstrated, informing the committee that I had never attempted to make a formal speech in my life, and insisted that the committee put somebody else in my place on the ticket. It was decided that it would not do to make a change, and my proposition was rejected. It was with feelings of misgivings as to the outcome that I yielded to the wishes of my friends and consented to stand for the nomination. The memory of that Sunday school exhibition fiasco still clung to me and made the chills run up and down my back when I thought of trying to make a set speech. As the political meetings were to begin within a short time, I returned to Aetna and brought the folks home to Vallejo.

The election on the adoption of the new constitution had just been held. The campaign had been waged with extreme bitterness of feeling on both sides—those for and against its adoption. The voters of the country districts largely favored its adoption, while the cities furnished the greatest number of opponents. Being away in the country during all the contest, I escaped being drawn into the campaign, or imbibing any of the bitterness of feeling so commonly manifested by the partisans, pro and con. The feature of the new constitution responsible for the trouble between the two sections of the state was the provision whereby mortgages were to be taxed. In making assessments of property, the assessors were to deduct from the value of property assessed to an owner any mortgage, and assess that mortgage to the holder thereof. In some way the people of the country obtained the idea that this provision, if adopted, would be a great relief to them in equalizing the burden of taxes, and that the plan was opposed by the cities because that was where the money lenders on mortgages lived. Whether or not the opposition to the adoption of the new constitution originated with the lenders of money, considerable money was raised and expended in the interest of the opponents, and it was largely due to the character of the fight made by that side that so much ill-feeling was engendered.

Being at Aetna on the day of election, I could not vote. If I had been able to cast a vote I should have voted against adoption, but not on account of the mortgage provision, for I did not think the proposed change in taxation would shift the burden or equalize it to the extent expected, as the lender of money is usually the man who dictates the terms. In making a loan under the new order he would charge a greater rate of interest—a sufficient increase to make up for any addition to the amount of taxes required from him. I was opposed to the adoption, probably on account of my conservatism. I thought the new constitution was too radical in several matters. At the election it was adopted by a good majority. The feeling aroused in this contest entered largely into the campaign for choosing state and county officers that immediately followed, and I have explained the situation with the idea of giving you a better understanding of how I suffered from this enmity early in my campaign.

The programme arranged for public meetings by the county committee called for the first meeting to be held in Vallejo, consequently here was where I was to make my maiden speech. The other meetings were to be held in the various towns of the county. The meeting in Vallejo was made quite an event, as it was the opening of the campaign. The Farragut Theater was engaged for the occasion and was filled to its utmost capacity with an enthusiastic audience. When I stepped out upon the stage to make my address I found a very friendly greeting. I was trembling with nervousness and embarrassment. I suppose I was personally acquainted with nine-tenths of the people there, and could have called nearly every one, if not all, by name, and their kindly consideration was so manifest that I quickly shared the excitement of the greeting and became as cool and self-possessed as could be wished for. Both political parties, in their platforms, pledged their candidates to uphold the new constitution in letter and spirit. The new constitution was the main issue of the campaign. The advocates of the new fundamental law did not propose to lose the fruits of their victory in allowing enemies to be elected to positions where its purposes and reforms could be hampered or annulled. For this reason, the candidates, especially those up for the legislative positions, gave much attention to this subject in their speeches. The matter was made more difficult for those candidates who had been identified with the side opposed to the adoption. In my address I said I wanted to be frank with the people and I wanted them to understand my position; that, while I had been away, removed from the influences and bitterness of the new constitution campaign, and did not vote one way or the other, had I been home on that election day I would have voted against the adoption. However, when the people decided, by their votes, to adopt the new law, I felt it a bounden duty, if I should be elected to the Legislature, to do all in my power to sustain the letter and spirit of the new constitution with as much loyalty and sincerity of purpose as if I had been a partisan on the other side. I went into the subject at considerable length. My declaration and pledge of good faith were received with applause, and when I had finished my speech and received the congratulations of my friends on the stage I felt I had scored a success, and was somewhat elated. I now looked upon the remainder of the meetings in an altogether different light; but pride is bound to have its fall, and there was no exception in my case, as you will see.

The little town of Vacaville was the next place designated for a meeting. When we candidates, billed to make the speeches, arrived there a day or so after the Vallejo meeting, we found, to our huge disgust, that the posters advertising the meeting had not been put up or any arrangements made whatever. The candidates at once concluded to abandon the idea of holding a meeting and to move on to the next appointed place. The few Republicans in Vacaville said that such action on our part would be mortifying to them and would mean a loss of votes to the ticket on election day, assuring us that they could get up a crowd to hear us speak, even if the time was short. These arguments caused us to change our minds and consent to the arrangement. That afternoon the local party men busied themselves in drumming up a crowd for the evening. When the time came for the speaking, about thirty people had assembled in the hall to hear our arguments. The meeting was called to order by a local chairman. I was the second or third speaker on the list, and when it came my turn, I was in no frame of mind to make a formal speech to that handful of unsympathetic farmers. All the conceit that had come to me, because of my apparent success at the Vallejo meeting, had by this time completely evaporated. I went along with my address in a mechanical way, giving facts and making declarations of principles that were received in Vallejo with enthusiasm, but fell here with unresponsive coldness, much as if dropped into a refrigerator. When I began to discuss the new constitution, one by one my audience began to disappear through a side door. In telling the story on me, my associates said that when I made the declaration that I had been opposed to the new constitution, I emptied the hall of all but one man, and that when I extended my hand to him, thanking him for his loyalty, he interrupted me by saying that he was only waiting to collect the hall rent. Well, it was not quite as bad as that, but it was sufficient to give my egotism a frightful shock. I went through with the meetings at the other places with all sense of my oratorical ability subdued, but not without some profit from the experience at Vacaville.

A. B. Nye, with his paper at Dixon, Joseph McKenna, now one of the Supreme Judges of the United States, Mr. Dinkelspiel, and R. D. Robbins of Suisun, rendered me great service in the campaign. Without their aid, it is doubtful if I could have overcome the prejudice against me arising from my opposition to the adoption of the new constitution. These men were warm, loyal friends, and of great influence in the northern part of the country where I was politically weak.

When the election came off I was elected by a substantial majority of the votes. The new constitution necessitated considerable legislation in the enactment of new laws and the amendment of old statutes to make its provisions effective, and, knowing that an immense amount of work was entailed upon the coming session, I decided to go to Sacramento a month ahead of the opening of the session and familiarize myself with the work to be done. Governor Perkins had wisely appointed a commission of three attorneys to prepare bills covering all the requirements of the new constitution. I attended the sessions of the commissioners, heard their discussions, and in this way obtained a very clear understanding of some of the most important legislation required. Without the work done by them, it would have been impossible for the ensuing session of the Legislature to have covered the changes made necessary by the adoption of the new constitution. Of course, the bills prepared by the commission went through the legislative mill in the same manner and with the same consideration as measures presented by members. However, some of the commission bills were side-tracked by bills offered in substitution by members of the House and Senate.

When we decided to go early to Sacramento, we concluded our stay would be so long that it would be better for us to "keep house" than to board. We rented a furnished house quite near the Capitol building from a Mrs. Mansfield, a widow, whose husband had been State Controller. It gave us a very pleasant and comfortable situation.

In the organization of the House committees I was given a position on the Committee of Ways and Means and made chairman of the Fish and Game Committee. It was soon made apparent, after the Legislature began its work, by the influence being brought to bear upon the members, that every possible effort would be exerted to make ineffective or nullify the provisions of the new constitution, relative to revenue and taxation, which had been the great issue in the question of its adoption, and which the members had been pledged to sustain by their party platforms. In short, it was a question whether the Legislature would enact laws in accordance with the letter and spirit of the new constitution, or evade the requirements by passing bills intended to defeat the reforms. Immediately upon development of the situation, all interest centered upon Bill 404, which was the commission bill providing the changes in the revenue and tax laws required in the new constitution. So important was the matter that the Senate and House committees sat in joint session to consider it. The joint committee, or some subcommittee of the same, met daily, working on the measure, listening to the arguments of outsiders interested for and against it, and investigating and discussing the laws of other states on revenue. For over four weeks this work was kept up. During that time I was a close attendant at the committee meetings, and never worked harder and took so little time for meals and sleep. I searched the libraries for everything on the subject of taxation. I think I must have scanned everything published up to that time in the United States relating to the matter—certainly everything by well known authorities. Apparently a decided majority of the joint committee was favorable to recommending for passage a bill that would be consistent with the provisions of the new constitution. A minority under the leadership of a Doctor May (a San Francisco member of the House) were continually offering, or arguing for adoption, features for the bill that would circumvent the tax reform sections of the new fundamental law. The majority finally announced that they were prepared to report the bill to the Senate and House for enactment. A canvass of the members of the joint committee present at that meeting showed a clear majority favorable to recommendation of the bill framed. The minority asked as a matter of courtesy that the date of recommendation and report of bill be postponed until the next evening. The majority, confident of the loyalty of the members to their side, granted the request; but great was their chagrin and disappointment at that meeting when, through the absence of some members and a complete change in the attitude of two or three others, the "majority" found themselves in the minority. The bill with the evading features was voted to be the choice of the "majority" of the joint committee, and a report was framed recommending its passage. No public scandal came from this action, but the corrupt means to bring it about was common talk among members of the Legislature.

After being out-voted, our side met and framed a minority report recommending our bill for passage, and condemning the measure presented by the other members of the committee as inconsistent with the requirements of the new constitution. I was chosen to present the minority report in the House. Of course this action made it necessary for me not only to advocate and point out the merits of our bill on the floor of the House, but to defend it from attacks by the other side. While I was given the leadership of the fight for the adoption of the minority report, I was supported by some of the ablest men in the House. Doctor May, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, was the spokesman for the "majority" side. The motion that was to decide which report the House should adopt was made a special order for a certain afternoon. When that time came, the galleries, lobby, and all places for visitors were filled by spectators, for the pledge of the Republican party was at stake, as well as the will of the people. Was all the work given in securing a new constitution and having it adopted by a decided vote of the people of the state going to be negatived finally by legislation planned for that purpose? Well, things seemed, for a time, to be drifting that way. I remember Doctor May, House leader of the other side, came over to my seat just before the final debate began, complimented me on the attention I had given the subject, and expressed great sympathy for me that nothing should come of my efforts, speaking as if he were certain of our defeat and his victory.

Doctor May opened the debate, speaking in his usual forceful way. Chancellor Hartson made a strong speech in reply. There were some other briefer speeches and it was left to me to close the discussion. I was feeling well wrought up by this time and fitted in mind and spirit to do my part. I spoke for fully an hour with great earnestness, especially so when I found that I had won the attention of my hearers, and I began to feel the exhilaration of the thought of possible victory. Even the opposition showed me the respect of close attention. When I had finished and sat down, there quickly gathered around my desk members and others privileged to the floor to congratulate me. It only remained now to call the roll. The minority report was adopted by a vote of sixty to fifteen. Our victory was complete.

The bill reported by the minority, in due course of time, became the law of the state. It is probably needless to say that the winning of this fight was a source of great satisfaction to me. It was so in a double sense for, in addition to the gratification to my personal pride in being a factor in winning a contest of this importance, there was the greater satisfaction that right had prevailed in face of the opposition directed and backed by tremendous influences.

The Republican party had redeemed its pledge to sustain the new constitution in the enactment of the revenue bill and other measures to enforce its provisions. The calamitous results predicted by the opponents were never realized. Capital was not driven from the state, and business affairs of the various communities progressed apparently uninfluenced, one way or the other; neither were the taxes or interest increased, as was predicted would be the case, by lenders adding taxes, which they were now compelled to pay, to the rates of interest prevailing before the adoption of the new law.

It is more than possible that the law of supply and demand was, to a great degree, the controlling influence in adjusting the rate of interest after the Legislature had completed its work. For the ten years or more previous there had been a continuous and gradual decrease in the average rate of interest charged to borrowers of money—a change which naturally follows the process of settlement of all new countries. In 1870, the rate of 12 per cent per annum was commonly exacted on mortgage loans, and 18 per cent on short time loans was not considered excessive, and these were lower rates than had prevailed in the previous decade. By the time the laws of the new constitution became effective, the rates on mortgage loans averaged about 8 or 9 per cent. The force of this downward tendency of interest rates was probably sufficiently strong, with the aid of the stringent laws enacted, to overcome any attempt to increase them by adding the amount of taxes lenders had to pay on their mortgages. It is certain the new revenue and tax laws greatly aided in making a more equable distribution of the burden of taxes, and in acknowledging this much, there was a satisfactory return for all the work and expenditures of time and money in adopting a new constitution.

Up to this time in the history of our state scarcely any laws had been enacted regulating banking business. The necessity of laws protecting the interests of depositors and stockholders, etc., similar to the statutes existing in nearly every other state in the Union, was clearly apparent to every one who gave the subject any consideration. A bill to remedy the situation in California was introduced, and was before the House with a committee indorsement for passage. The same element which opposed the revenue bill fought the banking measure. I had given the subject considerable attention and made a short speech in behalf of the bill. It was near the close of the session, and a time limit had been placed on the length of speeches. The fight was sharp and short, but resulted in another victory for reasonable reform. It was on these two occasions only that I attempted to occupy the floor for any considerable length of time during the session.

This session of the Legislature was marked by turbulence of an extraordinary character. There was scarcely a day in which some disorder did not occur, the blame for which was clearly traceable to the peculiar character of two members: Geo. W. Tyler, a Republican from Alameda County, and S. Braunhart, a "sandlotter." I mean this latter in no disrespectful sense, for there were some good men sent from the sandlots in San Francisco. Braunhart was an exceptionally bright and able man. Tyler was a most aggressive person. He was a large man with a big voice, was excitable, and possessed an irascible temper, and was frequently likened to a "bull in a china shop." He seldom spoke in moderate tone. His roaring voice and menacing manner were a constant source of irritation to a majority of the members, and what made conditions worse was that Mr. Tyler seemed to think it was incumbent upon him to speak upon nearly every question before the House. With all his rough exterior his sympathies were easily touched and he possessed qualities that made strong friendships, and was not without followers. It is with his other characteristics that I have to deal. The particular object of his dislike was Braunhart, the sandlot representative. The latter was a voluble talker, who was also quite offensive, and aggressive in speech and manner. He was often on his feet, and the shafts of his sarcasm were more frequently directed at the member from Alameda. These two men were so frequently engaged in unbecoming controversies that a common saying by the Speaker was, "Here we go again!" at each outbreak, and the members were becoming impatient with the interruptions. The seats of the two men were near to each other and located just across the aisle from my desk, where I was an unwilling listener to occasional verbal passages between them on matters of personal or private nature. One morning one of these private discussions led to an unusually violent outbreak. Apparently, to the majority of the members, Mr. Braunhart had started the disturbance. It was of such a character that the House was compelled to maintain its dignity and self-respect and take notice of it. Mr. Braunhart was called before the bar of the House and a motion was made for his expulsion. Upon roll call the Republicans were all voting in the affirmative until my name was reached, when I voted "no." I had heard the beginning of the rumpus and knew that Tyler was the aggressor, and I felt that Braunhart was being unfairly treated. With the announcement of my vote, some of the members who had voted "aye" changed their votes, and the motion for expulsion failed. At this or some other time (I forget which) Braunhart was denied the right to address the House for three days. On another occasion Tyler refused to take his seat when ordered to do so by the Speaker. He was ordered under arrest, brought before the bar and punished, by order of the House, in being denied the right to speak for two days. Along toward the latter part of the session, when Tyler was in the chair one day for a short time, he seized upon a slight provocation to order the arrest of Braunhart, who was dismissed on motion of the House, upon being brought before the bar. Then, upon resolution, Tyler was called from the chair and brought before the bar, charged with misuse of authority in ordering the arrest of Braunhart. It looked a little serious for the gentleman from Alameda, but when he addressed the House in his own behalf, making a manly and candid statement and apology for his action, he was released by a vote of the House.

The "sandlot" members referred to came from San Francisco, and their election to the Legislature was an outcome of the political agitation begun by Denis Kearney, who held his meetings in the open air on what was called the sand lots in the neighborhood of the city hall. Kearney was a workingman, with a remarkable gift of speech, coupled with the energy of a steam engine. He was possessed with the idea that he had a mission here, and that was, especially, to drive the Chinese out of the state, and in general to reform the political organizations and social conditions of at least San Francisco. For a time he certainly exhibited a wonderful influence on the platform when addressing the crowds that gathered to hear him. His tirades were particularly directed against the presence of Chinamen in California, and incidentally against corporate powers, complaining of unjust use of wealth and unfair treatment of the working classes. He did not offer himself as a candidate for public office, seeming to prefer being "a power behind the throne." However, after a year or two his power and influence over the men who had flocked to his standard began to wane, and that was the end of him as a factor in politics. The men sent to the Legislature as one of the results of Kearney's agitation were, with few exceptions, capable and of excellent character, incorruptible and most loyal to their sense of duty.

The Legislature was unable, in the limit of time fixed by the constitution, to enact all the legislation required of it. The Governor called an extra session after a recess of a few weeks.

It was now approaching summer of the year 1880, and the Presidential campaign was on. The sentiment of the Republicans of California was largely in behalf of James G. Blaine of Maine. The name of General Grant was also before the country for President. Grant had not become unpopular with our people as a man and soldier, but the idea of making him President for the third term was distasteful to a great many people, especially as his candidacy was being urged most strongly by the machine politicians of the country. The friends of Grant made very poor showing in the primaries, so when the Republican state convention assembled at Sacramento, the Blaine men had things all their own way. Strong resolutions indorsing the candidacy of Blaine men were adopted, and the delegates chosen to go to the national convention were pledged in the strongest possible manner to vote for Blaine, and Blaine only. I was elected as an alternate delegate to the convention, and took the pledge to vote for the Maine candidate, the same as the other delegates.

Ever since I had sold my newspaper business it had been my intention, as soon as I was physically able, to make a visit to the Eastern states, taking all the family. I was very proud of your mother and you boys, and I wanted the relatives on both sides of our family to see you.

When it was learned that I would be an attendant at the Chicago national convention, the California Associated Press agent made arrangements with me to look out for such matters in the convention as were of state interest, and report the same by telegraph.

We landed in Chicago a day or so prior to the assembling of the convention, and secured a stopping place near the lake front in a residential part of the city. The convention of 1880 is the only national convention I ever attended, and I was always exceedingly pleased that I had the opportunity of attending this particular conclave of the Republican party. In surprises, brilliancy of speeches, enthusiasm, and general interest, it has never been excelled in the history of the Republican party.

The national convention of 1880 was noted for the number of great men of the country who were present as delegates, and the debates and proceedings were made more interesting by reason of all of these men taking active part in the transactions. I can recall seeing there Garfield and Harrison, both of whom were subsequently elected to the presidency of the United States. Conkling, the great Senator from New York, was about the most conspicuous member of the convention. He was a man of commanding appearance and great dignity of manner. Standing near me one day in the convention, I heard him say that, if the Lord would forgive him for his attendance there this time, he would never attend another convention. Perhaps, if he had been successful in his mission to Chicago and had secured the nomination of General Grant, he would have regarded his attendance at the convention in an altogether different light. General John A. Logan, the famous soldier and politician, was also there as an active member of the convention. The two forceful United States Senators from Maine—Hale and Frye—were most active in their support of the candidacy of Blaine. W. E. Curtis, the famous editor, of New York, was a delegate from that state. Hoar, the great Massachusetts Senator, was chairman of the convention. There were a number of other great men of that day in attendance. It seemed as if the Republicans of every state had made a special effort to send their best and most gifted men to the convention. The California delegation had Frank Pixley as its shining light. He was known on the Pacific Coast as a most brilliant speaker, and in recognition of the activities of the California delegation in behalf of Blaine, the managers of his campaign accorded Mr. Pixley the honor and privilege of placing the name of Blaine before the convention and making the nominating speech. The Californians were elated at being thus honored, but their pleasure was of short duration. Mr. Pixley probably had never spoken in a great building like that where, to make oneself heard and understood, every word delivered must be articulated deliberately and time given for the sound of each word to reach the furthermost parts of the big building separately and distinctly. Either he did not understand this or was laboring under embarrassment disqualifying him for the task. His appearance on the platform was the signal for a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm on the part of the Blaine men. When he was presented to begin his speech the utmost quiet prevailed, for there was great curiosity to hear the Californian. To our great mortification and disappointment, Mr. Pixley spoke so rapidly that at a distance of fifty or sixty feet from where he stood the words he uttered lost all individuality and became just a jumble of sound. The convention stood it for a few moments, then manifested its impatience by noise and confusion, so nothing could be heard of the speech. We could only see Pixley waving his arms as if in pantomime. This was before the day of the invention and use of the "hook," but something of the kind was badly needed then. I never knew just how the managers on the platform disposed of the unpleasant situation, or whether Mr. Pixley relieved it by his own act or not. However, Eugene Hale rushed to the front of the platform and gave a most remarkable exhibition of the influence and power of speech, when used by one experienced and capable in oratory. In a few seconds he stilled that great turbulent mass of delegates and spectators and proceeded to make a most impassioned and impressive speech in advocacy of the nomination of Blaine. It was one of the dramatic features of the convention's deliberations. By his presence of mind, skill, courage, and great ability as an orator, he had quickly converted what promised to be a fiasco, in placing the name of Blaine before the convention, into an incident of tremendous enthusiasm and satisfaction to the supporters of the candidate from the Pine Tree state.

The naming of U. S. Grant as a candidate and the speech made in that connection by Roscoe Conkling were other most interesting incidents of the convention. He first stood up at his seat on the floor of the convention, but as the delegates and vast assemblage divined his purpose, cries of "higher," higher!" from all over the great hall drowned all effort on his part to speak. He then stood up on his chair, but that did not satisfy the audience, and the clamor for a more conspicuous position was unceasing until he went to the reporters' platform and finally stood up on the reporters' table, a huge affair located directly in front of the main platform of the hall. He was now in the most conspicuous place and looked a physical giant for, with fine figure and neatness of dress, his appearance was most pleasing. The speech he made was the greatest effort in oratory that it has ever been my fortune to listen to. Time and time again he was interrupted by explosions of applause and tremendous cheering which fairly shook the building. Delegates and spectators, men and women, rose to their feet waving flags and handkerchiefs, and yelled themselves hoarse. During these periods of interruption he would stand calmly waiting for an opportunity to proceed or to coolly consult his notes, which, when speaking, he carried in the outside breast pocket of his cutaway coat. The enthusiasm he aroused was not confined to supporters of Grant, but nearly every human being in that great building fell under the wonderful magic of his voice and words. He seemed to know that he was in full command of that vast assemblage and could sway them at will, in all but voting for his candidate. The people loved Grant but were afraid to make him President for the third term.

There were many other interesting situations and incidents during the sessions of the convention, but the two events here related are those which made the most lasting impressions on my memory.

Neither Grant nor Blaine had enough votes to secure the nomination and, after balloting a couple of days more, demonstrating that fact, the delegates turned to Garfield and nominated him. As stated before, Garfield was a delegate. He was there urging the candidacy of John Sherman of Ohio. He was a man of commanding figure, and his pleasant manners gave him a popularity in the convention that attracted general attention. Wherever he was, either on or off the platform, he was always surrounded by a number of individuals seemingly attracted to him by his personality. I remember that, early in the session, I made the prophecy that Garfield would be the most prominent candidate in the next Republican convention, little thinking that he would be the choice of the one in session at that time.

At the convention I met Governor Hale, who was a delegate from New Hampshire. He was a friend whose acquaintance I had made several years previous, and who had such a fright while visiting the St. John mine near Vallejo. We had a very pleasant visit. It was the last time I ever saw him, for not very long after that he died.

After the close of the convention and a few days' visit with my aunt, we left for Auburn, New York, my birthplace and the home of my grandmother. We remained there over four days, with great enjoyment. My grandmother was greatly pleased to have us all about her, and was particularly interested in you, her great-grandchildren. An incident occurred here that aroused my sympathy and caused me to regret that I was not a rich man. A cousin of my father had been conducting quite a large jewelry store in Auburn for many years. I went to the store to call on him and found the sheriff in the act of levying an attachment on the place. A series of misfortunes had combined to throw him into a debt that finally brought this disaster. I could only express my sorrow at his misfortune and regret my inability to help him out of his difficulty. He eventually became re-established in business there. From Auburn we went to Brooklyn, Rondout, N. Y., Philadelphia, and Washington, visiting relatives in all those places. Having some business matters to attend to in New York, we remained in the city a few weeks. The weather was extremely hot during the greater portion of the time. I remember finding the thermometer one night at one o'clock registering in the nineties. The heat was affecting the health of you boys, so we left the city. After going down to Norfolk, Va., to attend to a business affair for a Vallejo friend, we returned to our home in California. During our stay in Norfolk of nearly a week I made some very agreeable acquaintances. I remember one gentleman in particular, proprietor of one of the large business houses there, who had taken considerable interest in politics. He talked very freely with me about the political conditions in the Southern states. He told me how they had recovered control of the elective offices. His description of how the Republican Congressman was replaced by a Democrat was particularly interesting to me at that time.

He said that the white element determined it would elect a Democrat. It was first necessary to get control of the election machinery, and when they had done that much, they would put the control of all the election precincts into the hands of Democrats. They figured out how many votes would be required to give their candidate for Congress a majority over the Republican candidate. This vote was apportioned to the various precincts, with instructions to the officers to return that number of votes for the Democratic candidate, regardless of the number cast, which they knew, or expected to be, considerably less. When election day came and the votes were counted, all of the precinct officers but two or three failed, through timidity, in carrying out the programme, and reported only the actual number of votes cast. The returns showed the Democrat to be behind. The managers in Norfolk then sent out messengers to the precincts, which had responded as requested, to increase the vote for the Democratic candidate. Then came in messages from these officials, that the revised returns from the precincts showed such and such increase of votes for the Democrat. Still the total was short of a majority, and messengers were again despatched to the accommodating election officials to further revise the returns and increase the vote for the Democrat. Some of the officials became alarmed at the boldness of the operations and refused, but other officials kept responding with the "revised" and "re-revised" returns, until the desired number of votes were certified to declare the Democratic candidate to Congress elected. My friend admitted that this story did not sound very good morally, but contended that the best element of the community considered that the end justified the means. They felt that the best interests of society and protection of property warranted their going to any extreme in wresting the political power away from the negroes and "carpetbaggers."

One afternoon a number of gentlemen were sitting in the shade on the porch of the hotel and a great many "darkies"—laboring men—were stringing along the street, apparently on their way home from work. It was watermelon time, and many of the negroes were carrying melons. One of the gentlemen on the porch spoke up and said: "Just to liven up the crowd, I will make a bet of the drinks for all hands here that each of the first twelve negroes coming around that corner will have a watermelon under his arm." The challenge was promptly accepted and the count began: "One! Two! Three!" and so on, up to about the ninth consecutive man with a melon, when every man on the porch was seized with interest in the outcome and was on his feet craning his neck in excited suspense, tallying the melon-laden darkies as they came around the corner at intervals of a minute or so apart. "Ten! Eleven!"—only one more. Would the challenger win? All were fairly holding their breath watching for the twelfth man. When he came he had a melon, and with a shout of satisfaction the porch crowd retired to the club room of the hotel to drink at the expense of the loser.

Our return to California was unmarked by any incidents. One of the first men I met after my arrival in Vallejo was S. C. Farnham, a wealthy citizen of the place, who had loaned the money to the young men who had purchased my paper, and who had made a failure of their undertaking. Mr. Farnham had been compelled to take the property into his own hands in satisfaction of the debt. He begged me to take charge of the paper and see if I could not restore its business and make it a paying concern again. I called his attention to the fact that my only reason for disposing of the property was on account of my health and, besides, I did not like to undertake the job of repair work. He pleaded so strongly for my aid that I finally consented to take charge of the paper until the revenues of the business should exceed the cost of maintaining the plant, so within a few days I was "in the harness" once more, as editor and general manager of the Vallejo *Chronicle*.

A provision of the new constitution fixed the biennial session of the Legislature in the odd years. This necessitated the election of members in the fall of 1880, for the session beginning in January, 1881. I had no thought or intention of being a candidate for re-election, and took no part in the caucuses or party action preliminary to conventions. In fact, these proceedings were very nearly over, upon my return home. Some of my political enemies, or more particularly those individuals who had unsuccessfully endeavored to change my attitude on the new constitution legislation at the last session of the Legislature, evidently thought I wanted to go back, for it soon came to my ears that they had succeeded in forming a delegation that would oppose my nomination. The news of this action quickly spread to all parts of the country, where I had made many friends by my course in the previous session. Justice McKenna, then an attorney at the county seat, informed me that there was considerable feeling in the northern part of the country over the action of the Vallejo politicians in the matter, and said that, if I could find one man in the Vallejo delegation who would place my name in nomination, my friends up country would furnish the votes in convention to give me the renomination, as a vindication of my course at Sacramento and a rebuke to those who were attempting to punish me. I found that my friend, D. W. Harrier, was one of the Vallejo delegates, and to him I explained the situation. He quickly volunteered to nominate me. The convention was held at Dixon. Little or nothing was being said about my candidacy. In fact, the Vallejo delegation was so certain of its power to make the nomination that it was divided on the two other names, and consternation seized the Vallejo managers when Mr. Harrier rose and placed my name before the convention. Upon balloting, I was declared the nominee of the convention, the country vote being cast almost solid for me with quite a break in the Vallejo delegation. The announcement was received with quite a demonstration. This triumph over those who would punish me for my adherence to the pledges of the party in legislative work, and my own promises to the citizens of Solano in the previous campaign, was a moment of supreme satisfaction. The up-country people were elated with the victory over what they called the "politicians" of Vallejo, for, as a rule, in the past for some years, the latter had dominated in nearly all convention contests. On the other hand, the two or three men from Vallejo responsible for the contest—in fact, for my being projected into the affair—went home grumbling and loudly asserting that, as the countrymen had nominated me, they would have to elect me. At the time, we all thought these expressions were but the manifestations of disappointments of the moment and that a few days would heal the wounds of defeat, as was usual in such cases. When the campaign was on, reports began to come to me of the activity of Mr. Farnham in opposing my election. I could not believe the statement at first, as he seemed to be on such friendly terms with me. I had taken his paper when it was running him into debt, and placed it on a paying basis, doing it as an act of friendship and accommodation to him, for which he showed much appreciation. It seems that his feeling of opposition to me was much deeper than I thought it could be, from our relations. On election day I was shown indisputable proof of his attempts to take votes away from me. However, his efforts did not result in any material change in the voting, but his course gave me good reason to resign the management and care of his paper immediately after the election, which I was very glad to do. I held no animosity toward him. It was his prerogative to oppose my election, but I considered it was a little too much for him to expect me to continue to render him a valuable service while he was endeavoring to humiliate me before the public. Our relations were never very cordial after this. Before, his dislike for me was on purely political grounds, but now he had a personal grievance, occasioned by my throwing the paper back on his hands. When I look back on the incident I can hardly blame him. He knew nothing about the newspaper business, and the expense to him of keeping it going promised to make a hole in his fortune.

When all the returns from the election were in, except from one small precinct, I was only a half dozen votes ahead of my opponent on the Democratic ticket, so there was much interest shown as to what the vote of the missing precinct should disclose. There were only about twenty registered voters there, nearly equally divided in party affiliation. The precinct was located in a remote corner of the county on the Sacramento River and could only be reached by boat. The vote of the precinct was not known until the board of supervisors met to canvass the returns several days after the election. When the returns from the missing precinct were opened a majority was found for my opponent, which was just sufficient to offset the majority I held for the rest of the county, making a tie vote. An investigation of the election held in the precinct showed a peculiar state of affairs, which should have caused the returns from the precinct to be rejected by the canvassing board. That would probably have been the course had not a vote for United States Senator been involved, and had not the board, a majority of whom were Democrats, been influenced by party obligations. It was found that the register of voters and other election supplies had not been sent to the precinct, but the election officers opened polls and received all votes offered, making a list of those who voted. A comparison of this list with the great register of voters showed that nearly half of the persons voting were not registered, and therefore not entitled to vote. The attention of the board was called to this fact, but the responsibility of rejecting the vote of an entire precinct was more than it dared to assume. The board announced a tie vote and a new election was ordered, which was held a few weeks later. By this time it was known that the Legislature would be largely Republican, insuring the election of a Republican to the United States Senate, therefore many of my Democratic friends felt released from party obligations, and on the special election day openly voted and worked for me. I won, this time, by a majority of some 600 or 800 votes.

It was about this time that E. J. Wilson called my attention to a ranch of 850 acres near Napa Junction that he had for sale at a bargain. When the Vallejo Savings and Commercial Bank failed some months previously, he bought the remnant of securities that was left in closing up the affairs of the bank, among which was a mortgage of $23,000 on the ranch spoken of, that he got at a greatly reduced figure. He was able to settle with the owner of the land, obtain title to it and offer the same to me for $18,000. It was such a bargain, and as I was free from business cares, I at once accepted the offer and closed the deal. At that time I had not thought of ever farming any part of the place. It was my plan to use it for stock-grazing, but as soon as my farmer friends living in that vicinity learned of my purchase, they all advised me to plant it to wheat, saying that I would make enough money off the crop in one year to pay for the ranch, as the property had not been cropped for several years. I concluded these people must know more about such things than I did, so followed their advice. This necessitated the purchase of horses, plows, feed, harrows, seed, etc., besides fitting up the house, bunk-houses, shop, hay barn and stables. I also concluded that if I was going to farm the place I could best do it by taking up our residence on the ranch. Frank and Abe thought it would be great fun to live on the farm and go to the country school on horseback. Ed was too young to recognize any change in place of living. Your mother was never enthusiastic over life in the country, and while she entered into the spirit of the new venture and was an aid to me in many ways in the work I had undertaken, I never felt I was doing quite right in putting her in a sphere of existence which she had always looked upon as undesirable.

We moved to the ranch in the month of October, and I soon became so interested in the work that I regretted I had allowed myself to be drawn into politics and was a member of the Legislature. However, I went to work with all the energy I possessed to get the crop in, if possible, before the session began, the first Monday after January 1. I contracted with Mr. Brownlie, a neighbor, to put in one large field of 200 or 300 acres, and hired all the men and teams I could get hold of to put in the balance of the land, but the weather conditions were against me. There were excessive rainfalls, some of the storms lasting more than a week at a time. During these periods (and there were several of them) not a thing could be done, and, what was worse, the twenty head or more of horses ate up the supply of hay and grain that would have been ample for their needs under ordinary conditions. Before little more than half the ground was plowed, the roads were impassable for teams and wagons, and the only way to move an article of any size or weight under these conditions was on a mud sled. I had a sled constructed which was hauled with a team of strong horses. This outfit was kept busy hauling hay and feed for the teams from the different neighbors who were able to share their supply with me. From one to two bales of hay at a time was the extent of the loads. We managed to get through, with the aid of the sled, but the shortage of feed was the cause of an unexpected outlay of money, at a time when I could least afford it.

The time for the beginning of the session of the Legislature was near at hand, and it was necessary for us to start for Sacramento. As the roads were still impassable for wheeled vehicles, we had to ride a distance of about two miles down to the railroad station from the ranch on a sled. I fixed some seats on one sled for your mother and you boys, and put the trunks on another, and we made the trip with ease, or but little discomfiture. The storms had disarranged the running time of the railroad trains, and we were compelled to wait several hours at the station for the arrival of the train to take us on our journey to the state capital. We had nothing to eat and could not buy even as much as a cracker. There was only one house at the station and the person living there was away from home. We had not anticipated the delay, hence made no provision for such contingency. However, we got away early in the afternoon, and upon arrival at Vallejo soon found something to appease our appetites.

This time we did not attempt to keep house in Sacramento, but went to board with a private family. In addition to the election of a United States Senator, the reapportionment of the state and legislation relating to hydraulic mining were matters most prominent before the Legislature. General John F. Miller, a resident of Napa, well known throughout the state, was elected United States Senator by the Republican majority of the two houses. The Legislature was unable to get through with all the work it had cut out for itself, when the time limit of the session fixed by the constitution was reached. The appropriation bills, the apportionment, and the hydraulic mining or debris bills were all on the list of unfinished business when the Legislature was, by constitutional limitation, compelled to adjourn. There was nothing the Governor could do but call an extra session, naming the matters to be considered and acted upon. In fixing the date for the beginning of the extra session, sufficient time was allowed to give the members a few weeks' rest. It was early in April when the extra session was convened, and it was the middle of May when the session closed. The bill for redistricting the state in political divisions was a matter of great importance, in a political sense, to both the Republicans and Democrats. The former had a majority in both houses and it was clearly within the power of the Republican element to enact a measure to its satisfaction, but, to the discredit of certain of the Republicans and great chagrin of the remainder of the members of that side of the Legislature, the advantage was traded off to the Democrats for their support to the renegade Republicans in killing the measure relating to the mining debris question. The deal was engineered by the Speaker of the House, but was never suspected until the vote on the apportionment bill was called and the renegades assisted the Democrats in passing an appor-tionment measure of their own manufacture. The mining debris measure was improperly before the Legislature. It was not included in the measures stated by the Governor in his call for the extra session, and for this reason was overwhelmingly rejected by the vote of the House when it came up for action. Consequently, it was very apparent that the advantage and power of the Republicans, in framing the apportionment of the state for the ensuing ten years, had been traded off unnecessarily. Final action on the apportionment bill was postponed until the mining debris bill was disposed of. The feeling toward the renegade Republicans was very bitter, though I do not now recall that the apportionment made by the Democrats contained any glaring or very objectionable features.

Whenever conditions would permit of my absence from the session of the Legislature, I would take advantage of the fact and go to the ranch. On one occasion I arrived at the ranch some little time before the noon hour, quite unexpected by the men. When I went out in the fields where they were supposed to be plowing, I found all the teams idle, standing in the furrows, and the drivers lying around on the grassy, unplowed sod, sunning themselves. Some absurd excuses were made, but not accepted. I found an idle team in the barn. This I ordered hitched up to go out after dinner. The foreman wanted to know who was going to drive it. I replied that I was—and I did. We were plowing around quite a large hill with single plow, so it was straight ahead work and no "land ends" to turn at. I set the pace, and it was necessary for every team to keep its place in the order in which it started to work; that is, the man behind me could not plow ahead of me, but he had to keep out of the way of the man behind him, and so on back, with all the teams on the job. At first I heard the men passing the word to crowd me so that I would get tired and quit work. I had a fine team and was feeling strong, myself, so did not tire as the men expected. In a couple of hours I had gained a whole round of the hill and was pushing the hindmost team up on the others, and it was now my turn to crowd the pace. There were no sun baths that afternoon, or other stops not necessary. In fact, there was nearly as much ground plowed that afternoon as had been plowed in any one entire day before. I was tired when night came, and was as glad as any of the men when the time came to unhitch the teams from the plows for the day, but I enjoyed the incident, as well as the labor. I made some changes, and the work for the rest of the season went on better.

We had a very wet winter, and toward the last of the season we had one of the heaviest rainfalls I have ever witnessed. There was an extensive freshet in Napa Valley about the middle of April, the flood waters reaching the highest mark known since the valley had been settled by white men. As stated, the protracted rain storms interfered with the plowing and seeding at the ranch, but we managed to seed about seven hundred acres, nearly all to wheat, planting only a small field to barley. After I got through with attendance at the Legislature we all returned to the ranch again, and the work and care of the place interested me intensely. The days, weeks, and months passed more rapidly than I had ever known before. I had a shop equipped with wood-working tools, also a blacksmithing outfit. With the former I was quite handy, but could do nothing in the blacksmith shop. However, I had a foreman who could, so between us we were able to do many jobs that other farmers would have had to send to town. Thereby we made a saving in cost and time, and besides found a lot of pleasure and interest in the work. As I experienced some difficulty in getting any of the traveling threshing outfits to come up into the hills and thresh our crop, I bought a small threshing machine operated by horsepower, and in July commenced the harvest of the crop. It is hardly necessary to say that I was full of anxieties as to how it would turn out. I had begun to have fears of unfavorable results, because of the discovery that some kind of an insect was blighting the crop in places. This insect proved to be the Hessian fly, and, as near as I could learn, this was its first appearance in the wheat fields of California. It made its appearance in nearly all of the wheat fields in the vicinity of Vallejo that year. In some places its ravages were worse than others. One of my neighbors had a field of wheat so injured that he made no attempt to harvest it. The injury to the growing grain through the action of the pest was by the fly depositing its eggs in a crease of the leaves of the plant, and the larvæ, when hatched, working their way down the leaf until they came to a joint between the leaf and stalk, where they remained, extracting the sap, until they turned to pupæ. The latter are about the size and appearance of a small flax seed. This injury to the plant caused the stalks to wither and prevented the heads from filling, as they otherwise would. It was thought by many people that the fly was brought to this country by some vessel from foreign lands that came to Vallejo to load with wheat, but as the pest had been known at times for a century past in Eastern grain fields, there was as much probability of its coming from the Atlantic side of the country, by way of the new railroad, in packing straw, as from the ships at Vallejo.

When my grain was all threshed and sacked I had scarcely half the number of sacks anticipated. Instead of "making enough money from the first crop to pay for the ranch" as I had been told I would, I found, after selling the grain, that I had not made enough money to pay the expense of plowing, seeding, and harvesting. In fact, I had run behind, as a business transaction, in the neighborhood of $4,000. I was discouraged, but I liked the ranch life so well that I was determined to stay with it, confident that I would eventually learn how to work the ranch successfully. I decided to discontinue the one crop idea. The next year I let go to hay and pasture the greater part of the ground I had cultivated the previous season, and only plowed and seeded a couple of hundred acres of land, a considerable part of which had never had a crop on it. I also started a dairy, making butter, and bought some fine stock for breeding purposes. When harvest time came I cut and stacked a fine lot of grain. The hay crop was a good one, too. The harvesting of the hay delayed our threshing until September. The threshing machine was finally put to work, and we were just cleaning up the first stack, or setting, when I saw a curl of smoke rise from under the feet of the man on the feed table of the machine. Almost instantly there followed a burst of flame, and soon all was ablaze on top of the table and platform of the derrick wagon. The men on the table had to jump to escape the fire. I ordered a couple of men to cut the horses loose from the horsepower, and others to hitch a team to the rear of the thresher to pull it away from the blazing derrick wagon, but before all the fastenings that held the threshing machine could be loosened the fire had spread to it and further effort was useless, for in a few seconds it was on fire from end to end. I then directed all our efforts to preventing the fire spreading to the stubble. In this we were successful. A few sacks of unthreshed grain, the derrick and derrick wagon, with feeder attachment, and the thresher was the sum of the loss, which was estimated to be about $2000. The season was so far gone I knew it was impossible to find an outside threshing outfit that could be induced to come to the ranch and finish the work of threshing the crop. Before the embers of the fire were all extinguished I jumped on a horse and rode over to a neighboring ranch where they had an outfit, but there they had just finished dismantling it and had stored it for the winter. I then concluded there was nothing to do but to go to the city and buy another machine. It took about ten days to get the new machine up to the ranch, rig up another derrick wagon, self-feeder, etc., and get it in operation. We threshed out a small setting of oats and then moved to the wheat, where I had expected a big return for our labor. We got all ready, with everything working nicely, when it commenced raining, and operations had to be suspended. This rainstorm was one of the most remarkable for the amount of rainfall, length of time, and the season ever recorded in the state. All Californians who have paid any attention to these matters know that it is very unusual to have heavy rains and continuous storms in September, but on this occasion there was hardly any cessation of rainfall from the day it began until near the first of November. I think the storm covered some five or six weeks. Then, when the weather did clear up, the grain stacks to be threshed were wet through to the ground. It was late in November before any part of them was sufficiently dried out to be threshed. By this time the grain on top of the stacks had sprouted and the tops of all the stacks were green with growing grain. Of course, this all had to be thrown away, as well as a goodly portion of the interior of the stacks. Our loss in this was more than one-third of the grain. Although we were able to thresh out the remainder, it was so damaged by mildew that the wheat could only be sold for chicken feed at a greatly reduced price. I figured my loss on the wheat at something like $1000. The aggregate damages from the fire and rain were sufficient to wipe out the profits of the year from the hay crop. It was disappointing, but I found some encouragement in the result of the year's work in that I had done much better than the year before, and the misfortune could not be assigned to bad management or poor judgment. Besides, with my two years' experience, I now knew more about the business. The next year, with my increased dairy output, sale of stock, hay, etc., I scored a profit of nearly $4000. I had given much study and attention to the dairy feature and was marketing a product that found ready sale at an advance over the market quotations, but in the meantime I was once more drawn into the swirl of political strife. I had hoped, with the close of my services in the Legislature, to be freed from further connection with politics, but it seemed as if fate had assumed control of the destiny of my life and was determined to make a politician of me, regardless of my desires or inclinations. This time I was made Postmaster of Vallejo. I did not want the position. I did not want to give the time to the office that I could employ with greater satisfaction and interest in conduct of the ranch, and then, again, it necessitated moving back to town. When the suggestion was first made to me I persistently refused to accept. Other candidates for the office were making strenuous efforts to get the position, and I gave what influence I could muster for one of the parties who was a warm personal friend, with the sincere hope that he would be appointed and that I would not be bothered further about it. The situation became very embarrassing to Senator John F. Miller, who had the naming of the Postmaster, and he made a very strong appeal to me to take the office. Other influences were brought to bear, and, besides, the two leading candidates for the place both asked me to reconsider my determination in the matter. In short, I yielded. This was in the spring of 1882. I bought a lot in town and erected a cottage, where we were very comfortably located. The lot was a large one, admitting of the erection of a barn, the keeping of a cow, etc. We had now become so accustomed to the use of horses and the advantages of having plenty of milk that we felt we did not want to try to get along without such conveniences. I kept two horses and a cow. The taking care of the animals, vehicles, and harness, gave me, daily, abundance of good, healthy exercise, though Frank and Abe were now old enough to help, and rendered assistance in the work. I look back on those days as one of the most pleasing periods of our home life.

It was in this little home, with the happy surroundings, that Harry was born in June, 1883. How proud we were of him! Four boys! All honor to the brave mother who bore and raised them to honorable manhood. I know of no better place in these memoirs to express my gratitude, my pleasure, my pride, that all four should reach manhood's estate without reproach to their characters, and without causing us a single hour of distress by acts of misdeed, or anxieties as to their futures. I frequently said to your mother that we could be shorn of all earthly possessions, yet we would still have treasures beyond any estimate of value: four honorable boys, whose love and devotion to their parents were a blessing we most devoutly thanked God for. Oh, what a source of consolation to me were these boys in the hours of my greatest grief, when death claimed the mother! In recording these thoughts, I can not repress the tears or the gripping of the heartstrings. A better mother, a more loyal, faithful, and loving wife never lived. The nobility of her character and the beauty of her soul were strong influences that could not be otherwise than reflected in the lives of her boys.

Not only into politics, but into the newspaper business, was I drawn once more. Mr. Farnham, the owner of the Vallejo *Chronicle*, had died, and the administrator of his estate was very anxious to dispose of the newspaper business. A couple of the young men, W. D. Pennycook and W. B. Soule, who had worked for me, and, in fact, had learned the printing trade in my office, persuaded me to buy the plant. It was understood that they should have an interest in the business and relieve me from the annoyance and time-consuming details of administration. The executor of the estate, or his attorney—which, I do not remember—was out of town, but a bargain was made with one or the other, and the property was turned over to the new owners, and we had published one or two issues of the paper, when the absent representatives of the estate returned and refused to confirm the bargain. As I recall the incident, it was for the reason that not sufficient money had been paid down for the property. We insisted that the representatives of the estate should stand by the bargain. They would not, and we therefore turned the business back to them and retired from the paper. My young friends were greatly disappointed, and urged the starting of another paper, which we finally did. The enterprise thus being determined upon, we purchased a plant and soon had a paper being regularly issued which we named the Vallejo *Review*, making my third undertaking in the way of establishing newspapers. The enterprise demanded closer attention and more active work than an old-established paper would have required. I was now running the ranch, directing and overseeing the postoffice business, and managing the business of the Vallejo *Review*. As may be imagined, my time was fully occupied, but as I was in good health I enjoyed the work. The *Review* was making a decided headway, when the owners of the *Chronicle* came to us and offered to sell us the paper on the basis of the original terms. It was now our turn to dictate, but we were not hard on them, and a bargain was soon reached and the two papers merged under the name of Vallejo *Evening Chronicle*.

The next year (1884) gave us another presidential campaign. The *Chronicle* supported the Republican candidates with all the strength it could command. I know I shared in the feeling, so common with Republicans that year, that the election of Cleveland would be disastrous to the business interests of the nation. I shall never forget the excitement among the Democrats of Vallejo that the news of the election of the Democratic candidate caused in that town. In manifesting their joy they threw all restraint to the wind. In a short time, without call or pre-arrangement, they assembled in mid-day, as of one mind, on the main street, formed a procession and marched around town, dragging a small cannon. They marched with little semblance of order, a howling, shouting mob of wildly delighted citizens. Some were coatless, some were hatless, just as they were when they rushed from their occupations to join the parade. They gave little consideration to personal appearances. It seemed as if all they wanted to do was to shout. The cannon was frequently made to add its roar to the general clamor. The demonstration lasted until the men were near exhaustion. However, the enthusiasm was not exhausted in one day, by any means. Later on there were fireworks at night, speeches, and more orderly demonstrations of delight over the victory than were shown in the impromptu affair. The Democrats, generally, decorated themselves with colors or some badge indicative of their feelings. It was quite a common sight to see miniature roosters mounted on the men's hats. I think it must have been more than a week before the excitement of the event allowed the affairs of the town to assume a normal condition.

The change of administration from Republican rule to Democratic domination meant that the men holding federal offices would have to step out. Although there was the tenure of office act, which was supposed to protect an official in holding his office for the length of term for which he had been appointed, I had no inclination to remain Postmaster under an administration the President of which I had so severely criticised, during the campaign, in the columns of the *Chronicle*, but I never had a chance to resign. Very soon after Cleveland was inaugurated (March, 1885) I received a letter, over his signature, removing me from the office on the ground of "offensive partisanship." I was the first commissioned officeholder on the Coast to be removed from his position. I was satisfied with this distinction, and gave up the office with no small degree of pleasure. I found out afterward that some one had clipped out of the *Chronicle* all the objectionable items and editorials that had appeared in the paper during the campaign, and pasted them in one continuous strip, which made quite a bulky roll, and this was laid before the President in proof of the charge that I had been unduly active in my opposition to the Democratic ticket. I must say here that if I had known Grover Cleveland then as I learned to know his worth and the greatness of his character in after years, I am sure many things said in the *Chronicle* during that campaign would have remained unsaid. However, I never entertained the slightest feeling of resentment toward him for removing me from office. On the contrary, I afterward learned to hold him in high esteem as one of the foremost men of our country.

The affairs at the ranch did not progress in order and with satisfaction after I moved into town, so, having an opportunity to rent the place for $2000 per year, I leased it to a dairyman in the fall of 1884, just before the election. There were two matters which greatly influenced me to this action. One was the loss of my foreman, a splendid fellow, for whom I had great regard, not only on account of his efficiency, but for his excellent character. The other was a row between the head dairyman and the cook, in which the latter stabbed the former in the leg, from which wound he bled to death. When the news of the affray reached me in town it was after dark, and I hastened out to the ranch and arrived there in time to save the cook from the vengeance of the dairyman's friends, who had begun to assemble there from the neighboring ranches. The cook was arrested, and at the preliminary examination was dismissed from custody upon his showing that the dairyman was the aggressor and had him down on the ground, when he took his pocket knife out and cut the assailant in the leg.

I had planted about ten acres of land to vineyard and orchard, and the young trees and vines were making a fine growth. When making the lease to the dairyman, I proposed to reserve this portion of the ranch, as I was afraid it would not receive the care and attention I would give it. He pleaded so hard to have it included in the lease that I let it go, with a stringent provision for the necessary cultivation and pruning, with the penalty that the lease would be annulled upon any failure to conform strictly to the agreement as to the care of this part of the ranch. That winter and spring were unusually wet. The roads were impassable the greater part of the winter, and it was not until the month of April that I was able to visit the ranch and see how things were going. I found the orchard had been made a calf pasture, and the vineyard a mass of weeds nearly breast high, not a plow or cultivator having been used since I gave up possession of the place. I immediately told the dairyman he would have to vacate. I found another renter, Frank Baranci, who remained a tenant for several years after I had sold the ranch, and who has since become a ranch owner and a well-to-do citizen.

It was while I was still Postmaster that some of my friends in Benicia prevailed upon me to establish a newspaper in that town. After several consultations it was decided to start a weekly paper. L. B. Mizner, the father of the well-known Mizner boys, had taken considerable interest in the matter, and when I asked him to suggest a name for the new paper, he proposed that we consult Mrs. Mizner. She quickly proposed the name of the *New Era* of Benicia. It was adopted without discussion as being a most appropriate title. A young man named Macdonald was given an interest in the business. He lived in Benicia and attended to the office. I gave a couple of days or parts of days each week to the enterprise, until the paper was well established, when I sold out my interest to a young man named Ferguson. The paper changed hands many times, but was still alive and apparently thrifty when I last saw a copy of it not very long ago. In later years Ferguson made quite a reputation for himself in the Philippines, where he gained the admiration and friendship of President Taft. The *New Era* made the fourth paper I had established.

CHAPTER XIII

NEWSPAPER LIFE IN OAKLAND

Removal from Vallejo to Oakland—How the Enquirer Was Established—Senator Aaron A. Sargent and His Sensational Defeat—Election of Stanford—The Great Railroad Strike—Alameda County Politics.

HAVING GOT RID OF the cares of the ranch, postoffice, and the *New Era,* I had only the *Chronicle's* business to engross my time. Perhaps it was that I did not feel I had enough business to satisfy the tastes and desires for a bustling life, or it may have been the change of administration and political control of the navy yard that awakened a desire to move to San Francisco. While I was in this frame of mind I was requested to visit Oakland by some prominent gentlemen there, who said another newspaper was needed. It was also proposed that I take charge of and conduct a paper called the *Express.* If I would consent, it was the purpose to buy the paper and plant. I made an investigation of the books of the concern and found it had but little business, and a walk through the printing office disclosed the most dilapidated condition of things that I ever looked upon or imagined could exist in a composing or press room. The floor appeared not to have been swept for months. Hundreds of pounds of pied type were lying around in all kinds of receptacles and in all manner of places. There was no order or system manifested in the care of anything pertaining to the business. The press used to print the paper was wholly unfit for that or any other purpose. My report on the plant was to the effect that it was worse than worthless. Even the paper itself had a bad name, and I said I would not accept the whole thing as a gift. It developed that some of the gentlemen who had made the proposition were financially interested in the paper, and were working up a scheme to get out or to secure a management with a reorganization of the business arrangements that would give some value to the publication. My findings completely smashed the programme, as well as all interest in the organization of a company to start a new paper in Oakland.

In my visits to Oakland in connection with this proposition I made a number of acquaintances and had a chance to study the town. The more I saw of it the more I liked the place. The attractive homes, the delightful climate, and the agreeable people I met, combined with the excellent educational advantages for children, influenced me in deciding to make Oakland our future home. Having reached this conclusion, I informed the young men associated with me in publishing the Vallejo *Chronicle* that I was going to move my family to Oakland, and intended to make that place our future home, and that I wished them to buy my interest in the business. The trade was quickly consummated. W. D. Pennycook and L. G. Harrier became the owners, and this partnership continued under most prosperous conditions for about twenty-seven years, when Mr. Harrier, who had become a prominent attorney in Solano County, desired to retire. Mr. Pennycook is now sole owner of the business, which is of much greater value and importance than when I sold out my interest.

When it was known that I intended to leave Vallejo, I quickly found a buyer for our little home, and in February, 1886, we moved to Oakland, taking up our residence at the boarding house of Mrs. Blake in Washington Street, which house was located in the center of the block between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. The large trees, shrubbery, gardens, and lawns about the place made it most attractive and homelike.

During the couple of months pending the change of residence I had been making frequent visits to Oakland, and was quite pleased with the idea of becoming established in business there, especially with no risk of my capital, as the people who had invited me to come there proposed to supply all the money necessary for the newspaper. In fact, the few thousand dollars I had collected from the sale of my interest in the paper and home I wished to pay on the mortgage on the ranch. However, as already stated, my report against buying the *Express* upset the chance for going into business on capital advanced by others. In the course of my several visits I found the conditions very favorable for the establishment of another newspaper in Oakland, and soon determined that I would undertake the enterprise alone. I reasoned with myself that it would be better this way; that I would have full freedom in the matter of the policy of the paper and conduct of the business. The field appeared to me to be especially inviting and free from any unusual obstacles or any difficulties not common in the establishment of any new business. I little knew the dimensions of the hornets' nest I was deliberately jumping into, or the sharpness and the length of the stingers of the hornets soon viciously buzzing around and threatening me from all sides. Of this, however, I will write later on.

I knew that the establishment of the paper was going to be a matter of slow progress, and that it would probably take a couple of years' time before the business could be expected to pay expenses, and I knew that I did not have enough money to meet that steady drain or loss necessary for operations on a large scale. For that reason I decided to start the paper on the smallest possible plan, and engage in a job-printing business on the side, figuring that the profits from the latter, with what money I could raise, would meet the expense of maintaining the paper during the period in which the income from the publication would be insufficient for the purpose.

While looking around preparatory to making the start, I found that F. J. Moffitt was publishing a little four-page advertising sheet semi-weekly, which he had named the *Enquirer*. The paper was distributed free around the business part of the town, and made but little pretense of giving the news of the day. It had but little advertising patronage. In truth, there was little reason for its existence. However, I bought it. It would do to make the beginning of something greater, I thought, so placed my name at the head of the editorial page as editor and publisher. I began at once to put some life into the editorials and freshness into the local news. The first day of my ownership I stopped the forms as they were about to be sent to press to insert the particulars of an exciting fire alarm on Washington Street. The printers were amazed, but all hands soon entered into the spirit of making as good a paper as possible. Moffitt knew of my intention to have a job-printing office, and brought George E. Whitney to me with a proposition to sell an old printing plant that he had been compelled to take for debt. The office was complete in its furnishings of type, presses, etc., but the material was somewhat worn. However, it was well worth $2000, the price Mr. Whitney placed upon it. He was so anxious to sell it to me that he offered to give me a bill of sale for the plant, and take my note, payable whenever it should suit my convenience. It was somewhat of a "white elephant" on his hands. It was stored and was costing him in the neighborhood of $50 or $60 per month for rent and insurance, as well as some expense for some one to look after it. I bought the plant on Mr. Whitney's terms. I now had things working about as I had planned. After running the little paper three or four months in a way that caused the people to take some notice of it, and the politicians to consider it something of a factor in the political game as it was being played in Oakland, I began to plan the conversion of the semi-weekly into a daily issue. My friend A. B. Nye was then engaged in editorial work on one of the San Francisco papers. I proposed to him that he should take an interest in the *Enquirer*, which he did. W. F. Burbank, then a young attorney in Oakland, also desired to be identified with the new undertaking, and he bought a small interest. Thereupon he gave up the idea of immediate law practice and decided to follow the profession of journalism. He was a hard and earnest worker in the upbuilding of the *Enquirer*. He remained with the paper several years, but finally sold out his interest to J. T. Bell and entered the field of journalism on a larger scale in Los Angeles and in North Carolina. But to return to Mr. Nye, to whom more than any one man the *Enquirer's* ultimate financial success, popularity, and influence are due. I think it was in the month of July, 1886, that we issued the first number of the *Enquirer* as a daily evening paper. We had on the news force W. F. Burbank, A. A. Dennison, and Alfred Share, and they were all hard-working and hustling fellows. For a few months Nye did the editorial work for the *Enquirer*, after his work on the San Francisco paper was finished for the day, and not infrequently his labor for the new paper continued long past the hour of midnight. This was the spirit with which all hands worked to give character and standing to the infant enterprise. The business and circulation of the paper grew so rapidly that Mr. Nye resigned his position in San Francisco and gave all of his time and energy to the *Enquirer*. Notwithstanding the popularity and rapid growth of our paper for twenty-seven months there was not a month that the expenses of our business did not exceed the income. In other words, for more than two years there was a steady drain upon our financial resources. It was some time during the early part of this period that Mr. Whitney, from whom we had purchased the job office, announced himself as a candidate for Governor, and expressed himself as being very much hurt and disappointed because we refused to advocate his nomination or support him in his ambition. I explained to him that he was identified with a wing of the party to which we could not give support or sanction, and moreover we felt that our duty lay in the support of another candidate. In a very few days I received a notice that Mr. Whitney must have the money we owed him for the printing office—a demand quite inconsistent with the verbal agreement on which the sale was made. I knew that if I could have time I could raise the money, but I did not see how I was going to be able to comply with his demand for immediate payment. While I was contemplating what to do, Andrew Smith, who had taken much interest in our enterprise, called at the office and said that he had learned of the demand of Mr. Whitney, and insisted upon lending us the money with which to pay off the note. I accepted the loan, giving Mr. Smith a note for ninety or one hundred and twenty days.

Mr. Whitney was paid in accordance with his demand, as was the loan from Mr. Smith when it became due. Now comes the most interesting feature of this incident, and it was more to record the following that I made mention of the other details, which in themselves are quite ordinary and unimportant. When I handed Mr. Smith the money in payment of his loan to us, he said: "You don't know who loaned you this money, do you?" I replied: "Why yes, you did." "No," said Mr. Smith, "I was only acting as an agent for a friend of yours, who in some way heard of the unexpected demand made upon you by Mr. Whitney, and, presuming that the request for the money was made while you had no surplus funds, he asked me to hand you the amount, as he knew you would not accept it from him; and, being in politics, he thought you might misconstrue his motives if you should know that he was furnishing the coin. Being anxious that you should get the money and not be distressed, he adopted this method and charged me above all things to keep all knowledge of his action from you." "Who was this good friend?" I asked of Mr. Smith. "Ex-Senator A. A. Sargent," was the astounding reply.

I had known the gentleman for ten years or more, but our relations had not been on intimate terms. During the time of our acquaintance, or the greater part of it, he had been Congressman, United States Senator, and Ambassador to Germany. I was at a loss to understand his interest in my troubles, to say nothing as to how he found out that Mr. Whitney was pressing me for money. I never did learn, but I did have an opportunity to thank Mr. Sargent for his kindness. He was then in private life. His political career had been a stormy one. He was a forceful and aggressive man, with capacity for an extraordinary amount of work. He was one of the strongest men in the Senate, and wielded great influence in the politics of California. He was most loyal to his friends and uncompromising with enemies, and fearless in treading the path of duty. Subsequent to the incident just related, he decided to return to political life, and announced himself as a candidate for the position of United States Senator once more. After the state election was held it was found that the Republicans would be in the majority in the Legislature, and consequently would elect the United States Senator to be chosen at the session to come. As practically no opposition to Mr. Sargent had been announced, it was supposed that his election by the Legislature would be a matter of form only. A number of his friends went to Sacramento when the Legislature convened, not that they thought their services were necessary, but simply to be on hand when the expected great honor should again be placed in the keeping of Mr. Sargent. I was among the number who assembled there with that simple idea in their minds. It was a very happy gathering, embracing a number of men prominent in the affairs of our state. The first indication of disruption of the plan of re-election of the ex-Senator was manifested in the refusal or failure of the Republican leaders of the Legislature to bring the senatorial election up and dispose of it quickly, as was expected. The meaning of the delay in action was not fully understood until some of the members of the Legislature who had been the loudest in their declarations for the re-election of Mr. Sargent, and for the first few days had been the most prominent and the most officious around the Sargent headquarters, suddenly disappeared, and the rooms no longer had their presence. The friends of Mr. Sargent were disturbed, but had no idea that it would be possible to prevent his election. How could a majority of the Legislature pledged to vote for him be swerved from their promises at that late hour? Usually it required months of organized effort and popularity of a candidate to make any showing in a senatorial fight. With these thoughts in mind, it did not seem possible that any candidate in opposition to Mr. Sargent could be thrust into the field with any hope of success. Still his friends were worried and puzzled to interpret the meaning of the strange action of certain members of the Legislature and others who had been counted upon as reliable supporters of the ex-Senator. However, they did not have to wait long, for out of those heavy clouds of political distrust, blackened with the perfidy of traitorous friends, that had been hanging for days over those political headquarters, came a flashing announcement that fell upon the public ear with a crash and a jar, experienced from one end of the state to the other. No bolt of fierce lightning or crashing peal of thunder ever was more startling. Some bold politicians connected with the railroad company, finding they could control the majority of the legislative vote, had planned to have Leland Stanford, president of the Central Pacific Railroad, elected to the United States Senate in place of Mr. Sargent, who had been the regularly announced candidate, and for whom the majority was supposed to be pledged to support.

The anti-railroad feeling or sentiment throughout the state at the time was very strong, and no one not directly connected with the scheme would have been bold enough even to have suggested the name of the president of a "hated organization" for the great position of United States Senator, much less expect to elect him to the office. People stood aghast. Of the newspapers, some thundered a protest, some threw up their hands in despair, and some few applauded. Stanford was easily elected. Sargent and his friends went home stunned.

For a daring, defiant, skilful, and expeditious piece of political work, it never has had its equal in this state. How it was done only a few know, and they won't tell. Perhaps for the good name of the state it is better it is so. It is but fair to the memory of Senator Stanford to say that he made a much more satisfactory Senator than the enemies of the railroad anticipated. I do not recall that he at any time misused his high position in the interest of the great railroad corporation, and but for the manner of his election his record as Senator was a good one. He was not a brilliant man, but was faithful to his duties, which he discharged in a seemingly impartial and able manner.

When I look back and review all the stirring incidents attending the more than thirty years of my newspaper life, there is one incident standing somewhat head and shoulders above all the rest for the worry, anxiety, and hard work it caused me. I refer to the *Enquirer's* dealing with the news and incidents of the great railroad strike in 1894. Oakland, being the terminus of a great system of railroads, where were gathered thousands of railroad hands and their sympathizers, was for a while a seething center of disturbance. Twenty years and more have elapsed since the affair occurred, and I may have forgotten much that took place, but some of the details of the exciting days are still fresh in my mind. The *Enquirer* was one of the few papers that denounced the acts of violence committed by the desperate strikers. For the position we took, we were threatened with personal injury, and efforts were made to have the paper boycotted through adoption of resolutions to that purpose by all the trades unions. We had many strong friends among the workingmen—men who would not sanction the wild deeds being committed in the fight against the railroad companies. I heard of many instances where the *Enquirer* was defended and the resolutions defeated. If the resolutions were adopted by any union, I never heard of it. However, the *Enquirer* suffered no loss by its attitude in the affair.

The great strike grew out of a disagreement between G. M. Pullman and the workmen employed by him in building and repairing the Pullman sleepers in the town of Pullman, near Chicago. On May 10 of the year heretofore mentioned, 2500 out of 3100 of the workmen struck and walked out of the repair shops, and on the day following the shops were closed and the remainder of the workmen were dismissed. After more than a month of idleness and failure to secure any concession from Pullman, the workmen appealed to the organization of railroad employees of the United States to aid them in bringing the great car builder to terms. In response to this request the national organization ordered the railroad employees, from Chicago to the Pacific, not to handle any Pullman sleepers after 4 P. M., June 27. As a result no trains with sleeping cars left the yards or mole at West Oakland after that date, as the men refused to make up trains with sleeping cars. For the two or three days following, all other trains were operated as usual, but the railroad company made no attempt to send out or move trains ordinarily made up with sleepers. There was some clamor in the newspapers and by the public for the company to operate such trains without the Pullmans, but the request was refused. Thereupon an order came from Eugene Debs, the head of the national organization of the railroad employees, on June 28 to tie up the entire system of the Southern Pacific. The Santa Fé and Western Pacific railroads had not yet reached the state.

The next forenoon a meeting of the railroad employees was called at West Oakland, which was attended by about 600 men. The leaders of the local organization of railroad men reported the actions taken to comply with Debs's order.

The seriousness of the situation as affecting the public was apparent. The stopping of every passenger train and all mail and freight movement meant the paralyzation of business. Up to this time the people generally had been looking upon the contest as from a disinterested standpoint, but now the situation was changed, and considerable pressure was put upon the railroad company to have it yield to the demand of the employees. The attitude of the railroad was denounced by the San Francisco *Examiner* as "stupid and blundering." Another newspaper said: "The luxurious conveyances are not essential to the wants of business. People will gladly submit to temporary discomfort while the dispute is being settled." A local paper said: "The party most injured is in no way a party to the controversy. The people, who know nothing and care less of the merits of the dispute between the railroad companies and their employees, are being ruined by the warfare, throttling industry and commerce." Notwithstanding this, and the fact that it was in the midst of the fruit shipping season when millions of dollars to the fruit growers were at stake, the railroad company refused to operate any passenger train unless allowed to run the Pullmans. A railroad official, in an open letter to the public, admitted that the company could operate a service without the Pullmans, "but to have conceded this demand would have accomplished the introduction of a principle in transportation which would have been a governing and controlling factor in all future time."

For four or five days there was but little change in the conditions. The company had difficulty in finding men to operate the local lines and ferry system, but they managed to make a number of irregular trips daily. Some few trains had been sent out on the main lines, and some few came into Oakland. No act of violence or mob action took place prior to July 4, but on that day the West Oakland men gathered for desperate work, which had evidently been carefully pre-arranged. The railroad yards were rushed by mobs of strikers, engines were stopped and killed, and engineers and firemen were lucky if they escaped a beating. The mechanics in the shops were made to quit work. One of the first acts of lawlessness was disregarding the orders of the United States Marshal, who tried to stop the men from entering the yards. He was brushed aside, with yells of derision. The mobs swept through the yards, doing some rough work in "persuading" the men to quit work. Local trains were killed on the way to and from the ferries and the passengers made to leave the cars. One train was killed on the mole and a big crowd of holiday passengers was compelled to walk back to Oakland. A wagonload of policemen and a lot of Deputy Sheriffs responded to the call of the railroad superintendent, but they arrived on the scene too late to be of any great service.

A similar display of force was made by the strikers at all points in the West from Chicago to the Pacific. Not a wheel in all this territory was allowed to turn. The most gigantic strike known to history was now on.

The company was allowed to operate ferryboats by the Creek route as a concession to public convenience. For several weeks mail between cities of California was transported on bicycles. Automobiles had not yet been introduced.

The first destruction of property to be reported was the burning of a 200-foot trestle in the Shasta Canyon. Rails on the lines leading out of Sacramento were spread, preventing the use of the tracks.

Federal and state troops were now ordered out, some of which were sent to Los Angeles, Sacramento, and Oakland, with the purpose of supporting the United States Marshals, who had served notices on the strike leaders not to interfere with the movement of mail matter. The strikers met this move by bringing into Sacramento from outside points several lots of armed strikers. A clash between the strikers and the soldiers seemed unavoidable. Owing to the feeling of the public in relation to the railroad company, growing out of its interference with the politics of the state and its attitude of defiance of public opinion for years past, and the sympathy of a great portion of the people with the strikers, it was thought that the state troops could not be relied upon to enforce any orders against the strikers requiring the use of arms. In short, it was not thought they would fire upon the strikers in any offensive movement against them.

As soon as the soldiers were ordered out and distributed to the points ordered, the railroad company began to prepare to move trains under protection. Neither the engineers nor the conductors had joined the strike movement, and as it was not a very difficult matter to get men to perform the services of firemen, the railroad company thought that, with the protection of the soldiers at the points of arrival and departure, they could operate the trains with some show of regularity. The first move was made at Sacramento in an attempt to dispossess the strikers in control of the depot and yard, and it began with a wrangle between the commander of the state troops and the United States Marshal as to who should give the orders that in all probability would result in bloodshed. The Marshal refused to shoulder the responsibility unless he could command the troops. Finally the command was turned over to him. In the meantime a company of Sacramento militia had been ordered into action at some other point in the city, and had refused to fire on the strikers and had even fallen back, upon a demonstration on the part of the mob. The Marshal, upon being given command of the militia, directed the placing of soldiers around the depot, then issued orders for a detachment to clear the depot by driving the strikers out, with instructions for the soldiers to fire on the strikers if it were necessary. Before these last orders reached the detachment of troops or could be executed, the news of the action of this Sacramento company called a halt and resulted in a demoralization of all plans. At Chico the militia had planned to capture a trainload of armed strikers reported to be coming down from Shasta way to reinforce their companions at Sacramento. A cannon was mounted on the track, and soldiers were so placed as to be in position to tear up the track in rear of the train when it was stopped. This company was even ordered to withdraw. In the course of the next few days United States troops displaced the militia and soon put the depot and other property of the railroad in possession of the railroad company. It was not accomplished without some shooting and some bloodshed, however, not in a general conflict between the soldiers and strikers in large bodies, but in cases where the latter were discovered in attempts to damage property or when parties refused or neglected to obey the orders of the soldiers.

On July 11 the company managed to get a train started out of Sacramento for Oakland, but about eight miles out from the city it met with a terrible disaster. It was wrecked while passing over the trestle at that point by an explosion of dynamite. Clark, a well-known engineer in charge of the train, was killed, as were four soldiers who were on the train, and several other people were injured. Subsequently, the parties guilty of this outrage were caught and convicted after a hard-fought trial in the courts of Yolo County.

Other deeds of violence were being committed in the Eastern railroad centers, which were taken account of by President Cleveland in ordering federal troops to such places in sufficient numbers to enforce law and order. Public opinion underwent considerable change when the strikers resorted to violence, and the public mind was being wrought up to a pitch that added seriousness to the situation. On the 13th of July, Debs, who was the head of the whole affair, sent out a telegram ordering the strike off, "under conditions," which the railroad companies refused to accept. The order had a demoralizing effect on the strikers' organizations and there was some wrangling among the strikers as to what should be done. Many of the rank and file wanted to give up the struggle and go back to work, but the leaders refused, with the hope that they could by so doing influence the railroad to take all the strikers back unconditionally.

Within a day or two the company began to give evidence of making headway against the strike, in sending out a few trains from Oakland and other points. The strikers now rallied in further attempt to block the operation of trains. On the 16th a freight train was started out of the West Oakland yards which was attacked by a mob, but before the strikers succeeded in accomplishing anything to stop the departure of the train the soldiers and police were on the scene and quickly put the mob to flight. Some few days after this an attempt was made to dynamite a Seventh Street local train at Kirkham Street. The explosion made a terrific noise, but did little damage. A guard on the locomotive was asked "how high the engine was lifted from the rails." "Oh, I don't know, exactly, but so high that I thought I saw the gates of heaven."

Numerous minor offenses were committed in the warfare against the railroad company. Public feeling against the strikers reached a point where it was felt necessary by the citizens of Oakland to take some action in the interest of law and order. A mass meeting was called for the evening of the 17th of July. There was a large gathering of citizens in response to the call. The assemblage was addressed by the Mayor and other prominent people. The outrages involving the destruction of life and property were warmly denounced. Resolutions were adopted pledging "the influence of the citizens, and the force of arms by them if necessary, in bringing punishment to the officers of the A. R. U. or persons guilty of blocking railroad traffic by violence or unlawful acts." Some seventy or eighty citizens signed the pledge, and it was arranged that thirteen taps of the City Hall bell should be the signal to call them into service. The situation, however, began to improve, and additional trains were being sent out with less interference, so fortunately there was no call for aid beyond what the police and soldiers could give.

Soon after the passenger trains began to be operated the strike officials published a notice warning the traveling public against patronizing all trains on the Southern Pacific lines, saying, "Such trains are unsafe, as the men who operate them are incompetent, and great damage to life and limb may result from faulty operation of trains entrusted to unskilled hands." In the same notice the strike officials denied responsibility for the outrages committed against the railroad and declared they would not indorse violence.

It was not exactly true that the trains were being operated by "unskilled hands," for, excepting green firemen, the engineers and conductors were in the main old hands and experienced men in the business. Nevertheless, travel was "light," for passengers were somewhat timid yet, and not a few interpreted the warning to the public as a threat and a notice that more trains would be dynamited.

On the 21st of July the railroad company announced that for the first time since June 29 all the trains, way, local, passenger, and freight, would move that day as per schedule. On the two previous days 450 cars of freight had been dispatched from the West Oakland yard. It was apparent to everybody, including the strikers, that the strike was broken. In fact, if the company would have consented to take back all hands, the men would have given up the contest a week before, but the company would not reinstate the men connected with the deeds of violence, great or small. At Sacramento it was reported that the railroad men met after the trains began moving on schedule and decided by a two-thirds vote to give up the fight unconditionally, each man to present himself individually for reinstatement in the employ of the company and do the best he could. It was said that this action was largely influenced by the attitude of the public of the capital city. However, Knox, the strike leader there, repudiated the action, saying it was the work only of the "weak-kneed." Subsequently the Oakland organization sent agents to Sacramento to see how things were really going, and upon their return and report the union in Oakland voted to remain out. Nevertheless, the men realized that the fight was lost and they began to apply to the heads of departments of the railroad company for reinstatement.

On the 23d the Fifth Regiment of state militia was sent home, but the Second Artillery and a naval force of 650 men, all federal troops, were continued on duty for a few days longer.

Some little show of keeping up the contest was continued by the extremists, but by the 1st of August even this ceased and peace reigned again after an entire month of a bitter struggle.

During the last days of the strike the leaders called a mass meeting in Oakland which was largely attended by the railroad men and people who sympathized with them in their fight against the railroad companies. The speakers denounced the Mayor and other citizens who spoke at the previous mass meeting and used the opportunity to justify the strike.

At a period in the strike when the strikers were in control of the situation Mrs. Stanford, widow of Leland Stanford, late president of the Southern Pacific, started from the East for her home in San Francisco via one of the Northern roads. When her private car reached the section within control of the strikers and where no trains were being operated the strikers gallantly manned engines and continued the car on through its trip to the Oakland mole. At Davisville, Yolo County, the company attempted to get possession of the engine and train, but were foiled by the strikers.

The business of the *Enquirer* grew, meeting all our expectations, but the expanding business meant a larger plant and increased facilities for getting out the paper more rapidly and in larger numbers. Before the end of five years we were compelled to increase the pressroom facilities three times. The first press we used was a Hoe single cylinder, which served our wants for a few months. We then purchased a double-acting single cylinder. It was the fastest press printing from type on a flat bed that I ever saw. Its rate was good for 3000 copies per hour. I was told when I bought it that it was built to print the San Francisco *Chronicle* in the early stages of that paper. We had many visitors come to our office to see the press in operation—people who had heard of the reputed speed and capacity and wanted ocular proof of the claim. Such a thing to many was unbelievable. It was quite a small affair and gave us much trouble in keeping it fastened to the floor. In less than a year it became necessary to buy a press of greater capacity.

This time we purchased a new Hoe double-cylinder press, which answered our wants for a couple of years. Then when the circulation demanded a press of still greater capacity we put in a stereotype-plate or perfecting press, printing from endless rolls of paper. It was named the "Maid of Athens," and did fine work, filling all requirements for several years. It was the first of its kind erected in Oakland. The increase of business in the job printing department required almost a constant outlay for additional appliances. These continual drafts for additional capital made it incumbent upon me to sell my ranch. I found a customer in Oakland who gave me some fine property for the ranch, which by a series of trades and sales I managed to turn into cash, realizing about $30,000 for the ranch, for which I had paid $18,000. After paying off some debts, I had something like $15,000 or $20,000 more money to put into the *Enquirer* business—and there it went.

Our quarters on Ninth Street, just off Broadway, were cramped and inconvenient. We relieved the situation temporarily by renting a store on Broadway for the business office and editorial rooms. The rear of this room was in proximity to the printing and pressrooms facing on Ninth Street, but the growing business of the concern soon demanded more room. It was in 1890 that I made arrangements with the owners of a lot on Tenth Street for the erection of a three-story brick building with a basement for a pressroom. It was completed and we moved into it in 1891, and the building has been the home of the *Enquirer* ever since.

The circulation of the paper grew until it enjoyed the distinction of being classed by advertising agents as one of the "top notchers" of the evening papers of the United States, considering the number of papers issued in relation to the population. It was one of the most widely quoted papers in the state, and its editorials were generally acknowledged to be the soundest and strongest. For this feature we were indebted to Mr. Nye. Through the energy, loyalty, and ability of the young men who had thrown their whole souls into the enterprise with us, and by the strict adherence to policies adopted for the best interests of the community, the *Enquirer* was a success in every way, financially and politically. We might have increased the revenues of the business had we been willing to smother our principles and not be particular as to the source and purpose underlying offers of business. We rejected thousands of dollars offered for lottery advertising. Not a line was allowed in the paper. Notwithstanding such advertising was prohibited by law, papers without scruples accepted the business and ran the advertisements with impunity. How could a paper acquire any influence or gain the confidence of the public if it should wantonly violate the laws or commit acts for which it was bounden to censure others?

At the time we began the publication of the paper the political situation in Oakland City and Alameda County was deplorable. Through a combination of the railroad company and the water company complete control of both county and city administration had existed for several years, with scarce a break of any kind in the continuity of the rule. The combination surely ruled with an iron hand. I was told by several parties who had been ambitious to serve in some of the public offices that they found it impossible even to get before the public at any stage of the game (unless as an independent candidate) without the consent of the dominant power, and no one had the least chance of success unless the candidacy was approved by that power. Hearing these statements, I made some investigations and found that it had been quite generally understood among would-be office-holders that they would at each campaign cross the bay to the railroad offices and there submit their claims or desires to the political managers of the corporation, and no one could obtain a place on the Republican ticket who did not satisfy the managers that he was unobjectionable to the corporation mentioned. These candidates were asked very plain questions, and were made to understand plainly what was expected of them. This practice extended to the most unimportant office on the ticket. The two corporations had enormous interests at stake, especially the railroad company, and they probably acted with the idea that it was more economical and safer to select and elect the officials of the city and county administrations than to take the chances of getting what they wanted from administrations chosen without participation on their part.

The work cut out for the *Enquirer* was to make war on this outrageous practice, rouse the people to a sense of their political obligations and actions to maintain their rights, and assist them in rooting out such officials as only acknowledged obligation and were subservient to the railroad and water company combination. It was an enormous undertaking, and when I look back now over those years and recall the incidents of that bitter contest, I marvel that we began it so poorly equipped. We must have had some courage and determination, which were probably the things to be credited largely for the complete success that finally crowned our efforts. When the work was completed the people had elected men of their choice to every office both in the county and city.

At the outset of the contest, or soon after it was begun, it became apparent that to make any substantial and lasting headway the voters favorable to reclaiming their rights would have to be organized with something like a party formation. From this idea grew the Municipal League. For the needs of the first campaign directed by the league I personally made the canvass and collections of about all the funds used. The amount was small, being considerably less than $2000. The *Enquirer* contributed considerable printing and all the advertising. Many of the leaguers contributed time and services usually paid for, so the organization was able to make the campaign with a comparatively small outlay. The greater part of our money was expended in protecting the polls from fraudulent voters and watching the ballots after having been cast. It was a common thing for Oakland to be overrun on primary election days by gangs of toughs and repeaters from San Francisco. If their presence here had not been made profitable to them, it was not reasonable to expect that they would have taken the trouble to come. On these occasions the league would employ the Harry Morse Detective Agency to send to Oakland men who were sufficient and able to pick out the unwelcome visitors and prevent their voting. I remember that at one very important primary, upon the result of which depended a vote for United States Senator, we heard of the preparations made to bring over an extra large number of "south of Market Street" repeaters, who were to be furnished with conveyances to enable them to pass readily from one polling place to another. We learned, too, that we had a desperate gang to deal with. The men had been selected for their efficiency, already shown in like occupation in San Francisco. After a council of war, we decided we should have to meet kind with kind and in equal numbers if possible. It was first thought that we would not be able to hire any toughs willing to fight under a banner with the motto of "honest election and a fair count." But we had no trouble in employing a gang of selected toughs and prize-fighters. They were parceled out and instructed that their duty was to stand by the league representative at each polling place and point out the repeaters, and to assist the league men in any physical effort that might be necessary to prevent illegal voting. Above all things, they were cautioned not to attempt to vote. This experience was something new to the band of burly men, who probably had never before accepted employment in a political contest without knowing that the work they had undertaken carried with it the risk of a term in jail or prison. But they entered into the spirit of the fight and proved their loyalty and efficiency. Only one man of the lot gave any trouble, and that was only annoyance. He was stationed at a polling place in East Oakland, and after he had sized up the situation he concluded he could easily work in a lot of fraudulent votes for our side. A half hour after the polls were opened, he left his station and came to me and with great earnestness explained how he could increase our vote in his precinct. I ordered him back and warned him that our men would arrest him if he attempted to vote. In an hour or so he came back to renew his argument. I told him that if he came again with this or any like proposition he would not be paid. He went off with an expression of disgust on his face that was unmistakable. He came to me the third time pleading to be allowed free rein. I then tried to explain to him that our side did not have to resort to repeating or fraudulent voting of any kind. We knew that we had a majority of the votes if we could get them in and have them fairly counted, and that he didn't have to do crooked work, but just be straight. He replied, "Mr. Leach, I would sooner do the work in a crooked way than straight." I directed him back to his beat and sent word to our people to watch the fellow, but he made no trouble, and was one of the enthusiastic shouters after the election. When the time came to open the polls, a gang of the repeaters crowded around one of the principal voting places in the Second Ward, forcing aside the challengers and other opposition, with the intention of putting in a lot of fraudulent votes, but our men were equal to the requirements of the case, and not a vote did the gang get in there. They then drew off and in a bunch started for the polling place on Telegraph Avenue, in the same ward. Our managers at the first precinct sent word with some reinforcements, warning our friends at the second precinct of the coming of the enemy. When the latter arrived they attempted to repeat the tactics that had failed them at the other place. But meeting a greater number of opponents with more threatening consequences, they withdrew here without getting in a vote, and started back to make an attempt to vote in the Fifth Ward. Our side quickly concentrated our extra men and fighting force at the precincts in this ward, and the gang of repeaters was as easily driven away from there as a lot of trespassing hens from a garden patch. Here they quit trying to vote, or giving any further attention to the election. They seized the rigs supplied to convey them from polling place to polling place, and used them in joy-riding about the town and suburbs. We knew then that the battle was over and that the fight had been won. So it proved when the count was in, and the result was declared that our side carried the day by a large vote. All our fights were not won as easily as the one just described, nor did we always come out victorious, but the incidents related in the description of this primary affair will give some idea of the election contests we had to engage in.

I expect I felt a greater interest in the outcome of the primary election just described, on account of its bearing on the selection of a United States Senator. The winning of the election put into the hands of friends of Senator George C. Perkins the power of nominating the legislative candidates from our county who would support the Senator for that high office. Our defeat would have meant that the legislative nominees elected from the districts in the contest would have supported another man. I had formed a strong friendship for Senator Perkins. Our acquaintance began when he was State Senator from Butte County, and was renewed on more intimate relations when he subsequently became Governor of the state and I was a member of the Legislature. In both of these positions he gained a popularity rarely acquired by men in public life. He was broad minded and generous in the extreme. All his votes as Senator and his acts as Governor were actuated by the highest principles. He was approachable and unaffected in his manner, ever ready to champion the cause of the weak and the wronged. His elevation to the high offices did not cause him to forget the friends or associates of his days in humble life. I consider Senator Perkins one of the most appreciative men I have ever met. He seems never to forget any favor done in his behalf, political or other kind, and never appears satisfied until he is able to make some substantial showing of his gratitude. His generosity was remarkable. What he has done in contributing to the support of charitable institutions, the relief of individuals and families, and in aid of character-building institutions, would surprise the people of California. He was first appointed to the United States Senate by the Governor of our state, to fill an unexpired term, and then was subsequently elected to five consecutive terms by the Legislature. This is a record of service at the national capital never before attained in representation of this state. This long, continuous service, together with his traits of character and manner of dealing with people, gained for him an influence, a power, and a standing in Washington that are exceptional and unusual, and of untold benefit to this state and the Pacific Coast. I felt it always a duty as well as a personal pleasure to aid his candidacy at each of his campaigns, and in reviewing the political experiences of my life I find no greater gratification in any part than in the work and time given in assistence at his elections.

I gave much time to political work while I was managing the *Enquirer*. At every election we made as vigorous a fight in the paper as we possibly could; I attended caucuses and acted with committees delegated to manage the details of the campaigns and solicit funds; I have acted as challenger in bad precincts when others were reluctant to act. I was always treated well, even when on one occasion I detected an election official, whose duty was to receive the votes, substituting ballots of the opposition for ballots handed to him by voters from our side to be deposited in the ballot box. I snatched a ballot from his hand as he was about to drop it in the box and handed it to the voter, who declared it was not the vote he handed in. The delinquent was hustled out of his position by his own crowd upon my request, and that was all there was to it.

I think I must say that for the first few years of my active participation in political affairs, especially while it was optional with me, I rather enjoyed this excitement. In later years, when the objects involved matters of greater importance and my close personal attention seemed to me to be imperative, I recognized the approach of each campaign with regret, and had aversion and reluctance to discussions of any subjects involving local politics. I know this feeling was an important factor in my decision to sell the *Enquirer* when opportunity came. I had been an active participant in politics for more than thirty years. During these years I held some official positions, but in no cases were they objects of my own seeking. In addition to the positions named in the foregoing record I was appointed by President Harrison to act on the Assay Commission in February, 1891. This is a commission that meets annually, appointed by the President to examine the samples of the coinage of all the mints of the United States for the calendar year previous. It is the duty of the commission to determine if the coinage is executed in accordance with the provisions of law, in the matter of weights of the coins and the standard fineness of the metals. The duties of the commissioners are nearly always completed within three to five days, and the stay at the Mint Building at Philadelphia, where the commission meets, is always made as agreeable as possible. No compensation is attached to the duties, but all the expenses of the commissioners, coming and going, and while at Philadelphia, are paid by the government. Little did I think then that sixteen years later I would be in attendance at the meetings of the commissions as the directing official, but of that experience I will speak later. I think it was some time in 1888 or 1889 that there was to be a change in the postmastership of the Oakland office, and the position was tendered to me, but I declined the honor and persisted in my determination, though the matter was held open a couple of months with the expectation that I would change my mind. I fully appreciated the compliment and friendly act involved in the tender.

Along in the nineties (I do not recall the exact time), the *Enquirer* took up a subject which proved to be a matter of the greatest importance, and eventually resulted in an advantage and gain to the city that the most sanguine little looked for or anticipated. The Oakland Water Front Company, a side corporation of the railroad company, claimed and had been in possession of nearly all the water front of Oakland for many years. The company obtained its title to the property from parties who claimed it through grant from the state. The validity had never been questioned through process of law, and probably never would have been had not the water front company felt so secure in its holdings, and had it adopted a liberal policy in making terms with people and firms who desired to purchase or lease portions of the property. The railroad company probably thought it necessary in fostering its own business to use the water front company as a kind of wall around the city, beyond which no freight or passenger could be moved by others without its consent. This policy was manifest in the leases granted by the water front company, by provisions prohibiting the lessees from handling any freight other than for themselves over the property granted them, and prohibiting any passenger traffic. However, it was not everybody who could secure a lease, even upon such arbitrary terms, and the leases granted could not be assigned to others without the consent of the Water Front Company. No one could obtain the use of any part of the land whose business the railroad company considered as interfering with its revenues. As Oakland began to grow in a commercial way these restrictions were felt and were looked upon as a most serious obstruction to expansion of commerce on our shores, independent of the railroad's business. The subject was frequently discussed in the editorial room of the *Enquirer*, with a view to finding some way of overcoming the selfish policy of the railroad company. Finally it was decided that we should undertake an investigation of the records of the city, county, and state, and carefully inspect every step taken in the proceedings whereby the title went from the state into the possession of individuals, and thence into the ownership of the railroad company. It was a big undertaking and required many weeks of time. Mr. Nye did the greater part of the work, which speaks for the fairness and thoroughness of it. In addition, all laws and decisions relating to tideland property were read. The conclusion that was reached, after all this work, was that the title of the railroad company was weak. The Legislature, in the early fifties, had conveyed the land to the city, but the conveyance from the city to the private individuals seemed to us to have been consummated unlawfully. In fact, it appeared to us that the valuable street ends of four or five streets (including Broadway) had never been conveyed by the city to any person or corporation. I may say here that subsequently Mayor George C. Pardee, with assistants, took forcible possession of the Broadway end and it has remained in possession of the city ever since.

We also concluded that if the title could not be upset, at least the barrier around the city, established by the water front company leases, could be broken down. The situation at least warranted, and in fact demanded, that the city attack the legality of the railroad's claim to the tideland. If the city failed in this, then the lease-hold policy could be attacked. When the facts of our investigation had been whipped into shape, we gave them to the public, taking two pages of the *Enquirer* for the purpose. It is hardly necessary to say that the publication aroused great interest in the subject. Public opinion soon prompted the city authorities to commence legal action to regain the water front. The city employed able attorneys, and the railroad company put its best men forward in defense of its title. It was one of the greatest legal battles ever fought out in the courts of Alameda. The matter was in the courts for years. When the railroad found that the citizens of the east side of the bay had become aroused over the water front situation, and were in deadly earnest in their purpose to unbottle the City of Oakland and smash the bottle, they proposed to pacify the public by eliminating the objectionable prohibitive clauses in the leases, and sell, unconditionally, water front property that might be wanted by others and was not necessary to the plans of the railroad company for its business. The chief attorney for the company sent me word that, when in San Francisco, he would like to see me and discuss the situation. In the interview that followed he said that the present management of the company realized the error of the existing policy, and were now willing to sell and lease the water front property without the unpopular conditions. The company did subsequently announce this policy, and changed outstanding leases to comply with the more liberal plans. I told the attorney that there was a strong feeling running through the community of Oakland to the effect that the city had been unlawfully deprived of its water front, yet I did not think that this sentiment would ever have reached a stage serious to the interests of the corporation, had not the latter insisted upon the barrier around the city. Now it was too late to try to divert the city from its determination to try to win back the property. The company had delayed too long in correcting the evil. The matter would now have to be threshed out in the courts.

In the end, while the city did not gain all it set up a claim for, the result was of tremendous advantage and benefit to the community, and all that was necessary to insure the city's control of the water front for all future time. The city was confirmed in its claims for a small portion of the water front, from the high land to low water mark, and certain street endings, including the foot of Broadway, which were seized by Mayor Pardee. The final decision confirmed generally the title of the railroad company to that part of the water front embracing the strip between high land and low tide. It denied to the corporation the control or title to the property between low tide mark and ship channel, awarding such rights to the city. Practically the city obtained all it wanted and needed. The result of that contest will grow in importance each year for many, many years to come. It was a costly affair, but the value of property recovered and the benefit to the city made the cost a small matter in comparison. Through the advantage of controlling its own water front, we can only speculate now on the enormous benefits that will yet accrue to the city. The part that Mayors Pardee and Mott played in this matter will ever remain a most important feature in the history of the growth and progress of Oakland.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE SERVICE OF THE GOVERNMENT

Appointed Mint Superintendent—Retirement from Journalism—Incidents in the Management of the San Francisco Mint—Wm. J. Burns, Famous Detective—Story of a Remarkable Crime—Theft of $150,000.

WHEN JUSTICE MCKENNA resigned his position as Congressman to accept the appointment as a United States Judge of the Circuit Court, S. G. Hilborn, a resident of Oakland, but formerly for many years a resident of Vallejo, was ambitious to succeed to the position of Congressman. Mr. Hilborn had been prominent in political affairs and was a lawyer of considerable reputation. He had served Solano County in minor positions and also in the state Senate. He had represented the government as United States Attorney for the northern district of California, and had been prominent in the councils of the Republican party. He had been successful as a lawyer and a politician, and altogether was an able man. He was not particularly active, but a plodder with great tenacity of purpose. During the first years of my residence in Vallejo my relations with him had been intimate and ~~most~~ agreeable, and I had always been his warm supporter in all political contests. But when I became a candidate for the Legislature for the second term, against the wishes of Mr. Farnham, as heretofore related, much to my surprise, Mr. Hilborn was one of the few Vallejoites who made an effort to defeat me for the nomination. As I won and he did not carry his opposition farther than the nominating convention, the breach was easily bridged over when he wanted to go to Congress.

He was known to be an able man, familiar with the duties of the office, and who would go to Washington better equipped for the purpose, generally, than any available man in the district on the Republican side. For these reasons, he readily received the support of the *Enquirer*, and after a hard fight received the nomination for the unexpired term and for the regular term to follow, but the terms were voted for separately at the same election, with the strange result that he was defeated for the short term by the Democratic candidate, but was elected over his opponent for the regular term. Following this term he was again nominated and elected to succeed himself, after another strenuous fight. We had a terrific opposition to overcome, backed as it was with ample funds and some of the ablest and shrewdest politicians on this side of the bay. It was at this primary election that I detected the election officer in the act of depositing fraudulent votes in the ballot box. Of course, the satisfaction of winning such contests was very great. The *Enquirer* gained no small amount of prestige from the part it had taken in the matter. The success of the paper in political matters had an unpleasant side as well, which as time went along became very annoying to me, and was a matter that played no small part in my decision to sell the paper when an offer was made to purchase it. The almost unbroken record of success of the candidates receiving the support of the *Enquirer* gave the idea to many, ambitious to hold office, that all they had to do to gratify their desires was to secure the support of our paper. We were continually being importuned to support this man and that man for various offices. Some were good men and would have made satisfactory officials, but there were more that had no fitness. Of course it was useless to go into details and explain to each applicant that the *Enquirer* was not supporting candidates because of any personal interest in them; that its support was given to men because of their special fitness for the duties they would be called upon to fulfill; that the *Enquirer* did not make the selections of candidates; that was the work of the faction of the party which thought it was working to better political conditions in Oakland and Alameda County. My personal position in the relation of things was becoming too much like that of a boss in politics. I could plainly see the paper was working into a position, although imbued with the best of motives, where it would, with seeming justification, be accused of building up a condition of leadership in one faction that it was warring against, and trying to destroy in another. The thought was very disturbing to my peace of mind, and the worst of it was that I could formulate no satisfactory remedy. It was about this time, in May, 1897, after the inauguration of President McKinley, that I was greatly surprised to receive a telegram from Washington, signed by Congressman Hilborn, informing me that I was the choice of the delegation for the position of Superintendent of the United States mint in San Francisco, and desiring to know if I would accept the office. After taking a day to consider the matter, I decided to accept, concluding that the appointment would make it easier for me to get out of the newspaper business, and I wired an acceptance. I was appointed on the recommendation of Senator Perkins, and confirmed by the Senate in the month of June of that year, but I did not present my commission until August 1, that my predecessor, Honorable John Daggett, might fill out a four years' term of office. I found the duties to be agreeable and the work most interesting in character, which made me more anxious to be rid of the newspaper business, that I might give my whole attention to the new occupation. The opportunity came within a very short time. I sold the paper to G. B. Daniels and turned over my stock to him. It was with some feelings of regret, however, that I surrendered the property I had worked so hard to build up, and especially did I feel sadness in severing the intimate and close relations that had existed for years between myself and my loyal, zealous, and able co-laborers. However, the paper had accomplished the work it had set out to do, and I felt at liberty to turn it over to the control of other hands, especially as it was promised that the policy of the paper would not be changed, and Mr. Nye, although he had also sold his interest, was to remain as editor. The transfer took place in 1898. At first I hardly knew how to deport myself, after being so suddenly released from the numerous cares and duties that I had been methodically performing daily for years. I can not describe the sensation of relief. While in the business, every day and every moment of the hours when awake demanded my time in some form of thought or action, and nothing leisurely. Everything was done with the greatest speed, that all expected of me might be accomplished. Going on for over thirty years, this business practice had almost become a habit of life.

It was my privilege, as Superintendent of the mint, to participate in the administration of one of the most interesting eras of the coinage history of our country. In this was embraced the record of the greatest volume of gold coinage; the introduction of the Philippine coinage; the radical change in designs of our gold coins; the adoption of the new electrolytic method of refining, and the first introduction of improved machinery and methods in coinage operations. In short, these were the years of the greatest activity of the mints of the United States.

When I became Superintendent in 1897, the mint contained six steam engines, located in various parts of the building, to supply the power required to operate the machinery and appliances used in refining and coinage operations. Electricity for power purposes was not yet in general use; the practicability of long transmission lines at low cost had not been fully worked out. Even at the high cost of electric power of those days, I considered that it would be more economical to discard all the steam engines and adopt the plan of individual electric motors, so as to be able to apply power singly to the machines as they might be needed in coinage operations. My recommendation was accepted and approved by the authorities at Washington. I arranged to change from steam to electricity so that there was no interference with the operations of the mint whatever. The old style of coke and coal melting furnaces, which had been the form used ever since the government erected the first mint in 1793, were discarded and replaced with furnaces in which gas and crude oil were used for fuel. Modern water tube boilers, with fuel oil burners, replaced the old-fashioned tubular boilers of the power plant. Relating these facts calls to mind an interesting and rather amusing experience we had with some charcoal dealers not long after I became Superintendent. The mint was using about $250 worth of charcoal monthly. At the letting of annual contracts for supplies, a certain dealer in wood and coal was the successful bidder on the charcoal item at $11 per ton, which was about what the government had been paying for previous years' supplies. There were other bids, ranging from $15 to $16 per ton. As is usual in such cases, the contract was awarded to the lowest bidder, who offered to supply the coal for $11 per ton. The contractor gave a bond for the faithful performance of his agreement, and for about a month supplied the charcoal as ordered by the mint authorities, when he came to me and regretfully said that he would have to default on his contract and sacrifice the amount of his bond, otherwise the men who were controlling the charcoal business would ruin him. He said that he was able to get enough charcoal to fill his contract, independent of his opponents, but that they had enough influence to prevent wholesalers selling him wood and some kinds of coal. Upon inquiry I found that we were using charcoal almost exclusively to start the fires in the metal melting furnaces. Thereupon I told the contractor that he need not worry about his bond. The government would let the contract stand in force for the year, but would not call upon him to furnish any more charcoal, as in fact it would not use any more. The gratitude and appreciation of release from the unpleasant position in which he had been, and the saving of the bond were made manifest by the hearty shake of my hand. I ordered a cord of four-foot pine wood cut into six-inch lengths. At the mint, these blocks were split up into ordinary kindling, and the melters were told to use this kindling thereafter in place of the charcoal, and when laying their fires they would be permitted to soak the wood with coal oil, if necessary. Some of the old hands said it would be impossible to start the fires in that manner, but when asked why could only say, "It never has been done that way." However, upon the whole, the men entered into the spirit of the change and after the first morning discarded the use of coal oil, and as long as the coke and coal furnaces were in use in the mint the hands never used another lot of charcoal, and would not have used it as a matter of preference had there been a supply on hand. In the course of a month or more afterward the spokesman of the charcoal combine called on me and offered me a supply at a reduced figure, which of course I declined. He pointed out that the government could not get it from any other source. When I said that that might be so, he asked, why wouldn't we buy it from him. I replied, "Because we are done with using charcoal in the mint, especially when we can make $8 worth of pine answer the purpose of $250 worth of charcoal." The man was speechless. I never saw him again.

Some years before I became Superintendent, the department at Washington had directed that anthracite coal be used under the steam generating boilers, as this coal gave off no appreciable amount of smoke. The neighborhood had been making complaint of being annoyed by the smoke from the bituminous coals used. I knew of a lignite, remarkably free from smoke, mined in Oregon, which made an excellent fuel for steam boilers. I was able to have this coal laid down in the mint at about one-quarter of the cost of anthracite. Of course it required more pounds of the lignite to produce a given amount of steam than anthracite, yet the change netted the government a saving of over $700 per month in the cost of steam fuel. After the great development of oil wells in California, the cost of fuel was reduced to a still lower notch by the introduction of oil burners under the boilers and the use of oil as a fuel.

I think I found about as much interest in the operations of the refining department as anywhere else in the mint. With the discovery of the rich gold deposits on the Yukon River, bringing, as it did, a very great addition to the gold deposits at our institution, the importance of the refinery operations was correspondingly increased. The department was originally equipped with a plant for the nitric acid process. Subsequently a small sulphuric acid plant was added, when it was found that the process with the latter acid was more economical. When the gold deposits were so largely increased by the influx from the Far North, the old nitric plant was torn out to give place to the addition needed by the later-adopted process. All the wood work of the old plant was burned and the metal parts were melted, and from the ashes and meltings we recovered gold and silver of considerably greater value than the cost of the new addition to the refinery. Prior to this time, but little attention was given to saving the copper sulphate, which was a by-product in the operations of the refinery. A few crystallizing tanks had been provided, but the number was insufficient, and even then the solution was turned into the tanks only when the refinery hands could be spared for the purpose. At other times the solution of copper sulphate went down into the sewers. The idea was that the cost of crystallizing the solution would not be met by the returns from the sale of bluestone or copper sulphate. A complete system of tanks, pumps, and drying houses was installed, and all the solution was converted into bluestone and readily sold to consumers and dealers. Several thousand dollars per year were saved to the government by taking care of and marketing this by-product. The law required that the refineries of the mint should be operated as near to cost as possible, so that the cost of refining gold and silver, which is borne by the depositors, shall be reduced to the smallest possible figure without loss to the government. My predecessor had to deal with an extravagant organization when he took possession of the mint. The refinery had run behind in the previous four years and piled up a deficit of $82,230. He had made a decided improvement in conditions, but was unable, through the small volume of business, to place the refinery on a self-sustaining basis. However, his deficit for four years was only $15,361. In the first four years of my administration the earnings were $205,943, and cost of operation $206,205, a difference of only $262. Through the refinery having been operated at a loss for more than twenty years, there was a deficit of about $150,000. There was only one way to make this amount good, and that was to increase the earnings and reduce the cost of operations, which I did, so that before I resigned my position in 1907 the total deficit was wiped off the books by the annual credit of surplus earnings.

After the first six years of my administration as Superintendent, I had occasion to make an investigation of cost operation in the coinage department and wastage for that period. I found that in that time, we had handled $1,200,000,000 of gold. The law recognizes the difficulty in handling gold without some wastage, and fixes the limit of allowance of loss in melting at .001 per cent, and in coinage .0005 per cent; and our legal wastage with these limitations could have been $900,000 in the six years, whereas it was only $6361. In the matter of coinage and cost per piece turned out, the result also was gratifying to us all. Although the amount appropriated by Congress for coinage purposes for the San Francisco mint during the six years of my administration had been but little more than had been allowed for corresponding periods during three previous administrations, yet we had been able to produce nearly double the number of pieces of coin, or practically double the coinage. What was more satisfactory was that the cost per piece had been reduced from 4 cents and 6 mills to 1 cent and 6 mills, for the three years' work from 1902 to 1905.

The mint work was interesting from several standpoints, and not least were the metallurgical problems that frequently developed. They had to be worked out for the reason that there was little in technical books to direct us or to explain the difficulties. Our greatest troubles began when bullion from cyanide plants became common in deposits. At first the miners did not appreciate the necessity of freeing their product from zinc that became associated with the gold in the process of recovery, and its presence in the bullion not only made it difficult to determine accurately the value of the gold by assaying, but whenever any of the zinc or lead failed of elimination in the refining operation, there was trouble in the coining rooms when the operators there had to make the bullion into coin. It is remarkable how small a quantity of these impurities would make the gold unfit for coinage. As much as one part of lead or zinc to 999 of gold would render the metal absolutely unworkable in the coinage room. I have seen gold ingots, cast for the making of double eagles, or twenty-dollar pieces, so brittle from the presence of a small amount of these impurities that they would break in pieces when dropped on the stone floor of the rolling room. All problems of this character were eliminated when the electrolytic method of refining was substituted for the sulphuric acid process. The metal refined by electrolysis was converted to a practically pure state.

Not long after the cyanide process for gold recovery was in general use, a man came into the Superintendent's office and introduced himself as a miner and mine owner from the State of Nevada. He said he had a very private matter that he wanted to discuss with me, as he had been told that I could help him out of his difficulties. He first asked the privilege of shutting the office door so that his conversation could not be overheard by persons outside. Then he went on to say that he was sure that one of the largest and most responsible firms of bullion buyers in the city had been robbing him. He said that the bullion he had been shipping to this firm was a combination of gold and silver, with considerably greater quantity of silver than gold. The shipments were made about one per month, and until the last three months the returns from the buyers had been very satisfactory, agreeing with the mine manager's assay, but that during the last three months, there had been a decided falling off in the buyers' allowance for silver contents of his bullion. In reply to my inquiry, he said that the allowance for gold was all right. He also said that he had a very superior chemist in charge of his cyanide plant. When I asked the mining man how long this new and very "superior chemist" had been in his employ, he replied that he had secured him about three months before. His confidence in the "superior" ability of his new man was so great he had not noticed that the beginning of the period of his complaint of losses was about the time of the introduction of the new man in his works. In further response to my questions as to the details of operating his cyanide plant, he went on to tell me how the new man "soaked" the precipitates from the cyanide solution (which, of course, was the product of gold and silver from his ores) "in strong sulphuric acid for twenty-four hours," explaining that this final treatment of the bullion eliminated the zinc and other impurities that might be there. I then asked him what he did with the acid after it had been drawn off from the precious metals, or after he was through with the "soaking" process. "Oh," said he, "we throw it away!" I explained to him that the silver in the finely divided state was almost as soluble in the acid as the zinc, so that his "very superior chemist" had been throwing away a good part of his silver with the acid, and thus, in all probability, his suspicion of wrong doing on the part of the bullion buyers was unwarranted. He was dazed for a moment, and when he recovered his speech said that he "didn't see how his man could make such a blunder, as he was a thorough chemist, having worked in a drug store all his life!" He thanked me, but I never saw him again. However, I think there was a "superior chemist" who lost his job on short notice.

A very strange and interesting feature in relation to volatilization of precious metal arose while I was investigating the extent of furnace losses in the metal process of the coinage operations. I discovered one day that gold and silver in a finely divided state, but in globular form, were being deposited on the floor of the mint court, which is in the center of the building. A sweeping of the roof and gutters of the building gave a very good return in gold and silver. Such of the furnaces as were not equipped with dust and vapor-arresting chambers I immediately had rebuilt, adding the gold and silver saving device. The first year's saving more than paid for the expense. Upon looking into the subject further I found that the metals, when condensed from the vapor form, assumed the shape of perfect globules. In this case they were so minute that it required the use of a microscope to see them. I found precious metals inside the melting rooms, on all wall or other projections that would hold dust, as well as in adjacent rooms, in addition to that found in the court and on the roof. While there might be some question as to the form in which the gold was drawn up through the furnace chimneys and deposited in minute spheres on the roof and court of the building, there seems little room for argument that the metal was projected from the melting pots thirty feet or more across the room to find lodgment on the walls in the form of these minute globules, while other globules were being drawn up the chimneys as solids. A force strong enough to overcome the draft of the chimneys would have sent the globules with such force that the working men standing between the melting pots and walls, seemingly would have been struck by some of the little pellets of gold and silver if in solid form while in movement. No such sensation was ever experienced nor did we find any evidence of the metals leaving the furnace in solid form. The best explanation I have heard is that the metal in gaseous or vapor form, soon after its release from the heat which vaporized it, first returned to liquid form, in which, by surface contraction, it would be forced into globular form, when the cool atmosphere would quickly solidify it, returning it by the same steps through a cooling atmosphere, from gas to a solid, as by which, through heat, it passed from a solid to gas.

T. A. Rickard, the talented editor of the *Mining and Scientific Press* of San Francisco, asked me if I knew why some gold coins fresh from the mint possessed a slight greenish tinge. I had some experiments made to determine the cause, and found that a decided green color

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could be given to gold by adding silver in certain proportions to it. We knew that the presence of silver in gold bullion influenced the shades of its color, and the presence of copper had the same effect, and naturally attributed a green shade to the copper; but to our great surprise, after experiments in making many different combinations of pure gold, silver, and copper, we were unable to develop any bullion of a decided green color until we entirely eliminated the copper and melted together 700 parts of gold with 300 parts of silver. This combination gave a decidedly light shade of green. We obtained a decidedly darker shade of green by combining 900 parts of gold with only 100 parts of silver. To account for the green appearance of some gold coin it must be explained that the regulations allowed the presence of ten parts of silver out of 1000 parts of gold bullion to remain with the gold that was prepared for coinage, it being impractical, with the refining processes in use in those days, to remove all the silver from the crude bullion. It was always taken into account, when adding the copper for alloy, that of silver and copper there should not be more than the 10 per cent fixed by law. The blanks or disks cut for coins, before being stamped or pressed, were annealed, which is a process that requires heating the blanks up to a cherry red. This caused the particles of copper in the surface of the blanks to form the black oxide of copper. As the oxide is quite soluble, the subsequent dropping of the blanks that had been heated into a bath of diluted acid removed all the copper from the surface of the blanks, leaving in place a film of gold combined with what silver was left in the metal by the refiners, which frequently came near amounting to 1 per cent, and sufficient, under the procedure described, to impart a greenish shade to the coins. Why a white metal combined with a yellow metal should produce a green color I was unable to explain, a determination of the matter being beyond our equipment for investigation. The experiences mentioned are samples of the many we had, and are given to illustrate the character of problems and matters with which we had to deal.

Altogether, I suppose I had the most varied, exciting, and interesting, as well as distracting experiences of any other mint Superintendent that was ever commissioned in the United States. I have not attempted to relate all the incidents pertaining to my administration, especially some of the unpleasant matters involving acts of dishonest employees. The facts are matter of record, the offending parties in most cases were punished and are now trying to earn an honest living, and I would not say a word or write a line that would hinder or embarrass them in their praiseworthy efforts. Under the law that makes the Superintendent responsible for all losses of every character, my bondsmen had to make good to the government the theft of $30,000 in 1900, and in turn I had to deed over to the bonding company my real estate in Oakland which included the old homestead. I wanted the company to take some valuable mining property instead of the home place, but the company was afraid of mines and insisted on taking the Oakland property. However, this apparent misfortune was not a lasting one. A relief bill was introduced in Congress which had the indorsement of the Secretary of the Treasury and Director of the Mint, and the active support of Senator Perkins and Congressman Knowland. Much to my surprise and gratification, the measure was passed by both houses in the session of its introduction and was promptly signed by the President. It was the first time that a bill of this character, relating to a Pacific Coast beneficiary, was made a law in so short a time. Usually Congress takes from ten to fifteen years, or more, for consideration of acts of this kind of relief. It was due to the earnest work and influence of Senator Perkins and Congressman Knowland that an exception was made in this case. The appropriation enabled me to repay the surety company and receive deeds for the return of the property I had turned over to it a few months before. It was in connection with the loss of the $30,000 and the ferreting out of the party responsible for it that I became acquainted with William J. Burns, now of international reputation as the greatest of detectives. The friendship begun then has continued until this day. I should have said that he gave no small aid in the passage by Congress of the relief bill in my interest, when mentioning those to whom I was especially indebted for the enactment of that measure. I saw much of Mr. Burns in after years when he was prosecuting the Oregon land fraud cases for the government, and was able to render him some assistance in the famous San Francisco graft cases. When the scene of his activities was transferred to the Atlantic states and his business called him at times to San Francisco, he never failed to pay me a visit. Mr. Burns is a man of fine personality, polished, and an intensely interesting conversationalist; a man of high ideals, and incorruptible; he is endowed with a power of insight into human nature, an intuition, and a judgment of the acts of men that are something wonderful. These qualities, coupled with his utter lack of fear and a tenacity of purpose without limit, are the broad basis on which his great reputation rests.

In 1905 Mr. Burns gave me considerable assistance in a matter of investigation which I had been directed by the department to make. This was in the United States assay office at Seattle, where there existed some evidence of wrong doing on the part of some one connected with the institution. The case turned out to be one of very great importance, and the incidents involved gave it a character of unusual interest. At this time most of the deposits of gold made at the assay office were in the form of gold dust, nearly all of which came from the mines in Alaska. Gold in this form always carries a small per cent of black sand, which the miners can not eliminate from the gold dust without washing out the little fine particles of gold associated with it. When the gold dust is melted into bars by the government, or any one, for that matter, the sand goes off with the flux, and of course the gold, after melting, will weigh less than gold dust before melting, to the extent of the said elimination. I had made quite a study in our work at the mint of these apparent losses, and had found that the average loss should not exceed 5 per cent. So when complaint reached the Washington authorities from depositors at the Seattle assay office that they were suffering greater losses than they thought they should, I was directed to make an investigation of the matter. I was quite certain that something was wrong there. I took with me to assist in the work on this errand Lee Kerfoot, an exceedingly bright young employee of the mint. He was a graduate of the University of California, with experience in the melting of gold and dealing with the metallurgical problems arising from the work. My first step was to look over the institution and find out how the place was conducted, expecting to find the leak where there was laxity in adherence to the regulations. I found the office part of the work seemingly carried on with excellent system, and with every regard for the regulations and check required, but in the melting rooms, so far as proper supervision and care against dishonest losses were concerned, things were loosely conducted. For this reason I began the investigation in this department. Mr. Burns had assigned two first-class men to assist me, whom I detailed to run down the habits, past and present, of all employees of the melting room. This required about two weeks' work. In the meantime, Mr. Kerfoot and I were making experiments and taking notes of the daily operations in the melting room as if we expected to find the cause of the undue losses accountable to unskilfulness and carelessness in the melting operations. I personally took the weight of each deposit as it went to the melting room, and there every handling was closely watched by Mr. Kerfoot, until the deposit after melting came back and was weighed by me, and the losses in melting noted. Notwithstanding this care and watchfulness, at the end of each day's work the sum of the losses exceeded what experience told us should occur. It was plain that the stealing was still being practiced, notwithstanding our presence. The realization of this fact made us feel as if the fellow who was guilty of the dishonest work thought he was so shrewd and had his tracks so well covered that he could safely continue his stealing during our presence there, and was practically laughing in our faces. It was as if we were challenged to a contest in which the unknown was putting his skill and shrewdness against our wit. The thought, no doubt, acted as a spur in our determination to locate the thief. The reports of the detectives failed to show anything that would indicate that the workmen investigated were leading any other than normal lives. In fact, their characters and habits proved to be beyond criticism. Two weeks or more had passed without having discovered the slightest clue, and I was becoming discouraged, for in whatever direction we prodded it was without result, and the losses were going on daily with a regularity that was hard to accept as caused by dishonesty. One morning, while contemplating the situation and mentally going over all the procedures in receiving, melting, and depositing of the bullion that was being tampered with, I was reminded that all the deposits that came in the afternoon did not come direct to me to be sent out to the melting room, but were taken in charge by the cashier, and by him placed in the vault over night and then given to the melters in the morning. Instantly I felt that the path leading to a solution of the matter had been discovered.

I am sure that if any one had noticed me at that moment I would have betrayed the excited state of my mind. I immediately went to the books and made calculations of the losses on the morning deposit receipts that went direct to the melting room, and, as I expected, found the losses normal, and when I figured the losses on the afternoon deposit receipts that were taken in charge by the cashier and put in the vault over night I found them to run about 3 per cent greater than they should. I had been looking for the trouble in the wrong department. Here was a trail leading in another direction. It was not only a plain trail, but I could make out the man who had made it—none other than the cashier. Through little inquiry, I found out that the cashier was in the habit of coming down to the office a half hour or more before the time of beginning work and opening up the office, for the purpose, he said, of getting out the deposits kept in the vault over night so that the melters would not be delayed in starting their labors for the day. I knew then that he used this time to rob the deposits, and to do this without detection he had to make a substitution of black sand in weight for the gold removed. During the cashier's absence to lunch, I managed to get access to the vault and found the balances, or scales, in a tin box, which were necessary to weigh the gold in making the substitution. It was imperative for the success of his scheme that the deposits should weigh exactly the same, when he turned them over to the head melter, as when they were received the day before by the receiving clerk. We soon found that he used a dark-colored sand to replace the gold he took from the deposits, and Mr. Kerfoot, by some exceedingly clever work, found that the cashier obtained the sand from some distance at a point on Puget Sound shores. It was obtained under an assumed name in quite large quantities. He had used altogether in the dishonest work over a quarter of a ton of sand.

Although we were now positive of the guilt of the cashier, some evidence stronger than any we had was necessary before he could be charged with the crime. Therefore, we arranged with the manager of the bank which had filed the complaint at Washington that caused the investigation to supply us with a lot of gold dust, from which we sifted every particle of sand, and even all the small particles of gold. This was sealed in the presence of witnesses and sent to the assay office during an afternoon by a messenger, with a witness. It was noted by proper witnesses that the deposit was subsequently taken in charge by the cashier and placed in the vault. The next morning, when the deposit was turned over to the melter, instead of allowing it to go to the melting pot, we sifted it and recovered about *three ounces of sand.* As the deposit had not been increased in weight after its receipt, it was plain that an amount of gold equal to the weight of said sand had been abstracted. As we had been sifting deposits and manipulating them in various ways, our treatment of this particular deposit had no particular significance with the workmen who saw us working with it. Nevertheless, the cashier, within two or three days afterward, came down to the office in the morning, and instead of applying himself wholly to his work, busied himself with other matters. Among other things, he went to the vault and brought out the tin box which I was sure contained the balances with which he made his weights in the substitution process. Becoming convinced that he was preparing for flight, Mr. Kerfoot, who was on watch at the assay office for any such action during my absence, gave the signal to the secret service men who were conveniently posted outside, for the arrest of the cashier. He professed surprise and amusement that he should be charged with any wrong doing. He was taken to the office of the secret service men and was told with what offense he was charged. He was directed to open the tin box. He hesitated. When further commanded, he held the key to the lock, again hesitating, as if to delay the exposure of positive incriminating evidence. The secret service officer again spoke, demanding compliance with his request. The cashier obeyed, and with the raising of the lid of the box exposed to view a neat pair of balances with numerous little grains of gold dust scattered around on the bottom of the box, plainly showing the use the scales had been put to. The incident was further heightened by the cashier crumpling up and falling to the floor as if in a faint. After he "came to," or became composed, he confessed to some slight peculation, but denied responsibility for all the losses that had been going on for five years past. On his person the officers found $12,000 in currency that he had drawn from the bank that morning, leaving $3000 to his credit in his account, as we subsequently found when searching the city for property and money in his name. The sum of these two items represented a good part of his thefts for that year. This bank was a new institution, and he represented to the official that he was interested in or owned some good mines in Alaska, and that he desired to deposit his gold with the bank and have the bank dispose of it and credit him with the proceeds, as he, being an employee of the assay office, was prohibited from selling or depositing gold there. He stored up his daily stealings, and on days corresponding with the arrivals of steamers from Alaska would appear at the bank with a bag of gold dust and leave it there to be disposed of in accordance with the arrangements just mentioned. In that way he had acquired the credit of $15,000.

Knowing now how the cashier had been feloniously operating, it was incumbent upon us to discover to what extent his stealing operations had reached. This necessitated taking account of every deposit made in the assay office in the afternoons for that year and the preceding four years, and computing the difference between a normal loss and the loss shown by the books, which would approximately represent the stealings. This was not only a tedious but a complicated job, for the normal loss on gold varied with the districts from whence it came. Here again was where my young friend Kerfoot's talents came into play and rendered service hard to duplicate. By these computations we found the total of stealings to reach an amount somewhere near $150,000. I do not recall the exact figures. The next thing for us to do was to find where he sold the gold and what he did with the proceeds. It took some time, but we succeeded in locating his sales, which had been made once a year or thereabouts, and were pleased to find that the amounts of gold sold agreed exceedingly close with the amounts estimated by us to have been stolen. We had great trouble in finding out what he did with the gold stolen in the years of 1903 and 1904.

After exhausting the possibilities of the cashier having disposed of his stolen gold in Seattle in 1903, we knew that he must have taken it to some other place. But where? The attendance record at the assay office showed that at no time was there more than two consecutive days when he did not record himself as having been at the office. We then made a search in those cities which he might have visited by taking no more than two days' time for such a trip, but found nothing to indicate he had ever visited any of the places. The cashier himself explained those two days' absence by saying that he had spent them in a visit to friends in Portland, but we could not verify even that. We were well nigh discouraged when it occurred to us that the two days might have been Monday and Tuesday, which would have enabled him to use Sunday in traveling, making three days, and if he left the office Saturday morning, after recording his presence, and then returning late Wednesday afternoon in time to record his presence, he would have practically five days, which was the exact time it would have taken to go to San Francisco and back, arriving there in the morning and taking the train back in the evening. I immediately went to San Francisco and called on the officials of the Selby Smelting and Lead Company, explaining the case to them and telling them that I was sure that the cashier had, on the 18th day of November, 1903, sold to their firm about $16,000 worth of gold dust. An examination of the books showed that a purchase of just about that much had been made on that date. The receiving clerk was asked if there was anything about the man's action that would cause him to remember the appearance of the person who sold the gold to the firm. He promptly replied in the affirmative. He stated that, in the first place, the man declared that he was on his way East and must have his money that day, and insisted on paying a discount for the favor of getting the money at once, instead of waiting twenty-four hours, as was the rule for making payments. Then, again, he refused a check or coin, and would take nothing but currency. It is the practice at this institution to give a man a receipt for his bullion, which he holds while the gold is being assayed and its value ascertained, and which is surrendered upon being paid. The receipt in this transaction was issued to a name different from that of the guilty cashier, but the indorsement was plainly in his handwriting, and he had made some figures on the back of the receipt, computing the loss in melting, which were unmistakably his. Moreover, the clerk's description of the man closely tallied with the general appearance of the cashier. I was certain now that we had located the stealings and verified the amount for the year 1903. However, I wanted to make the evidence stronger. I felt satisfied that he would not dare to purchase a return railroad ticket and travel under an assumed name, as he would be likely to meet trainmen and other people who knew him, so I went to the railroad office and found that a ticket to Seattle had been sold on November 18 to the cashier in his proper name. The stub of this ticket, with the cashier's signature, was given me to be used in the trial. The evidence in this transaction was now complete, but we had yet to locate the sale made in 1904. This was a more difficult task, as his movements for the year had been more varied, and besides he was married early in December and had gone East on his wedding trip. We first concluded that it was on this trip he disposed of an accumulation of stealings of about 1000 ounces, valued at between $16,000 and $17,000. We thought that he would find some way to dispose of it at the United States assay office in New York, and that he would put himself to some trouble to accomplish it. We felt that he would undoubtedly make the deposit through a third party, and by his knowledge of the government's method of doing business, he would feel protected from robbery by any middleman or messenger. We endeavored to have the officials at the assay office assist us in locating the sale there, but through some misunderstanding or error in description the officials reported that no purchase of that magnitude in gold dust had been made by them that season. The findings of the officials threw us off the right track and in consequence of the blunder we spent weeks in inquiries and searched through each city where the cashier and his bride stopped on the roundabout way from Seattle to New York, requiring investigations in San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and New York City. In reviewing all this work it did not seem to us that any possibility had been overlooked. Nevertheless, we made another very careful search through San Francisco, but not a clue was found. I then began to think the officials at the government assay office at New York might have made a mistake. Finally I became positive in my mind that they had overlooked the deposit. I then wired the

Director of the Mint to cause another examination of the books of the New York institution, expressing my belief that on or about December 13 or 14 they would surely find a record of a deposit of gold dust of about 1000 ounces. The Director kindly took up the matter and I had the gratification of soon receiving a telegram in return saying that such a deposit as I had described had been made. It did not take long to connect the cashier with the transaction and secure evidence proving that he was the depositor. He sent the gold to the government office through the aid of a messenger, and all the communication he had with the office was over a telephone, located at a hotel other than that at which he was registered. The signatures made by him on the documents issued in the transactions were easily identified as being in the handwriting of the guilty cashier, although he used a fictitious name. Other facts were developed which helped to complete the chain of evidence of the man's guilt. The locating of this deposit also completed accounting for the amount estimated by us to have been stolen during the five years of his dishonest operations. We had been short in finding the disposition of all of his stealings for the last year, and finally reached the conclusion that in all probability he had not sold it and the gold would be found secreted somewhere around his home. Mr. Kerfoot, with the assistance of a secret service officer, went to the home of the cashier, and together they made a most thorough search of the premises, including the residence, garage, and other outbuildings and grounds. They had been at work several hours and had found where the cashier had endeavored to hide some black sand which was of the lot he had been using in making substitution for the stolen gold, as well as some of the appliances he had used in the dishonest work, when a setter dog belonging to the cashier brought in his mouth and laid down at the feet of the searchers a small buckskin pouch, as if he, too, had joined in the hunt for evidence against his master. The pouch still contained a few grains of gold, showing the use that had been made of it. However, so far, the gold the officers were in search of had not been discovered, although they had searched and poked into every nook, cranny, and corner from the roof to the basement of the residence, and were now in the cellar and about to give up the search, when Mr. Kerfoot called attention to the pile of about three tons of coal in a corner of the basement that they had not moved, although they had moved and repiled a cord or two of stove wood, and remarked that, to make the job complete, they would have to shovel it across the basement, so the two men started in on the job. They joked each other about being coal-heavers, especially when their complexions began to take on the hue of blackness that follows that vocation. They little expected that in the last possible place to be searched and under the last shovelful of coal to be moved in the remotest corner of the coal bin they would find two fat buckskin pouches containing the amount of gold missing from the estimate of the year's stealings, about $7000, but such was their reward.

In relating the story of this crime, I have only touched on some of the main and interesting features. The cashier pleaded guilty to stealing the gold missing for the year 1905. He was not charged and tried with the crimes committed in the other years, on the motion of the Assistant United States Attorney. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

The government seized all the property that could be found standing in his name, except the homestead and one or two other smaller pieces of real estate. The cashier was not extravagant and had not wasted the stealings. On the contrary, he had invested the proceeds of his rascally work with excellent judgment, largely in "near in" real estate, which had enhanced in value to a considerable extent. He accounted to his friends for these purchases by stories of rich relatives dying from time to time and leaving him large sums of money. The government sold the property and with the proceeds endeavored to restore to the miners the amounts of their losses. Considerable publicity was given of the intention of the government in the matter, but less than 50 per cent of the total amount stolen by the cashier was awarded to those who filed claims in the case. He had a number of influential friends who worked incessantly for a pardon and finally succeeded in getting him released from prison after he had served about six or seven years of the term of his sentence. He returned to Seattle and these friends found a good position for him, but in less than ninety days he was arrested once more and in prison. This time it was on a charge of taking some part in making counterfeit money. He was tried and convicted and sent back to the government prison.

He came from a good family, was refined in appearance, was bright, and had pleasant mannerisms, which made him well liked, if not popular. His was a strange case.

CHAPTER XV

GREAT EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE OF 1906

Destruction Wrought in San Francisco and Neighboring Places—The Battle to Save the Mint Building—How San Francisco's Financial System Was Re-established—Nation-Wide Generosity Shown to Victims.

PERHAPS I should class my experience in the great fire and earthquake of April, 1906, as the most exciting feature of my administration as Superintendent of the mint in San Francisco. While I would not seek another such experience, I have often said that I was glad the opportunity fell to me to be present and in the midst of one of the great disasters of history, but I shall always censure myself that I did not make a record of what I saw, as well as the observations of other people and my own thoughts while the circumstances and details of the awful affair were fresh in my mind. I was suddenly awakened soon after 5 o'clock on that memorable morning of April 18, with the hundreds of thousands of others who lived within a radius of a hundred miles of this section, to a realization of being shaken by an earthquake that seemed to threaten to tear our house to pieces. The building danced a lively jig, jumping up and down a good part of a foot at every jump, at the same time swaying this way and that; the walls and ceilings were twisting and squirming, as if wrestling to tear themselves asunder or one to throw the other down. Then there were the terrifying noises, the cracking and creaking of timber, the smashing and crashing of falling glass, bric-a-brac, and furniture, and the thumping of falling bricks coursing down the roof sides from the chimney tops. Now and then there would be a louder crash and roar, coming from some distance, that told, plainer than words, of the awfulness of the visitation and the greater destruction of property, if not life. The air was filled with dust. It seemed as if the shaking would never cease. Every vibration seemed to be followed by another more fierce, stronger, and more destructive. I lay in bed and saw the debris of wrecked chimney tops go sailing down past our bedroom windows. I felt that I was in as safe a place there as anywhere else in the house while the shaking lasted, and much safer than to attempt to go out of doors. Then I also felt that if the terrible disturbance was primary to the end of all things we might as well meet our fate right where we were. I confess that for a few seconds I was impressed with the idea that the end of the world had been reached. I did not get out of bed until the shaking ceased. Hastily dressing, I hurried to the street, expecting to find many houses wrecked and churches and other large buildings in ruins. I was greatly surprised to find so little damage done. A church tower had tumbled down on Telegraph Avenue a couple of blocks from our house, and its debris practically blockaded the street. A frame building, an old two-story rickety affair, at the intersection of Hobart Street and Broadway, had fallen flat. A larger, built-over frame apartment house on Eleventh Street was wrecked so it had to be taken down. Nearly every brick building in town suffered a loss of fire walls, while three or four old buildings were so badly injured that they were subsequently removed and new buildings erected in their place. The modern steel-framed structures went through the test without serious injury. The tall buildings were as immune from injury as the smaller ones. There was not a building in Oakland, Alameda, or Berkeley, that I heard of, that was not shorn of its chimney tops. This contributed no small amount of discomfort in household affairs, especially in culinary operations. People who relied upon gas stoves for their kitchen needs were not discommoded any length of time. On this side of the bay the gas and water mains did not suffer any serious damage. There was not a household that did not suffer some loss from broken crockery, ornaments, furniture, etc. Interiors, in some instances, were flooded by the breaking of water pipes inside of the houses. The addition of soot, broken plaster, and the liquid contents of broken glass containers increased the misery in many homes.

People who were on the street during the earthquake said that the shaking of the houses made a terrific din. The houses, and especially the roofs, emitted clouds of dust. Tree tops and telegraph poles were swaying several feet back and forth, and the surface of the streets running east and west moved in undulations not unlike the waves on the bay. With all of the tumbling of chimneys, crumbling of fire walls, and falling buildings, only two or three people were killed in Oakland, and not more than a score of injuries were reported. People were frightened and many could not be induced to enter their homes for a length of time—some for hours and some for days. Fortunately, we were having a spell of about as fine weather as one could wish for. The air was warm and balmy for a couple of days more, so it was no hardship to eat and to sleep out of doors, as many people did, until driven in by the cold winds and rain storm a little later on. Our family ate their breakfast inside the house, though it was cooked out in the back yard on a camp fire. People who had gas stoves were soon able to resume their cooking operations in the house, the gas company having quickly repaired damages to its plant and renewed the supply of gas. But people who depended on wood or coal stoves, with chimneys to carry off the smoke, were not allowed to use them until the chimneys were examined by a city inspector, who would then issue a permit. Bricklayers were in great demand for several weeks.

After an early breakfast, and finding that none of our family had been hurt, I walked down town to see what had happened and hear what I might from other places. Upon reaching Fourteenth and Broadway my thoughts for the first time touched upon San Francisco, and I instinctively turned my eyes in its direction. I saw that the heavens above the city were filling with the black smoke of a great fire, which was rapidly finishing the work of destruction begun by the earthquake, and that a disaster more appalling than anything ever dreamed of and more extensive in destruction of property ever before known was now upon the unfortunate city. Under the circumstances I knew my presence was needed, or at least my place of duty was at the mint, to direct and assist in protecting the government property placed under my care as Superintendent. I had great difficulty in making the trip to the city. The local trains connecting with the ferry-boats were not running on schedule, and when a train did come along the roofs and platforms were covered with people who could not get inside. It seemed as if about all of Oakland's population was bound for San Francisco, but few people, however, were carried over by the ferry-boats. The trains were halted along the line between Broadway and the pier. By riding on one until it stopped, then running ahead and getting aboard of another and walking from the foot of Seventh Street to the end of the pier, I finally reached the ferry slip, to be told that no one was allowed to go on the boats bound for the city and that the boats would only be run to bring refugees from San Francisco. I hunted up Mr. Palmer, the division superintendent, and asked him to make an exception of my case and let me go over. He said he fully appreciated the circumstances of my request and would send me across the bay immediately. I was directed to go aboard one of the ferry-boats in the slip and was soon on the way to the city that was being ravaged by fires arising in almost every direction. I took a position on the upper deck as far forward as possible and tried to pick out the districts threatened by the flames. At this hour there were several distinct and separate conflagrations, which merged into one great, sweeping fire later in the day. The fires were started, no doubt, by the disturbance of electric wires, upsetting of stoves, etc., in half a dozen or more sections of the city, but more particularly in the wholesale district, the water front section, and the district through to the Mission from the bay. The earthquake had broken the water pipes in the streets in many places, therefore the mains were empty and no water was to be had by the firemen at any of the hydrants. They were helpless away from the water front. By getting water from the bay, the fire department prevented the flames from spreading to the docks and warehouses on the piers, and also saved considerable other property adjacent to the waterfront.

It was a terrible sight. Flames were leaping high in the air from places scattered all the way across the front part of the city. Great clouds of black smoke filled the sky and hid the rays of the sun. Buildings in the track of the rapidly spreading fire went down like houses of cardboard; little puffs of smoke would issue from every crevice for a brief time, to be suddenly followed by big clouds of black smoke which would hide things for an instant, as if in attempt to shut out the vision of the tragedy being enacted. Great masses of flame would quickly take the place of the smoke and shoot up above everything, announcing the consummation of destruction, and then sweep on to the doomed one next in order. I could see that the devastation was going on in the very midst of the most important and costly part of the city—the wholesale, financial, and retail districts. How far the fire had extended I could not make out; whether the mint structure had yet been subjected to the fury of the flames I could not determine. The uncertainty increased my anxiety to reach the building.

Landing from the ferry, I found both sides of Market Street for several blocks from the ferry building to be in a mass of flames. Passage up town was also blocked by the flames by the way of Mission, Howard, Folsom, and other parallel streets on the south. To the north, along the water front, I made my way on docks, passing in front of the burning buildings facing the bay, amid firemen fighting the flames, and hundreds of refugees racing for the ferry building, having learned that the cities of Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley afforded an asylum for the homeless of San Francisco. These people were of all classes and conditions, young and old, male and female. Many were laden with all they could carry of household things, pet animals, and birds in their cages, but more people passed along in the race for a safer place with no loads or packages to hinder them. By use of the word "race" I do not mean to imply that the movements of the crowds indicated any showing of panic. On the contrary, I did not see a single person in tears or manifesting fear. Every one seemed to realize that all were menaced by the same danger and victims of the same misfortune, and were reduced to a common level for the time, at least—a condition which seemed to arouse the utmost confidence in one another. The sight of so much distress drove into obscurity the baser soul, to give the fullest play to all that was noble and good in man. Never was human life and person, or personal property so safe from injury or loss by depredation in San Francisco as on that terrible day, and for the several days following.

I went as far north as Jackson or Pacific Street, thence west around the fire. I found at Sansome Street the fire fighters concentrating their efforts there to prevent the fire from crossing the thoroughfare and spreading west; and as on Market Street, from the intersection of Sansome Street west as far as the street was built up, the fire had not been able to cross, it was thought and hoped that all that valuable property and business west of Sansome and north of Market were going to be saved from the conflagration. This hope remained strong until late in the afternoon, when the fire, slowly eating its way north on the east side of Sansome Street, reached a tall building between Clay and Washington streets which was filled, from cellar to attic, with inflammable goods. This structure made a terrific blaze, which was communicated to some frame buildings across the street which were very flimsy. The appellation, "fire fiend," seemed to be the only term appropriate at this point. The flames acted as if they knew that, so far, they had been prevented from crossing to the buildings on the other side all along Sansome Street, but now they had conquered the resistance after an all-day fight and hesitated only long enough to gather strength for a terrific and terrifying demonstration of their destructive powers. The buildings at the point of the crossing were wiped out in a few moments, then from a direction west across the territory thought to have been saved from the fire raced a column of flame about a block wide like a prairie fire, leaving the property bordering its path for more deliberate destruction. In almost less time than it takes to tell about it the flames jumped from Sansome to Montgomery, then from the latter street to Kearny, seizing upon Chinatown with a fury that terrified the poor Chinamen and prevented them from saving much or anything in the way of goods or personal effects. The fire moved more slowly in spreading in the other directions, but it was this particular part of the conflagration that completed the destruction of the business district and hotel section and burned for more than two days afterward before it was conquered by the firemen, citizens, and soldiers who, when routed at Sansome Street, retreated to Van Ness Avenue, and there put up a successful line of defense. The fire burned up to that street, but there it was stayed. The part of the conflagration which swept from the ferry building on through the wholesale district and thence through the Mission finally worked its way across Market Street and joined the Sansome Street branch of the fire. It would take too much space to attempt to relate all the details of the burning of the city. But in those three days of horror every bank, every theater, every newspaper, all the large business houses, and the homes of over one-third of the population of the city had been swept out of existence.

To return to the description of my efforts to reach the mint building: when I reached Kearny Street and found that I was out of the fire zone, I started in the direction of the mint, using Kearny, Sutter, and Post streets until I reached Union Square. In crossing Union Square I saw the dead body of a man wrapped in a quilt lying near the base of the Dewey monument. I was told that the unfortunate was a victim of the earthquake. I had now passed through a good portion of the substantial part of the city not yet attacked by the flames and was able to observe the damage caused by the earthquake. I was surprised to find that all the first-class buildings on good foundations were practically uninjured. There were some poorly constructed buildings erected on made ground which were thrown down, among which the hotel on Valencia Street, where the greatest loss of life took place, was a notable instance. Frame houses on solid ground but a short distance away on either side of the hotel showed little evidence of having passed through an earthquake.

After leaving Union Square I walked down Powell toward Market. Upon reaching the last named street I was stopped by the soldiers posted along the thorough-

A PHOTOGRAPH taken on the morning of the first day of the great fire that describes more vividly the extent and frightful character of the disaster than can be given in words. All the buildings in the foreground were destroyed within a few hours after the picture was taken.

fare to keep all people from passing into the burning district. Just what advantage to the public, property owners, or any one, for that matter, such use of the soldiers was, or of what value their instructions were, I could never learn or understand. The action of the troops prevented proprietors of stores and office people from visiting their places of business, securing papers, and saving personal belongings. They prevented the looting of the doomed stores, it is true, but probably it would have been better to have thrown the store doors open and let people carry off what they could than stand over the property with loaded rifles, threatening death to any who attempted to enter until the flames came along and devoured the stuff and relieved the soldiers. However, I was displeased with the manner in which the soldiers pushed me back, in my several attempts to cross Market Street at different points. Finally, at the intersection of Mason and Market streets, while trying to convince a guard that I was a government officer and that my duty called me across the street, a policeman who happened to know me came along, and finding out what I wanted ignored the soldier and escorted me to the other side of Market Street, thence down to Fifth Street, where the mint was located. I felt exceedingly grateful for his kindness and could not help admiring this evidence of superior judgment of the police over the military in this particular case.

When I reached the mint building I found that I had also reached the edge of the fire zone. A lot of small buildings directly opposite the mint building on Fifth Street had already been destroyed by the flames, and the fire was slowly eating its way northerly toward the Metropolitan Temple and Lincoln school building, both of which faced on Fifth Street; besides, from the center of the same block it was working its way more rapidly toward the big Emporium Building. Another branch of the flames had swept the buildings on the south side of Mission opposite the mint building, and was crossing Mission, heading for Market Street, clearly pointing out for destruction all the big buildings west and north of the mint; and it was also evident that before the afternoon was over the two fires would come together on Fifth Street, and thus cut off the mint building from communication with the outside world and surround it with fire, if not destroy it. Early in the beginning of the conflagration a great many of the poor people living in the vicinity of the mint brought quantities of bedding and other household things such as could be easily handled and piled the stuff on the walks around the building, thinking it would be safe there.

One of the initial fires, that finally merged with others in making the general conflagration, started a block below the mint on Fifth Street in a rickety frame building used as a boarding house. It was partially thrown down by the force of the earthquake shocks. A stove in which a fire had been started to cook breakfast was upset and the red-hot coals, when spilled out, set fire to the place. Firemen quickly appeared on the scene while the flames were yet small and could easily have been extinguished if any water could have been obtained from the hydrants. They could only stand by and watch the fire grow into an uncontrollable demon of blaze.

Inside the mint building I was greatly pleased to find fifty of our employees, whose sense of loyalty to duty had not been modified by fear of earthquake or the horror of being penned up in a big building surrounded by fire. They were there to do their best to help save the property of the government, and they went about the work in a simple, every-day manner, but nevertheless with earnest, willing, and active spirit. I felt proud to be Superintendent of that band of faithful and brave men. The captain of the watch, T. W. Hawes, had directed the work with excellent judgment until I arrived. They had fought the fire away from getting a foothold in the building from the east and south sides, but we all knew the worst was to come when the flames reached the big buildings to the west and north of us.

I made a trip over the inside of the building and had things made snug and had all inflammable material removed from proximity to the openings in the walls on the north and west sides. A survey from the roof about 1 o'clock in the afternoon made our position look rather perilous. It did not seem probable that the structure could withstand that terrific mass of flames that was sweeping down upon us from Market Street. The fire that had cut across Mission Street to the west of us had swept out northwesterly to Market Street, then east as if to join hands with the other branch of the fire then raging in and on both sides of the big Emporium Building; it had thus marshaled the elements of destruction and was now marching them down on the mint building. The battle would soon be on. Lieutenant Armstrong of the United States army was thoughtful enough to bring a squad of ten soldiers from Fort Miley to help in any way the men could be of service to us. These with our own men made a fighting crew of sixty, which was divided up into squads for work on each floor, from the basement to the roof. Fortunately for us, we had a good supply of water. In fact, it is a matter of interest to know that, some months previous, the suggestion came to me that we should have the building piped and fire hydrants and hose at suitable places installed on each floor to protect the building from any fire originating on the inside. It was only about ten days before the great disaster came upon us that the last hydrants of the system were put in place on the roof. Our water supply was independent of outside sources, being derived from an artesian well in the court. With a strong pump in the boiler room we were able to force a good stream to any part of the roof. Then the two large tanks located on the roof, filled with water, gave us a strong head for two hose streams at the basement floor. Without this protection the building would, without question, have been gutted by the flames. But even these alone would not have been sufficient to keep the fire from gaining a foothold. On the second and third floors the men worked almost wholly with buckets. Every man stuck to the post where he had been placed. There was not a whimper, though some knew their homes were in the path of the fire, and all felt there was possibly something else besides the safety of the building depending upon the issue of the contest with the great mass of fire that was soon to sweep against us. I know I had decided that, if we should be unable to withstand the heat of the flames beating against and over the building, or should be driven out by the flames taking possession of the structure, what I should try to do to preserve the lives of the brave men defending the property. I formed a plan of retreat, if the worst came, but said nothing of it to the men. If the mint building had burned it would have been warm work for us, in more than one sense, in getting outside of the fire zone, but I think we would have succeeded, for the buildings to the south of us had been burned away, so we could have gone to the streets, where we would only have had to endure the heat of the ruins until an opening was made in the fire circle surrounding us. We possibly would have had to remain inside the fire zone, like cattle in a huge corral, until the fire burned out at some point to enable us to make an exit. However, we did not have much time for speculation, or long to wait for the contest to begin. We had scarcely finished placing the men when, inside, the building was made almost dark as night by a mass of black smoke that swept in upon us just ahead of the advancing flames; then, following, came a tremendous shower of red hot cinders, big and small, which fell on our building as thick as hail in a storm, and piled up on the roof in drifts nearly two feet deep at one place against a fire wall for a distance of twenty feet. The court in the center of the building was open to the sky, and in it were much wood and timber. Here the sparks and cinders fell as thick as elsewhere, a dozen little fires were starting at various places in the court, and the men with the hose streams at each end of the court had all they could do to keep those fires down and new ones from starting. In the height of this feature of the fight I went out into the court to show a soldier who was handling one line of hose how to get the most efficiency from the stream of water. Before I could get back my clothes and hat were scorched by the falling cinders. The difficulty of keeping the fire from getting a foothold here greatly increased my fear that the mint was doomed to destruction. Finally the shower of living coals abated somewhat, making the fight in the court easier, so I passed to the upper floor, where I felt that the hardest struggle against the flames would soon take place. The buildings across the alley from the mint were on fire, and soon great masses of flames shot against the side of our building as if directed against us by a huge blow-pipe. The glass in our windows, exposed to this great heat, did not crack and break, but melted down like butter; the sandstone and granite, of which the building was constructed, began to flake off with explosive noises like the firing of artillery. The heat was now intense. It did not seem possible for the structure to withstand this terrific onslaught. The roar of the conflagration and crashing of falling buildings, together with the noises given off from the exploding stones of our building, were enough to strike terror in our hearts, if we had had time to think about it. At times the concussions from the explosions were heavy enough to make the floor quiver. Once I thought a portion of the northern wall and roof had fallen in, so loud and heavy was the crashing noise. Great tongues of flame flashed into the open windows where the glass had been melted out, and threatened to seize upon the woodwork of the interior of the tier of rooms around that side of the building. Now came the climax. Would we succeed in keeping the fire out, or should we have to retreat and leave the fire fiend to finish the destruction of the mint unhindered? Every man was alive to the situation, and with hose and buckets of water they managed to be on hand at every place when most needed—first in this room and then in that. The men in relays dashed into the rooms to play water on the flames; they met a fierce heat; though scorched was their flesh, each relay would remain in these places, which were veritable furnaces, as long as they could hold their breaths, then come out to be relieved by another crew of willing fighters. How long this particular feature of the contest went on I have little idea, but just when we thought we were getting the best of the fight another cloud of dense, black, choking smoke suddenly joined the flames and drove us back to the other end of the building, and some of the men, more sensitive to the stifling smoke, were compelled to go to the floors below. I thought the building was now doomed, beyond question, but to our surprise the smoke soon cleared up and the men, with a cheer, went dashing into the fight again. Every advantage gained by them was told by their yells of exultation. We were gaining in the fight when word came to me that the roof was now on fire and the flames were getting beyond the control of the men there, who only had buckets to fight with. The roof men wanted a hose stream, but I sent word back that the hose was needed on the third floor for a while longer and that as soon as we were out of danger at this point we would attack the roof fire from underneath in the attic. I knew the roof would burn slowly, as it was covered with copper roofing plates. The explosions of the stones in our walls grew fainter, and finally we heard no more of them. The flames ceased their efforts to find entrance to our stronghold through the windows, but the heat reflected from the mass of red hot ruins to the north of us was almost unbearable; we could not see what the situation was outside, or tell just what other or further experience was in store for us. However, we began to feel that the fight was nearly won and that, after all, we were going to save the building. We were now able to keep the interiors of the rooms which were most threatened wet down by the bucket men, so I sent the men with the hose to extinguish the roof fire, which was quickly done. In a half hour or so our defensive work was over. I now had time to take some observations, and made a trip over the building for that purpose. I found that the building had not been seriously injured, and that with careful watching and preventing the lodgment of cinders, there would be no further danger of the mint being destroyed. The fight was won. The mint was saved.

We were a happy band, pleased with the result of our efforts in successfully fighting off the fire, but we did not think so much of our victory until a day or two later when we saw the benefits to follow to the stricken community in a financial way. We opened the only available vaults in the city holding any considerable amount of coin.

It was now near 5 o'clock in the evening. The struggle with the fire demon had lasted from early morning, and all were tired, but there were other duties to be performed by them, as no relief crew was obtainable. The men were divided in watches, which gave some of them opportunity to obtain a little rest. The watch on duty was stationed at the exposed places. The hose lines were stretched, filled buckets were placed in convenient places, and steam pressure in the boiler room was ordered kept up so the fire pumps could be started at a moment's notice, if needed. When all the preparations and plans for the night had been arranged I determined to make the effort to go to Oakland and send a report to the Director of the mint at Washington, as I knew the authorities there would be pleased to know that our building had been saved. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me as I descended the steps of the mint building into Fifth Street and noted the change that had taken place there within a few short hours. When I passed down that block on Fifth Street from Market in the morning all the large business blocks, the Metropolitan Temple, and the Lincoln school were intact. The soldiers, policemen, firemen, and privileged citizens moving to and fro then gave animation to the scene, but now, turn which way you would, the view presented was one of utter ruin, desolation, and loneliness. The buildings just described were piles of smoking and blazing ruins. The street was encumbered with fallen trolley poles and tangled wires and other indestructible debris from the burned buildings. Not a human being was to be seen. It seemed as if all the people and buildings of the city but the mint and its defenders had been destroyed. It was a most depressing scene of desolation.

The heat was intense, but I picked my way through the obstacles lying in twisted and tangled masses in the street until I got out of the fire zone. I then started for the ferry at the foot of Market Street, taking something of the course on my return as that by which I came in the morning, although I had to make a wider detour to the north, as the flames had worked several blocks farther in that direction. On my way I saw that part of the fire had escaped from the firemen on Sansome Street and was racing across Kearny Street to Dupont, threatening, in its course, the destruction of Chinatown. The poor, unfortunate inmates of this section, realizing the fate in store for their homes and property, were in a state of great activity and excitement. From the speed the fire was making in their direction and the reluctance some of the Chinamen were showing in the way of leaving their homes and property, I felt that there would be a loss of life here to be added to the list of deaths caused by the disaster, but the soldiers and police came along and drove the loiterers out of the zone of danger. It was an appalling scene that I passed through on my way to the ferry. The wild march of the flames up the hill, the fleeing residents, the rushing of the firemen with their engines and trucks, and of other fire fighters to a new line of defense, the exploding charges of dynamite used to blow down buildings in the path of flame, combined in telling, in a manner stronger than words, the terrible character of the disaster the people of San Francisco were facing.

After arriving in Oakland I immediately went to the telegraph office and filed a dispatch to the Director of the mint at Washington, D. C. The telegraph office was crowded with people trying to send messages to relatives and friends. To give an idea of the extent of business suddenly thrust upon the telegraph company within the ten days following the fire, it may be said that it was unable to place all the messages filed upon the wires and hundreds were forwarded by mail. However, all government business had the right of way and was forwarded at once, so I was soon in touch with the authorities at Washington. The following is the substance of the report I sent the evening of the first day of the fire:

San Francisco visited early this morning by terrible earthquake followed by fire which has burned the greater part of business district. Mint building not damaged much by shock. Every building around the mint burned to the ground. It is the only building not destroyed for blocks. I reached building before the worst of the fire came, finding a lot of our men there, stationed them at points of vantage from roof to basement, and with our fire apparatus and without help from the fire department we successfully fought the fire away, although all the windows on Mint Avenue and back side third story were burned out; fire coming in drove us back for a time. Adjusting rooms and refinery damaged some and heavy stone cornice on that side of building flaked off. The roof burned some little. Lieut. G. R. Armstrong, Sixth United States Infantry, with squad of men, was sent to us by commanding officer of department, who rendered efficient aid. Fire still burning in central and western parts of city, and what little remains of central business section is threatened. I could not report sooner, as I had to wait until I could return to Oakland. No dispatches could be sent from San Francisco.

There was great activity in Oakland among the people in preparing to take care of the thousands of refugees who had so suddenly and unexpectedly been thrown upon the generosity of the community. The churches and all public assembly places were thrown open to the homeless and hungry. Food, bedding, and clothing were provided as if by magic. Thousands of private homes were opened to the sufferers, and no one had occasion to complain. An intelligent organization of Oakland's leading and active citizens was effected in the shortest possible time. Lawyers, merchants, capitalists, preachers, teachers —in truth, people, men and women from all walks of life—were represented in the list of those who responded at once to aid in receiving and caring for the sufferers. Committees were sent to the depots and ferries to receive and direct the sufferers to places of refuge as fast as they arrived within the limits of Oakland. It was a grand and noble work, and was discharged with willingness and enthusiasm. It would take too much space to relate the details of the later organization and work of the citizens in caring for the refugees, the establishment of camps, and the orderly provision for the multitude of people of almost all nationalities. All I can say here is that it was well done, and a credit to the community and humanity of the people composing it.

The sudden doubling of the population of Oakland and other conditions warranted the calling out of several companies of the National Guard to assist in policing the city, and before dusk the streets were being patrolled by soldiers. However, there was little need of them, for the circumstances of the disaster, for the time being, filled the minds of every one with only the best of thoughts and traits of character. The best that is in humanity was on parade. Strange as it may seem, it is no less a truth that life and property were never more respected or more secure than during the trying days following the disaster. All lines of class feeling were obliterated; the rich and the poor were on the one level of life. I do not remember of an instance when any individual failed to respond in the performance of duty to his fellow in distress, when and wherever called upon.

That first night of the disaster, the flames from the burning buildings in San Francisco illuminated the western part of the heavens well nigh to the zenith, and the light reflected made the streets of Oakland like twilight. Thousands of people who had been made nervous by the earthquake in the morning would not go into their homes to sleep, and either made their beds on the ground away from danger of falling walls or walked the streets. Thousands sought places of advantage from whence they could watch the progress of the conflagration on the other side of the bay. So far as weather conditions were concerned, the day and night were beautiful. This fact made it desirable and not unpleasant to be out of doors.

I retired early and had a good night's rest, which I felt was necessary, that I might be in the best trim to meet the demands my position would probably call for when I reached the mint the following day.

I reached San Francisco quite early Thursday morning. When I landed there I found the ferry building almost deserted. A policeman and two or three citizens were all the people to be seen around that usually lively place. I asked the policeman how I could best get up town. He said he did not know of any route not accompanied with danger, or without going through the fire zone. There was no way of going around the fire, as he was informed that it was then burning near the water or bay, both north and south, therefore he advised me not to try to make the trip. I asked if Market Street would not admit of a possible passage. He replied in the affirmative, and said that, if I was determined to go, that was undoubtedly the best way to get there. One of the citizens standing near, hearing the conversation, spoke up and volunteered the information that one or two parties of men had succeeded in making the trip through the burned district by following Market Street to the ferry building, although one man had been killed by falling walls and the balance of his party had been nearly suffocated by the smoke and heat from the ruins lining both sides of the street. This information was not very encouraging, but I felt that I must try to reach the mint building, as I had not heard from there since leaving the evening before, so I started out. The heat was not so great as I expected, but every now and then suffocating clouds of smoke enveloped me so closely I could hardly see or breathe. There were tons and tons of débris from all kinds of building material lying in huge masses in the street. In one or two places the fallen ruins had filled the street from curb to curb, several feet deep; these I had to clamber over, practically on "all fours." Tottering walls still stood in many places on both sides of the street. They appeared as if the slightest earthquake shock or puff of wind would send them toppling. As we had been experiencing shocks of earthquake every few hours, following the big shock, I must confess I felt I was in peril, and heartily wished I was out of that particular place. The worst of the trip was between the ferry and Montgomery Street. From Montgomery Street west to Fifth Street I had fair going, as there was but little smoke and less heat, and no débris except on the sidewalks. I was probably one of the first who passed through Market Street from the ferry, after the buildings on both sides of the street had been burned. I saw no evidence of the mishap the citizen had described to me, although I saw the dead body of a man, a victim of the fire, lying in the street near the sidewalk in front of what had been Spreckels Market. The head had nearly all been burned off, though the clothes were scarcely scorched. While about midway between Montgomery and Kearny streets on Market I noticed a small, two-story brick building still intact, which, for some strange reason, had escaped the flames that had gutted the big Crocker building to the east and the *Chronicle* building on the west and leveled the buildings between. While I stood there alone, the only person on the street, marveling as to how the building could have escaped destruction, a little jet of flame appeared above the eastern fire wall on the roof. It could have been extinguished with a bucket or two of water. I recall now that, while I saw that the building was doomed to the fate of its neighbors, it did not seem a matter of much importance. The idea probably arose from a sense of relation, wherein this building was so unconsiderable an affair, compared with the large and costly structures by which it had been surrounded, now gutted and in ruins.

I met with no other incident in completing my journey to the mint building than encountering the dead body before mentioned. I will not attempt to describe my feelings or my thoughts while making that trip up Market Street, solitary and alone, between the towering and threatening ruins of the great buildings which had lined San Francisco's main thoroughfare and amid an awful and suggestive silence. When I turned into Fifth Street quite another scene was pictured. My heart thrilled with emotion at the sight of our national colors floating from an improvised staff thrust out from the front gable peak of the mint building, the staff from which it was usually flown having been burned. The waving flag confirmed our victory over the fire demon in the contest of the day before, and proclaimed a haven of some comfort for all who could gather under its folds, and a nucleus in the restoration of the city. On the sidewalk around the building was an encampment made of all kinds of improvised shelters, occupied by several hundreds of people. In some way, they had found that the fountains in front of the building were a source of fresh water, one of the very few supplies available in the entire burned district. As the sidewalks and the two lawn spaces in front of the building offered a camping place, as many as could be accommodated located there. Having an abundant supply of fresh water in our wells, I had a couple of pipe lines run to convenient places near the sidewalk, and for two or three days there were lines of people awaiting their turns at the faucets. Among the campers I found some acquaintances and some guests from the St. Francis Hotel. The mint people did all within their power to make the refugees comfortable. One or two sick people were given shelter in the building for the night.

The mint now being out of danger, I sent the following message to the Director of the mint:

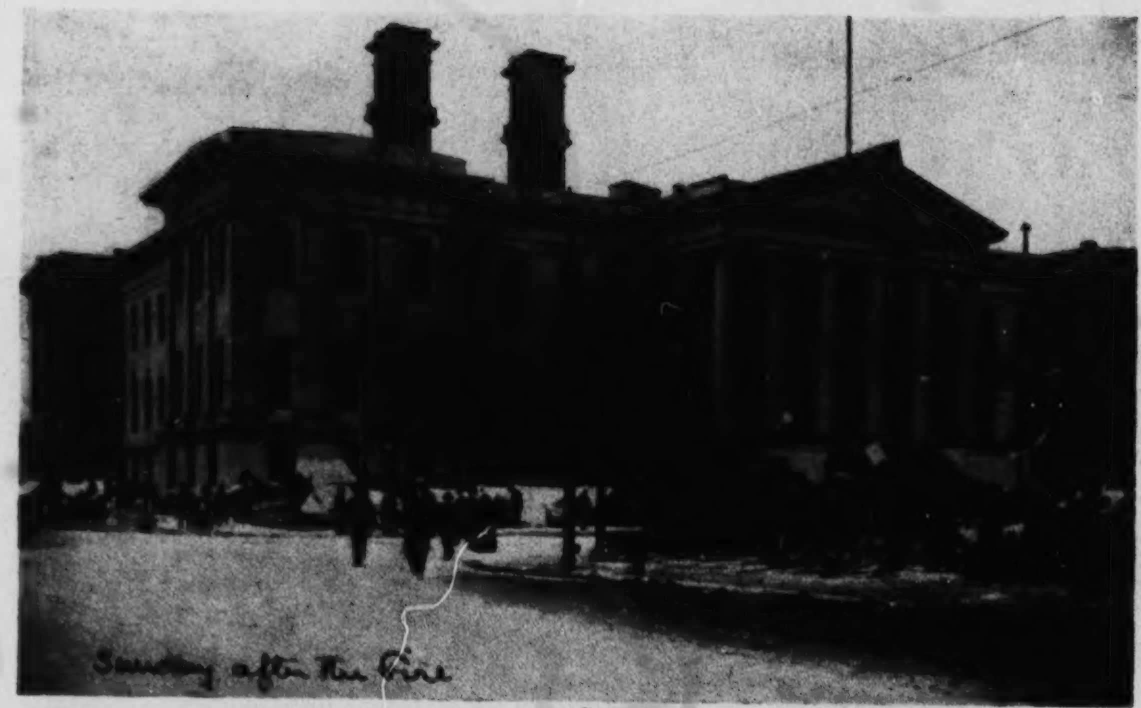
San Francisco, April 19, 1906.
(Forwarded from Oakland.)

As feared, the balance of the business part of the city was destroyed last night. The fire is now raging in the western residence section. Whole street is now being dynamited across the path of the fire. The mint building safe, one side scaled by heat, but interior is intact. It is the only building in path of fire south of Market not destroyed, except new postoffice partially burned. Apprehend no further trouble from fire.

The squad of soldiers stood watch with our men, but managed in some way to get hold of liquor during the night, and one or two of them became intoxicated and, consequently, troublesome. One of them threatened to shoot the doorkeeper who had refused to allow him to go out of the building, acting under the directions of the army officer in charge of the soldiers. I was sent for, as it appeared there was going to be serious trouble. When I arrived on the scene the troublesome soldier was loading his rifle. He threatened to close my earthly career if I took another step nearer or interfered with his purposes. It was an ugly situation, but I succeeded in quieting the fellow and induced him to unload his gun. I then found the sergeant in charge of the squad and requested him to take the men away, as we were now able to take care of the building without outside help. This was about the only incident worthy of mention occurring on the second day in the mint. A regular watch of two hours on and four off, on duty inside and outside of the building, was established. The officers of the mint passed a good part of the day on the roof, watching the progress of the fire.

The next morning I received several telegrams, among which were two from the Secretary of the Treasury—one asking for a statement as to the loss of life and extent of damage and the condition of banks in neighboring towns, and the other thanking us for saving the mint building, and complimenting our actions. He also requested me to recommend some action that would enable the department to relieve the situation. In response, I replied by wire that the stories of loss of life had been grossly exaggerated, that I had been in position to hear from all parts of the city, and I did not think the list of the dead would reach more than 400; that the fire did not travel fast and the authorities took trouble to keep ahead of the flames, notifying people of the danger, and caring for the helpless. "Every bank in San Francisco buried in ruins. All banks in Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda able to resume business. To meet the conditions the suburban banks ought to have free and prompt telegraphic transfer of funds. In view of the ruined condition of sub-treasury, I advise making transfers direct through the mint." I also reported that the fire was practically under control and that it was estimated that about half of the residence section would be saved from the flames.

The suggestion to make free transfer of funds by telegraph was promptly adopted, and the Secretary wisely extended the privilege to individuals in private life. This action proved far-reaching in re-establishing a financial system and restoring confidence in the banking institutions of the city, that had been temporarily put out of business, to say nothing of the relief afforded people in private life. The procedure in the transfer of money was made very simple. A person or firm in the East desiring to have a given sum of money delivered to a person, firm, or corporation in San Francisco, or any part of the state, would deposit the amount at any of the sub-treasuries of the United States, giving the name and address of the person to whom it was to be delivered. These particulars would be telegraphed to me, and I would send notices to the beneficiaries to call at the mint and receive the money. Some idea as to the extent people used the privilege accorded by the government can be formed by the statement that over $40,000,000 was transferred in less than a fortnight. The transfers ranged in sums from $50 to over $1,000,000 each. On the first day of the transfers I attended to the business without assistance; however, the next day, I had to have the help of a couple of clerks, and in two or three days after the transfers had so increased in number that the work required the help of all the clerks in the mint force. Not a dollar was lost. Only one payment, a $300 transfer, was delivered to the wrong person. The person who received it bore the same name and initials as the party for whom it was intended. The error was discovered soon


Sunday after the fire

The United States Mint Building as it appeared immediately after the fire, showing the temporary shelters of the refugees located around the structure. The national flag is seen displayed on a temporary staff from the gable peak. The halyards and top of the regular staff were burned when the fire swept over the building on the first day of the disaster.

after the payment was made, and the money was returned at once. Not more than two or three transfers were returned to the senders as "not called for."

On the morning of the fourth day, or on April 21, I was able to report to the Washington authorities that all fire had been extinguished or had burned out for the lack of buildings to burn. Referring to the establishment of a bureau of information, requested by the Secretary of the Treasury at the suggestion of people anxious to learn of the condition of relatives and friends in the ill-fated city, I reported that I found that the relief committees, both in San Francisco and Oakland, were trying to accomplish the purpose with the aid of the Associated Press, though the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company informed me that he thought the plan impracticable at that time, as it would be impossible to get the desired information over the wires, which were then more than forty-eight hours behind in forwarding the ordinary messages filed. I also suggested "that reassuring telegrams be spread through the country, explaining that stories of loss of lives and condition of people had been grossly exaggerated." I further stated that the list of dead and injured "was exceedingly small, considering character and extent of the disaster. No further danger, unless the conflagration should break out anew. Officials declare they have affairs completely in hand. Relief supplies are coming in rapidly, and everybody is being taken care of. Water mains being repaired."

Up to this time, business of all kinds had been suspended in Oakland and other towns of the bay section, but now the care of the homeless and helpless had been systematized, and circumstances required that the banks and business houses be opened again to supply the needs of the general community of the state. Business throughout the entire state had been paralyzed. All confidence in the stability of the banks was for the time suspended.

Depositors could not withdraw any part of their funds, nor could they induce any one to cash their checks. Realizing that one of the greatest aids in relief of the condition was to re-establish the San Francisco sub-treasury, I therefore got hold of Assistant Treasurer Jacobs, gave him quarters in the mint building, and advanced him all the money he needed, thus starting him in business without waiting for authority from Washington, being satisfied that the emergency warranted my action and that the Secretary of the Treasury would approve the act, which he did, subsequently. For the same reason I also gave the commandant at Mare Island navy yard $50,000 with which to pay the workmen there. The Selby Smelting and Lead Company was probably the distributor of the greatest amount of actual cash of any business agency on the Coast. I sent word to the manager to establish an office in the mint building and resume the purchases of bullion, and we would take it off the company's hands at once. This arrangement was the means of sending out into various parts of the state an average of $225,000 daily.

One of the most difficult problems confronting the business interests of this city was the re-establishment of the banking business that would give some kind of a financial system at once. People had begun to feel the need of the money buried in the vaults of the banks. There was no telling how long before these vaults could be opened. The banks, to meet the wants, had funds transferred from points in the East to their credit at the mint, but there was no place where they could keep this money and open up for business. A committee of the bankers' association came to me to arrange to check against their credits in favor of their clients, but that was impossible, for we had no men trained in the banking business to do the work, nor suitable books. After some discussion of the subject, I proposed that the association should organize an emergency, or central, bank representing all the banks of the city, using the funds in the mint to their credit as the capital for the emergency bank, the banking institutions forming this central bank to establish offices in various parts of the city, where they could issue checks on the central bank in favor of their clients, the central bank to be officered by men of their own selection. I told the committee that, if such plans met with their approval, I would supply ample quarters in the mint suitable for the transaction of the business. The plan was adopted and worked out splendidly, meeting all requirements and remaining in operation for several weeks, until the various banks were able to open up in their individual capacity. This accommodation to the bankers and to the public was one of the benefits arising from the saving of the mint building from destruction, making available the three hundred and odd millions of dollars in the vaults there. We received many expressions of appreciation of the favors granted by the Treasury Department and delight that the mint had been preserved to render such great accommodation to the people of the state in the time of its greatest necessity.

President Roosevelt increased my duties and responsibilities by requesting me to act as custodian of relief funds, then being collected in the various parts of the country and forwarded to San Francisco. To handle this money necessitated the detail of a couple of clerks and several assistants. The money came to us in all shapes, from nickels to big bills. One donation of $5000 from a street railroad company was all in nickels. In one day alone we received fifty-one packages of money from all parts of the United States which took nearly two days to count. However, I was relieved of this duty soon after the general relief committee was organized.

I had to arrange to house and feed a lot of our men whose places of abode had been destroyed; besides, many of the guards had to remain at the building, as it was difficult to go and come any distance. I obtained a supply of bedding and provisions from stores in Oakland. Some of our workmen understood cooking, so we soon had an efficient restaurant established in the building. One day we fed 124 people at the noon meal. The restaurant was continued until places outside were established, relieving us of the necessity of feeding the employees.

By Saturday night our electricians had improvised an electric light plant, by changing one of our large motors into a generator, which enabled us to supply a current sufficient to light up the interior of the building and the streets around the building. This gave some appearance of cheerfulness at night in the field of desolation and ruin around us, and was especially agreeable to the many people encamped in our neighborhood. On Sunday I reported to the authorities at Washington as follows:

> We will open for business Monday, receiving deposits and paying out transfer funds. All men of mint force accounted for but four. Will have to furnish subsistence for employees for some little time, getting principal supplies from army headquarters, only buying such things as can not be obtained there. Much activity in city preparatory to resumption of business. Last of fire extinguished during night; relief supplies coming in abundance. People generally in comfortable condition. Relief committee patrolling streets hunting for distressed.

On April 23, or the following day, I was able to report that every man of the mint force had been accounted for, and that the United States Signal Corps had run a wire into the mint building and established an office there, putting us in direct connection with the rest of the world.

As soon as the minds of the people reverted to the subject of renewal of business and the reopening of the obstructed streets to permit the operation of the street railroad lines, the city authorities placed a crew of men in the burned district, blowing down standing ruins of brick buildings with dynamite, and other crews of men were set to work clearing the streets of debris. For the latter work it was difficult to obtain all the laborers needed, therefore citizens, regardless of station or occupation, were impressed, through aid of soldiers, and were made to donate about a half hour's labor before being released. Nearly everybody caught and put to work made light of the affair, but now and then some of the impressed created a scene. A young lawyer from one of our neighboring states, who had come to San Francisco to gratify his curiosity by viewing the ruins of the city, was one of the captured who was not excused from performing the task allotted to him. He made violent protest, and his feelings were so outraged that he did not miss an opportunity to denounce all officials, state and city, for several years thereafter.

The work of dynamiting was conducted in a most unskilful manner, doing considerable damage to the structures that had wholly or partially escaped destruction in the conflagration. It was necessary that the tottering walls remaining from the ruins of many of the large buildings along the principal thoroughfares should be leveled before the people could with safety use the streets, or the street cars be allowed to run. Nearly all the class "A" buildings were intact, so far as the walls and floors were concerned, and offered no menace. It was the buildings constructed before the introduction of steel frames that supplied the menacing piles of brick, and it was this kind of structures that predominated in the business section of the city.

The crew of dynamiters apparently had little knowledge of the use of explosives, and less experience. They seemed to work on the principle that, if a small amount of powder was good, a large amount would be better. About the first work they attempted was the demolishing of the standing walls of what had been the Odd Fellows' Building at the corner of Seventh and Market streets.

They set off so much dynamite there that they not only threw down the walls intended to be leveled, but the force of the explosion blew in all the windows of the post-office building, a block away from the scene of the explosion, besides which many doors were torn from their hinges and much of the marble work of the structure was displaced and broken. I was told by Mr. J. W. Roberts, assistant to the United States supervising architect, that one blast of dynamite did more damage than was occasioned by the fire and earthquake together, and that the cost of repairs to the building was made $100,000 greater by reason of the careless work. The mint building was damaged also on this occasion, and further injury was inflicted by subsequent blasting done nearer to our building, not a pane of glass being left whole. I recovered a piece of iron, about a quarter of a pound in weight, that was thrown by a blast set off nearly a quarter of a mile away and which landed in our court, as well as pieces of iron bolts and fragments of bricks that landed on or in the building from other blasts. I made a vigorous protest against this manner of blasting, and at the same time offered to supply men experienced in the use of explosives, guaranteeing that the work would be executed thoroughly and quickly, without danger to the people or property, but no attention was paid to my protest or offer. I then sent a communication to Mayor Schmitz containing a protest in about the same terms. He promptly replied, saying: "I shall take great pleasure in having your request complied with. I will have the man in charge of the dynamiting of the unsafe walls call upon you tomorrow morning and will instruct him to arrange matters satisfactory to you."

The man called the "next morning," not to "arrange matters," but apparently to show his independence and his defiance of all authority, for all that he had to say was to look out for ourselves, as he was going to throw down the walls of the big Emporium building that forenoon. Being certain that the walls of that building were in no danger of falling and consequently could not menace traffic, and that to dynamite them was not only useless and would result in injury to government property, but was an outrage on the owners of the Emporium building, I repeated my protest to General Funston, then in charge of the troops and representing the government here. He promptly sent a colonel, whose name I do not now recall, with a couple of troopers to confer with me and empowered to act. It was then late in the forenoon. The dynamiters had been working up Market Street toward the Emporium, with apparent determination to carry out their purpose of demolishing that structure, or what was left of it. The concussions from the blasting were so heavy that injury to our building in some form followed every explosion. The falling material placed the lives of those in and about the mint in great danger, and we were compelled to suspend the work of repairs. When I explained the situation to the colonel he was inclined to take issue with me, intimating that we were unnecessarily alarmed. While he was trying to assure me there was no danger to be apprehended and that work was in good hands, etc., a tremendous blast under the ruins of the old Phelan Block was set off. Although this explosion was located nearly a quarter of a mile away, a shower of missiles fell in our vicinity; the vibrations were most severe; the crashing of falling glass in the mint building was terrific. The colonel involuntarily ducked his head as if he were dodging the explosion of a 14-inch shell. It was unnecessary for me to make reply to his arguments. I simply looked at him, my countenance undoubtedly wearing a significant expression of "didn't I tell you so?" The colonel, upon regaining his composure, in a very gentlemanly way acknowledged his error and said he would stop the outrageous work at once. He prevented the destruction of the Emporium walls and all further heavy blasting in the vicinity of the mint. It may be of interest to note that the imposing front of the present big Emporium building is the same front that passed through the earthquake and fire, which was doomed to be leveled by the inexperienced crew of dynamiters. We were now able to resume repairs on our building and transact business. The mint was the center of all financial affairs. Its halls and corridors were filled during business hours with people called there by business requirements. They were making use of the privileges and benefits arising from the preservation of the mint building and the great stock of money in its vaults. I do not know what would have happened had the mint suffered the fate of the other financial institutions. The banks were timid enough as it was with the mint funds available, and the condition was made worse by some disturbance of confidence in the banks. Within a week after the fire the streets of San Francisco presented a remarkable scene of life and activity; teams of every description, crowds of people on foot coming and going in all directions, gangs of men at work clearing away the debris from the streets, some at work erecting temporary structures in which to resume business, others engaged in making repairs on gas and water pipes, restoring telegraph and power lines, and laying railroad tracks through the burned district to facilitate the removal of debris. Everybody seemed busy, and all wore expressions of determination, as well as confidence in the future greatness of San Francisco.

In sweeping over the business section the fire performed some strange antics. A small two-story brick building on the northwest corner of Second and Mission streets was scarcely scorched; a canvas awning used for a shelter for a cigar stand there was only partially destroyed; the window panes were left intact, and the merchandise inside the structure was uninjured. I was told that the first information the owner of the property had of the remarkable incident was when a friend congratulated him on his good fortune, about a week after the fire. He had supposed the place went the way of everything else in that part of the city, and had not attempted to visit it. On the Second Street side, as well as on the Mission Street side of the little building, were located extra tall buildings, both of which were gutted by the fire, but in some way they served to protect their little neighbor from the conflagration.

A tall office building on Montgomery Street had its lower and upper stories burned out, while the three or four floors between wholly escaped all damage from the flames; the lucky occupants of the offices on these floors found their possessions, books, and papers undamaged. An entire block of buildings bounded by Montgomery, Sansome, Jackson, and Merchant streets was passed by the flames, while all else in the neighborhood except the United States Appraiser's building in the east block adjoining was laid low by the devouring elements. This was the business center of the city in early days, and the large old-fashioned brick building in the district described was the largest and most important structure in the city for some years and was known as the Montgomery Block, and some of the adjoining structures were among the very oldest buildings in San Francisco. After the fire, for a few months, the old Montgomery Block was once more a place of importance and a center of business activity, such as it had not known for a score or more of years.

For several weeks after the disaster the streets of that part of the city escaping the fire presented novel scenes arising from the fact that all housekeepers were obliged to cook their meals in the street. The city authorities would not allow lights or fire of any kind to be used in any of the houses until they were inspected. When all leaking gaspipes and damaged chimneys had been found and repaired, certificates were issued by the inspector permitting the use of lights and fires in the houses. The cooking or kitchen devices that fronted nearly every residence on the street were greatly varied in form. Some had quite elaborate kitchens, with ingenious arrangements of bricks for service as range or stoves, while others were satisfied with the most primitive outfits. The rule was strictly enforced; the guards and police were given instructions to even shoot if necessary to secure compliance with the ordinance. The utmost vigilance was used to prevent the breaking out of fires in this part of the city until the water mains were repaired and the fire department re-established. The people were extremely nervous, as well they might be, for if another fire had started, with no water, and a disorganized fire department, the remainder of the city would undoubtedly have been swept by flames.

There was considerable difference in the estimates made as to the number of fatalities resulting from the earthquake and the fire following. At the request of Secretary Shaw of the Treasury Department, I looked into this feature of the disaster with care and sent him reports from time to time of my findings and conclusions. At first, or a few days after the fire had been extinguished, my figures on the total of those killed outright and those who died from the result of injuries received only reached a number of about four hundred, but after the ruins cooled off, in the work of clearing away the debris in the burned district, the remains of other unfortunates were found, adding somewhat more than a hundred to the list of fatalities. In my final report to the Secretary, I fixed the number of killed at approximately five hundred people. The record as kept by the city authorities exceeded my figures, as I remember, by fifteen or twenty. Undoubtedly these figures were near the truth, and they would fix the ratio of deaths by the disaster at but a trifle over one person to each thousand of population. The greatest number of deaths at any one place occurred on Valencia Street, where a three-story frame hotel building was thrown down by the earthquake. The first and second stories appeared to have telescoped and were then crushed flat by the weight of the third story, which practically retained its shape as it sank down on the wreck below. The dead and injured were removed some time before the fire swept that section. The number killed was reported at twenty-seven. The hotel had been erected on a piece of filled ground, where the effect of the earthquake was most severely felt. The piece of filled ground was less than a block wide and extended from the hills to the bay. After the earthquake the outlines of the filled section could be traced for the entire distance by the wrecked buildings located on it.

It was very remarkable how quickly on that first morning an efficient organization was effected for the care and treatment of the hundreds of injured people. Temporary hospitals, with physicians, surgeons, nurses, and help, were provided like magic in various parts of the city. One or two of these hospitals were compelled to remove their patients once or twice to avoid the course of the flames. I do not recall ever having seen an official statement of the number of injured treated; but from conversation with some of those who officiated in the hospitals I formed the opinion that the total would not exceed fifteen hundred persons.

THE RELIEF WORK

There was no delay in giving relief to the homeless sufferers. The people in San Francisco who escaped from the earthquake and fire seemed to know at once their duty to the unfortunates, and how to perform it without suggestions. That inborn power of leadership with which nature endows a man here and there, only to be made manifest and exercised in crises and great emergencies, gave an immediate supply of leaders and directors at several points in the city, without the formality of selection or other means. The badge of natural leadership was quickly recognized by the common workers. There were places of refuge made at once for the sick and the injured, and food provided for the hungry. In the course of a few days the temporary relief measures gave way to control by most complete organizations on both sides of the bay, which were maintained for several months, or until all need of their work was ended.

It will never be known how much was the money or what the value of the goods and provisions contributed for the relief of the sufferers, as so much relief work was given directly to the needy, and through agencies and organizations other than the ones under the direction and control of the municipal authorities. Not a few firms and individuals chose to expend what they had to contribute in the earliest stages of the crisis by direct distribution to the needy or in other ways to relieve the situation. Many social, fraternal, and similar organizations, which sought to aid in relief work, preferred to have their contributions go directly to suffering or unfortunate members of their societies.

Many thousands of dollars were raised in Oakland and other cities near San Francisco, and expended by relief associations in those communities, for the care of refugees from San Francisco. These amounts were not and could not be accounted for in the statements of disbursements by the San Francisco relief committee. In Oakland alone, the local relief organizations expended $100,000 of its own collections in addition to $10,000 given to it by the San Francisco organization. The Standard Oil Company established and maintained a camp for the care of the helpless and homeless near Richmond at its own cost, the expenditures not being accounted for nor made a part of the total expended by the general relief committee of San Francisco.

In the month that I acted as treasurer and custodian of the general relief funds, from April 27, I received from contributors in San Francisco, the state, United States, and foreign countries, the sum of $2,409,656.35. A large part of this sum was disbursed on orders from the proper officials of the general relief committee. When several of the large banking firms were able to resume business on June 1, I insisted upon being relieved of the responsibility of handling these funds, and turned over the balance to the banks designated for the purpose.

The actual cash remitted direct to San Francisco and accounted for by the Relief Association was $8,921,452.86, and additional funds were acquired from the sale of surplus and perishable relief supplies, interest, etc., to the extent of $751,605.08, making a grand total of $9,673,057.94.

In addition to what has been enumerated, nearly $50,000 was expended by the Red Cross Society in Washington, from San Francisco relief subscriptions, and the government appropriation of $2,500,000 was disbursed entirely by and under direction of the War Department, principally for bedding, tents, medical supplies, maintenance of relief camps, food, clothing, etc. Neither was the value of the two thousand carloads of food supplies, clothing, etc., ever computed in dollars and cents. In all probability the total amount disbursed in relief work, counted in money, if ever it could be determined, would reach a sum somewhere between fourteen and fifteen millions of dollars.

The larger part of this great sum was contributed within the United States. Contributions from other countries would have been generous but for the proclamation of President Roosevelt practically declining aid from outside countries. Nevertheless, England, France, Germany, Japan, and Mexico were represented in the list of contributors, Japan being the largest, sending nearly a quarter million of dollars. The emperor of that country gave about $100,000 of the amount himself. One of the most noteworthy features of this record of generosity and expression of world-wide human sympathy was the contribution in the stricken city itself of the sum of $413,090 by the citizens and business men there, nearly all of whom had themselves been injured in property losses. Undoubtedly there were other contributions of money and supplies from this source which were not reported or handed in to the general committee, but were made directly by the donors, and which would swell the total of San Francisco's donations to its sufferers to more than a half million of dollars.

The particulars of how the relief funds were expended would fill a volume of large size. All the people whose homes were destroyed were not helpless. Many of them were people of means, and there were many who soon found refuge with relations or friends in the unburned district of the city and elsewhere. So, after the first few days of the disaster, the number of refugees depending upon the relief committee was reduced to the helpless as well as the homeless, of which there were estimated to be some 30,000, but by the latter part of September, following the fire, the number of refugees being cared for by the committee was about 18,000. Some fifteen or twenty camps were established in various parts of the city. When it was found that the relief committee would of necessity have to care for several thousand helpless people for several months to come, the camps were made in the most comfortable shape, tents were floored, the grounds were put in the most complete sanitary condition and scrupulous cleanliness was enforced by army officers. Hot and cold water and bathhouses were provided in all the camps. Before the winter was over, wooden shacks and small cottages largely replaced the tents.

It was frequently remarked that many of the inmates of those camps enjoyed more comforts than they had been accustomed to; but no one begrudged them that. It was a satisfaction to know that all efforts to make the unfortunates comfortable in healthy and pleasant surroundings were so successful.

In addition to the camps, some ten or twelve kitchens and eating places were established in July in various parts of the city by the relief committee. These places furnished meals at low prices to those able to pay. Those who were unable to pay presented meal tickets supplied under authority of the relief committee. During the first month the kitchens furnished 20,867 meals, but by the end of September, or the third month, many privately owned restaurants had been established and the need of the public kitchen was no longer felt, so these latter institutions were discontinued.

The relief committee was composed of some of the most successful and prominent business men and capitalists in San Francisco, and they brought to the organization the very best talent for the kind of work in hand. They knew what was needed and how to accomplish it. After housing the homeless, they began the more serious and difficult work of replacing these people in their former positions in the industrial world. Hundreds of sewing-machines were given outright to women who needed them to earn a livelihood, and to other women who had large families to care for. Many thousands of dollars were expended for mechanics' tools given to men to enable them to find employment at their various trades.

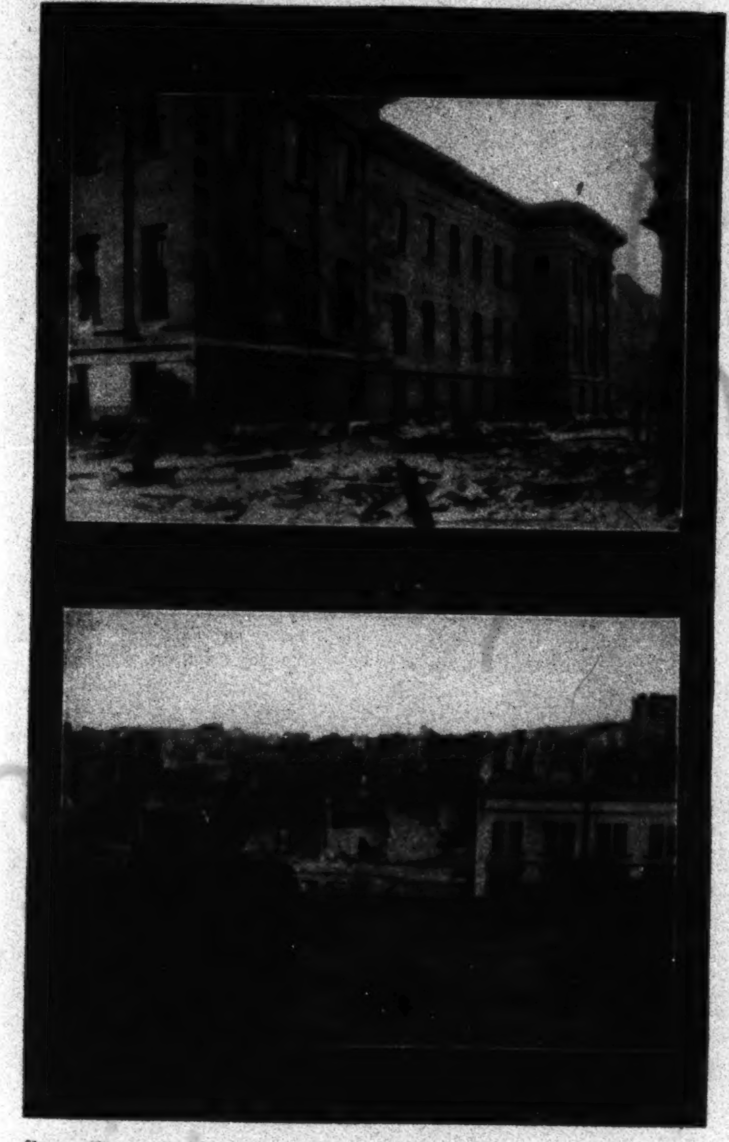
Nearly one million of dollars was expended in building new dwellings to aid those whose homes had been burned. This was one of the very creditable and successful features of the relief work. By aid received the committee effected the construction of over eight thousand dwellings in the city. The requirements of this work prolonged the labors of the committee nearly two years after the camp system was discontinued. The remnant of the refugees by August, 1908, was only about seven hundred, all aged and infirm. The committee constructed a permanent home for these unfortunates and gave it to the city, and the municipal authorities then assumed the care of the building and inmates.

The final report of the relief committee was filed January 4, 1911.

The relief work described was repeated in Oakland and other cities around the bay along the same lines, but not on so large a scale.

LOSSES AND RECONSTRUCTION

The territory swept by the conflagration measured four miles in length in a northerly and southerly course by three miles in width east and west. Every bank, every theater, every hotel of importance, all newspaper offices, telegraph offices, libraries, municipal buildings, and nearly all of the business houses in San Francisco were destroyed by the conflagration. The value of the property thus wiped out of existence was placed near five hundred millions of dollars. About one-half of the loss was recovered through insurance. San Francisco was struck a staggering blow, but, fortunately, the people of San Francisco were in the best condition to meet it. For some time past the city had been enjoying a wonderful degree of prosperity. The business section was handling the greatest volume of trade it had ever known. Mechanics and laborers were all employed, receiving the best of wages. Building was going on at a greater rate than ever known before. Real estate values were advancing most rapidly, making old-timers wag their heads with astonishment. In every direction the city was expanding and on every



UPPER—The north side of the United States Mint Building, showing how the fire scarred the walls.

LOWER—A scene of desolation taken a few days after the fire from the roof of the United States Mint, looking northwesterly.

hand there was evidence of thrift and prosperity. The banks were in the best of condition, proof of which lies in the fact that when the disaster came they had over twenty millions of surplus coin on deposit in banks of the Eastern cities.

The majority of the people who saw their businesses swept away by the fire were financially able to resume the struggle with the world, and naturally the question of where to begin came to them. Where?

Should it be in New York, where business is conducted on the lines of keenest competition, and where every phase of living is in such direct contrast to the freedom enjoyed by Californians? Or in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, or similar cities, where the conditions of home life might be better than in the city of the Empire State, but business conditions for a stranger and newcomer would be more complex? Everywhere it would be a beginning among strangers—a crowding in where the fight of the "survival of the fittest" was always on. At best, the establishing of a business elsewhere would be experimental.

It only required a moment's consideration of the opportunities at home to settle the question. San Francisco was the place for them, where they were known and where there were still over three hundred thousand people to be fed, clothed, and housed. Here there was an adjacent country big enough for an empire, and as rich in possibilities as any land on God's footstool, for which San Francisco was the bank and clearing house, the shipping point for the products, and the supply house for the needs. San Francisco was the place for them, for had not the commercial hand of the Orient and the islands been reaching out to this port, taking more and more of the things we grow and make, and returning to us things that the people of the Occident crave and need? San Francisco then was the place to renew business, where the conditions not only invited but demanded it, with the promise of great profit.

The decision was instantly made, and before the smoke of the conflagration had entirely blown away, or the heat passed out of the fallen debris, the noise and activities attending the cleaning and rebuilding amid the ruins were heard and seen on every hand. The banks quickly quartered themselves in makeshift structures built around their undamaged vaults, and sent for their millions in New York and elsewhere, to be properly prepared for the unusual drafts anticipated on their surplus. But, to the great surprise of all, the banks upon opening received more money on deposit than they paid out! That the trade of the great country tributary to San Francisco and the adjoining states might not suffer, and that the people of our city might be furnished with the necessities of life and supplies for rehabilitating the city, it was apparent that the first thing to be done was to order goods and prepare temporary structures in which to house them and the people engaged in business. All over the burned district these structures began to make their appearance. They were not all pretty and not all homely, but sufficient and suitable for the purposes intended. Trainloads of goods began to arrive and the new stores and warehouses were filled up as fast as completed. Within a marvelously short time, the streets of the city, the water front, and the depots of the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé companies showed the life of trade and commerce. The erection of buildings continued, the volume of trade increased, and the incoming freight crowded upon the merchants faster than they could take it away. The main business streets, from early morn to night, presented daily one continual procession of teams laden with goods, coming and going. A great many retailers and professional men located in that part of the city between Van Ness Avenue and Fillmore Street, which escaped the fire, the former street becoming the location for the larger and more important retail business houses. For some time afterwards it was a much discussed question whether or not these firms would remain there permanently, and thus bring around a radical change of the business center of the city. Van Ness Avenue, being a wide and beautiful street, presented a lively and attractive appearance while trade was located there, but as soon as new permanent buildings were erected down town in the old retail section, and office buildings were restored, the stores and professional men returned to the neighborhood where they had transacted business in the years before the fire, and the district that had given them temporary accommodation was largely restored to use for private residences. Van Ness Avenue became the automobile mart of the city. Fillmore Street, however, was a business street before the fire, and it did not lose much by the return of business firms to their old locations down town. Immediately after the conflagration, when people began to discuss the subject of replacing the buildings destroyed by the fire, there was expressed much difference of opinion as to the time it would take. Many thought that such a gigantic undertaking could not be accomplished inside of twenty years, and I think ten years was most commonly fixed upon as the length of time required. When asked for my judgment, I said that after five years people would have to hunt around the business section of San Francisco to find any remaining evidence of the great disaster. Considering the matter eight years after the terrible event, it must be admitted that I was nearly correct as to the time in which the business section would be restored, yet it must be acknowledged that the entire burned district had not been rebuilt. The old residential section north of Market is being rehabilitated with apartment houses, giving place to the possibilities of a much denser population than existed in the same boundaries before the fire. In the district bounded by Market, Mason, California, and Larkin streets there is probably more than a quarter of the area still uncovered, but the fine, large apartment houses and hotels that have taken the sites of former residences and flats are housing in the same area possibly ten times as many people as were living there before the fire. There are still many vacant lots in the old cheap tenement district south of Mission Street which are slowly coming into occupation for warehouses, factories, and cheap boarding and lodging houses. San Francisco lost heavily in population by the conflagration. I should judge by an estimate from the number of votes cast before and after at elections, and the statistics furnished by the school census, that fully one-third of the people living in San Francisco, through fear of recurrence of earthquakes, loss of homes, property and like reasons, left the city with the idea of permanently abandoning the place. Not a few of these people in the course of time undoubtedly changed their minds and returned to the city. These, with the newcomers, gave a fairly rapid growth to the population, but the number of the population before the fire was hardly restored until five years after the disaster.

STRANGE EFFECTS

There were numerous instances of remarkable and queer mental disturbances in individuals caused by their experience in those four days of fire, the earthquake on April 18, and the seven lesser shocks that followed on that and subsequent days. People who were apparently sane and rational on all other matters would relate scenes of accident, robbery, and violence, wholesale slaughter of people by falling buildings, fire, and by shooting by the soldiers, etc. Stories of mutilation of the dead by ghoulish robbers, for earrings and finger rings were most common and for a time were generally accepted as being true, but I never learned of a single authenticated instance of such a crime. In one case a story came to my ears with much detail of facts of how a man was caught in the act of cutting off the fingers of a victim of the fire to obtain some valuable rings, and when his clothes were searched a pocketful of human fingers was found; then and there his captors promptly punished the criminal with death by hanging. The circumstances were alleged to have taken place at a point quite near to the mint. I was therefore enabled to make an investigation and I found that there was not the slightest foundation for the story. An afternoon newspaper gave credit to an absurd story that the mint had been assailed by a band of robbers in broad daylight, but that the guards or watchmen employed by the government had succeeded in defeating the attempt at robbery, and in accomplishing this they killed at least eleven of the robbers, whose dead bodies were left where they fell. Of course the facts were related with much more detail than attempted here. It was not so very strange that a newspaper should publish an unwarranted yarn like this, and I am only referring to it here as an instance in support of the opening words of this paragraph. This will be understood by the statement that on the evening of the publication my son Harry was refuting the story to a coterie of acquaintances, when a stranger standing near, overhearing his denial, interrupted him, saying that he was wrong and that the story *was* true, for he saw the affray himself, witnessing the shooting and seeing some of the men fall. The reported attack was as baseless as it was untrue. There was no attack; there was no row or even a dispute on the mint steps or about the building. One man told me, with considerable emotion (I think it was on the fourth day after the earthquake), that he had occasion to go over into the northern part of the burned district, and in order to reach a particular place he was compelled to pass through a block where the dead bodies of earthquake victims still lay so thick that he had difficulty in getting along without stepping on some of them. As I was gathering facts on which to base a report of the fatalities, at the request of the Secretary, I made an investigation of this statement and found it to be like the others described—without foundation. On returning home from the mint Thursday night about dusk, I stood on the rear deck of the ferry boat, discussing with a well-known newspaper correspondent the progress of the fire and the possibilities of getting it under control. Reaching the station at Seventh and Broadway, we walked up the street, when he suddenly remarked, "That was a terrible sight, wasn't it?" I asked him to what he referred. "Why, the burning of the ferry building as we left it, with the people trapped in there," said he. I replied that it could hardly be so, as there was no fire within a mile of the building at that time. He looked at me with astonishment, and said that he could not understand why I did not see it, for he had watched the flames lapping up the great structure, from his position on the boat all the way across the bay, and that we had scarcely left the slip when the fire burst out from many places in the building, and it was so sudden that undoubtedly hundreds of people in the building must have been caught and burned to death. I saw by his manner and expression that he was so certain of the truth of what he had stated that it would be unprofitable to discuss the matter further with him. More than likely, reporters affected in the same strange way were the parties responsible for the many wild, baseless, and lurid reports of the doings of the earthquake and fire, published not only in our state but throughout all parts of the world reached by telegraphic service. At the time of the disaster there was no motive for resorting to "fake" statements, for there were more facts and details of truth, sensational in character, than place or space could be found for in any newspaper. Only a disordered brain could account for the publication of hourly bulletins in a nearby city, describing with horrible detail the gradual submergence in the waters of the bay of Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda, accompanied by a terrible loss of life. Such, however, is a sample of hundreds of baseless reports of features of the great disaster that found publication in all parts of the United States. I can not believe they were wilfully made by the reporters with knowledge that they were untrue.

LOSSES AND INSURANCE

The exact value of the property destroyed in the disaster will never be known. The fire swept over the city too quickly to give an opportunity to survey the havoc wrought by the earthquake alone. While the damage from this source was considerable, it probably was not a hundredth part of the total losses made by the fire that followed. In a recent discussion of the fire loss with George W. Dornin, one of the best informed insurance men on the Pacific Coast, he gave some figures confirming the estimate made by business men soon after the disaster, which was that the total property loss, not including contingent losses, such as disruption of business, was somewhere between $400,000,000 and $500,000,000. The exact amount of insurance on the property was not known. It could only be approximated, and this was estimated at from $200,000,000 to $225,000,000. As near as could be determined, $164,916,659 was paid to the insured on their losses, which sum included the amount recovered in after years from companies which litigated the losses. Mr. Dornin estimated that the defaulted insurance amounted to about $8,000,000.

Fire patrol statistics for a series of years show that the uninsured loss equals the insured loss, so that if the estimate of the amount of insurance in force, $200,000,000, is correct, it would indicate the total loss in the great conflagration was double the amount, or $400,000,000. Of the insurance paid, California companies paid over $11,000,000, other American companies nearly $83,000,000, and foreign companies nearly $71,000,000.

CORRESPONDENCE

I conclude my story of the earthquake and fire by appending copies of a few of the letters I received and replies made, which may give some additional interest to the history of the great disaster, as well as make clearer some of the situations I attempted to describe. There is also included copy of a letter sent by an employee of the mint, Joe Hammill, to his brother, which gives a vivid description of how the United States mint building was saved. It follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11, 1906.

DEAR BROTHER—You have heard many conflicting accounts of how the United States mint was saved, and I want you to know the exact facts as they were, as I saw them on April 18.

When the earthquake at 5:15 A. M. rocked the city, hundreds of buildings south of Market Street were either thrown down or badly shattered. The mint, however, escaped serious damage, though its great chimneys are both badly cracked and seem to lean toward the center of the building, where a great court is located. Small chimneys were thrown in every direction and furniture overturned. Fire broke out shortly after the earthquake and by 9 o'clock the entire district south of Mission was a mass of fire, which leaped from block to block as though running through dry grass. It swept Mission Street clean, scorching the south side of the mint but doing no great damage, for the iron shutters on the windows shielded the inner woodwork of the offices and melting room.

Superintendent Frank A. Leach arrived at the mint from Oakland early in the morning, and immediately took charge of operations. Through his coolness and ability the men under him worked to the best advantage. He took his turn at the hose with the others, and did not ask his men to go where he would not go himself. It is remarkable how he has stood the strain of the fire and press of business since.

About fifty of the mint employees succeeded in reaching the building before the soldiers barred the way to all comers. Then a detachment of artillerymen, commanded by Lieutenant G. W. Armstrong of the Sixth Infantry, entered the building to serve more as a guard than as a band of firefighters. Later, Lieutenant Armstrong and a few of his men did take an active part. . . .

Within the yard of the mint is an artesian well which proved the only water available. The pump connections were badly broken by the earthquake, yet the engineer, Jack Brady, did a lightning job in repairing the pumping plant, making connections in short order that ordinarily would require a long time. He finished his splendid work just in time to supply the fire fighters with two streams of water.

Meanwhile the fire swept up Fifth Street, devouring the Metropolitan Temple, the Lincoln school, and the great Emporium. These huge buildings, full of inflammable material, sent great bursts of flame two or three hundred feet into the air. The hot breath of the fire fiend made our roof very uncomfortable for those who were up there. On the west side, a lot of frame buildings made a fierce heat that was hard to stand against, especially since the openings of our roof were bursting into flames from the flying cinders.

With three others I had the pleasure of working for over an hour on this shaky roof, throwing buckets of water on the blazes as they sprang up. At any moment another earthquake might have sent the great chimneys tumbling down on our heads. Three of us refinery men then went down into our department, which is located at the northwest corner of the top floor. Here we knew we would catch it most of all, for the fire was now burning over toward Market Street in the group of structures comprising Hale's, Breuner's, Emma Spreckels and Windsor Hotel buildings. Fanned by a whirlwind of their own making, the flames leaped 200 feet against the north wall of the mint. The roaring was awful as the great buildings crashed and fell, while the bursting of large pieces from our own walls sounded like shells exploding against our mint. We stuck to the windows until they melted, playing a stream of water on the blazing woodwork. Then, as the flames leaped in and the smoke nearly choked us, we were ordered downstairs, for it was supposed that the mint was doomed.

Employees and soldiers stood around the door, nearly strangling, and wondering what chance we would have for our lives if we were driven into the street, where masses of flames bordered either side. Some, who for reasons best known to themselves, did not show up when the mint was in danger, now say we could have escaped if we wanted to. There is not a man of us, whose judgment is worth anything, who does not know that we were prisoners and fighting for our lives, as well as the preservation in good shape of over $300,000,000 in the vaults.

Finally we made our way back through the smoke to the refinery, and with a hose succeeded in putting out the burning interior, where the flames had gotten under lively headway. We then climbed out on to the roof and played the hose on the red hot copper surface over the gold kettles. There we worked for an hour, ripping up sheet copper and playing the water and using the hose where they would do the most good.

At a little before 5 o'clock we were free to go and see what had become of our various homes. The north side of Market Street had not then burned, and after dancing over the hot cobbles of Fifth Street for a block we reached the sheltered side and looked back on the battle-scarred mint.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 1, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. LEACH:—On April 20 I sent you a telegram as follows:

"Accept thanks for your heroic conduct, and that of the men under you. What national banks are there in San Francisco or suburbs in condition to do business? What action by this department would you recommend to relieve the situation? Can you locate Assistant Treasurer Jacobs or his deputy?"

I now write to confirm the same and to say to you and through you to your associates how much the department appreciates the heroic work performed by you and them. It requires courage of the highest rank to defend a single building from within while everything burns on four sides. Again I congratulate you. I also thank you for your telegram of the 21st ultimo, which conveys much interesting information. Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) L. M. SHAW.

Honorable F. A. Leach, Superintendent United States Mint, San Francisco, Cal.

May 15, 1906.

Honorable L. M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.:

MY DEAR SIR—I assure you that I greatly appreciate the commendations you have so generously bestowed upon us here at the mint. While the men had a pretty hot time of it, and it was hard to tell which would conquer, the fire or the mint employees, still I am afraid that distance has magnified the achievement of saving the building. Nevertheless, it is most gratifying to know that what was done has given satisfaction and pleasure to you and other officials of the department. It was also very gratifying to us to note that the banking interests showed their appreciation of your prompt and energetic action which did so much to give stability to the financial conditions.

The mint building is a very busy place now, containing, as it does, the "Bank of All Banks," the Assistant Treasurer, cashier's department for the receipt and disbursement of the relief fund, the refinery agency, the mint gold deposit business, and, last but not least, our restaurant, the only one so far for miles.

I have the emergency repairs to the building well along. These repairs consist mainly in replacing the destroyed windows and frames, of which there are over sixty-odd in number. Notwithstanding the large additions to our family, everything is running smoothly, without confusion or rush. Respectfully yours,

FRANK A. LEACH, *Superintendent.*

May 2, 1906.

Mr. F. A. Leach, Superintendent, United States Mint, San Francisco, Cal.:

MY DEAR MR. LEACH—I have just received a letter from Mr. Bert Clark, our representative in San Francisco, in which he mentioned a pleasant visit which he had with you a few days ago.

I have thought of you many times during the past two weeks, and I think I can well imagine the strenuous period you have been passing through. As soon as I learned that the sub-treasury had been destroyed and that the mint was still standing, I realized that you would be the center of an important situation, and I felt confident that you would acquit yourself with credit under the circumstances.

The first really intelligible account of the San Francisco situation which I read was your telegram, sent to Washington, and, upon reading it, I realized more than ever the value of the sort of training which a successful newspaperman receives. I am sure that no other official of the government on the spot could have written so lucidly and briefly, or have expressed so much in a few words.

I sincerely hope that you suffered no serious personal losses in the conflagration and that you will not overwork yourself by trying to straighten things out and keep the treasury business moving. It must be hard, I know, for a person in your responsible position to take any more time for rest than is absolutely necessary, but for many weeks to come you will require the use of all your energy and it will be a great mistake to overdo things now.

With best wishes and sincere regard, I am,

Cordially yours, (Signed) F. A. VANDERLIP.

May 16, 1906.

Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, National City Bank, New York, N. Y.:

MY DEAR MR. VANDERLIP—Your kind and very complimentary letter of May 2 came duly to hand. However, a very "great stress of business" of unusual character has prevented my acknowledging your kindness before. Your letter was especially appreciated, as it seemed to express something more than was laid down with simply ink and paper.

While the situation imposed increased labor and greater responsibilities, I assure you I enjoyed it, for there was real pleasure in contributing to relief and to the work of organizing and restoring financial conditions. The mint building is a busy place, housing the "Bank of All Banks," the sub-treasury, the cashier's department for the relief fund, office of the Selby company, and our own business. As there were no eating or lodging places for a great distance, I had to provide lodgings in the building for a lot of my own men and start a restaurant for their subsistence and the accommodation of many others in the mint building. We fed over 100 people for a few days, but now the number is considerably less.

The building had a close call from destruction. It was on fire inside of the upper story and roof many times. There is quite a section of the roof that will have to be replaced. During the worst part of the fire around the building, burning embers and red hot cinders rained down upon us in perfect showers, and they would find lodgment against every projection on the roof, and in one place for twenty feet long they accumulated to the depth of about two feet. This was about the time the building was being scarred up as you see it in the picture. The windows there were all burned out, and the boarding up shown in the picture was done the day after the fire. The hose streams we had on the inside of the building and roof enabled us to prevent the fire getting any serious foothold. I had a brave lot of fellows who stood up to the fight while their flesh and clothes were scorched. I did not expect to save the building. It was sufficiently hot to make trouble for us on the south and west sides, and as the buildings on the north side were larger, taller, and nearer, with the wind against us, it appeared to me as if no possible power could protect the building from destruction, but the character of the structure and our fire plant won the day. By the way, the latter was completed only about ten days before the fire.

I am pleased to say my personal loss did not amount to anything worth mentioning. I live in Oakland, where the damage was less than in San Francisco.

The condition of the mint building, which, outside of the chimneys, has not a crack in it, and other first class buildings, shows it is possible to build against damage by earthquakes. A cheap, three-story building, a half block from here on Fifth Street, was thrown completely down.

California can not express its gratitude for the extraordinary showing of generosity on the part of the people of New York and other parts of our country. We have been placed under a debt we never can discharge.

I shall be pleased to be remembered to Mr. Clark.

Again thanking you for the kindly interest manifested, and with full appreciation of the soundness of your advice, I am, Yours truly,

(Signed) Frank A. Leach.

United States Senate.
Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment.
Washington, D. C., April 27, 1906.

Honorable F. A. Leach, Superintendent of the Mint, San Francisco, Cal.:

My Dear Leach—I wish to express to you and to the employees of the mint who worked with you the appreciation of the Secretary of the Treasury and all the officials of the government and of the California delegation of the great work performed by you by which the most important structure in San Francisco was saved from destruction. Had it not been for the efforts of yourself and the employees of the mint, San Francisco would now be in a desperate plight financially, without adequate means for making money transfers, which is of such vital necessity at the present time. I can assure you and all those who risked their lives in the great work that the services performed are appreciated by the government, by Congress, and by all people who have given thought to the various needs of a stricken people. It is no more than just that the government has determined to maintain the pay-roll of the mint and other public offices without change, even should there not be work to fully employ every one, and the delegation will use every effort to promote the interests of all those who have shown themselves to be brave and faithful in time of stress.

I remain, Cordially yours,

(Signed) GEO. C. PERKINS.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE MINT.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1906.

DEAR MR. LEACH:—The Bureau of the Mint is living in the light of your glory these days. We are all very proud of the work done by yourself and helpers who saved the mint while fire swept by on all sides. It was a great achievement.

The calamity to San Francisco is almost inconceivable in its magnitude. I can not realize that the splendid business section is absolutely obliterated. But while it means hopeless ruin to thousands, there can be no doubt that the city will rebuild and in a few years be greater than ever. I am wondering if Oakland will not, however, receive a permanent impetus from the transfer of so much business to it temporarily. It has always seemed to me that there was the natural place for the great city.

With personal regards, Very truly yours,

(Signed) GEO. E. ROBERTS,
Director of the Mint.

Frank A. Leach, Esq., Superintendent United States Mint,
San Francisco.

TEMPORARY OFFICE 2129 LAGUNA ST.
SAN FRANCISCO CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 8, 1906.

Honorable F. A. Leach, Superintendent United States Mint, San Francisco, Cal.:

DEAR SIR—The following resolution, passed at a meeting of the San Francisco Clearing House Association, May 7, 1906, I trust you will accept as an expression of our high appreciation of your kindness to its members one and all:

"RESOLVED, That the thanks of the San Francisco Clearing House Association, and of the community, be tendered to Honorable Frank A. Leach, Superintendent of the United States mint at San Francisco, for the efficient and courteous manner in which he is carrying out the spirit of the Treasury Department policy, and for the desire he has manifested to serve the city's financial interests to the utmost."

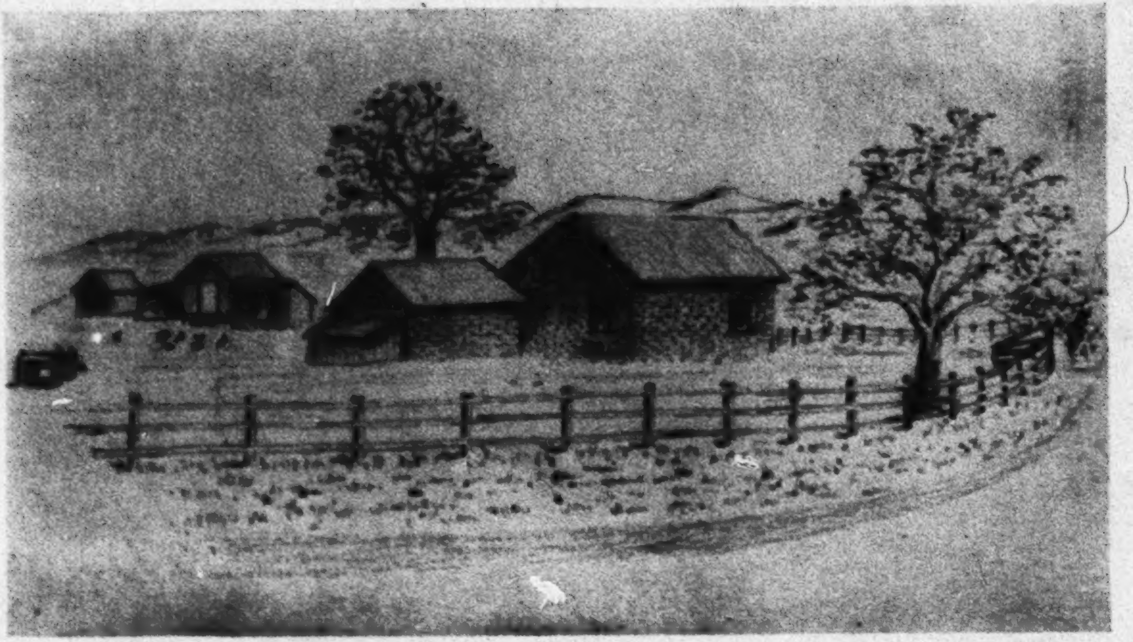
Very truly yours,
SAN FRANCISCO CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION.
HOMER S. KING, *President.*

CHAPTER XVI

OFFICIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON

Appointed Director of the Mint—Interesting Incidents Attending the Production of the New Gold Coinage—Important Transfer of Gold Coin—How an Ex-Senator Was Victimized—The Close of President Roosevelt's Term of Office—Retirement from the Service and Return to California.

In July, 1907, the year following the great fire, George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint at Washington, resigned from the position and the place thus made vacant was tendered me. I accepted the appointment and thus became a bureau chief in the Treasury Department. The acceptance of the office necessitated my resignation of the superintendency of the San Francisco mint. Having entered upon the duties of Superintendent August 1, 1897, and resigned September 19, 1907, I had held the office for a trifle over ten years, which was a longer service by several years than ever before given by one man to the superintendency. I was becoming tired of bearing the very great responsibilities of the office and was thinking seriously of resigning when I received the offer of being made chief of the mint bureau. As the duty of the new position carried no financial responsibilities with it, the appointment afforded the release from those I had longed to shake off. When it became known that I was to resign the San Francisco position, the San Francisco bankers paid me a very great compliment in the shape of a set of resolutions, especially thanking me for services rendered the banking world after the fire, adopted by their association. The resolutions were engrossed in mag-



SKETCH by the author of an adobe house still standing near Pleasanton, Alameda County. This is a type of domiciles built in California by the Spanish and Mexicans before the American occupation. They were quite common about the bay section in early days, but now it is a matter of good fortune to find one that through care has escaped the ravages of time or the destructive forces of the elements.

nificent and most costly form, and presented to me by Homer S. King of the Bank of California, I. Steinhart of the Anglo-California Bank, and Wellington Gregg of the Crocker National Bank. In addition, the association presented me with a library of several hundred volumes of standard works and a very costly watch, bearing on the cover a neat engraving of the San Francisco mint on one side and a monogram of my initials on the other, with my name in full on the inside of the case, coupled with a record of the gift and its source. In acknowledging the testimonials I said that these gifts, bearing such strong messages of good will, kindness, and esteem, with such close connection with one of the greatest tragedies in the world's history, would ever possess historical interest, as well as be most highly cherished by me.

The officers and men of the mint, with whom I had been so long associated, manifested their good feeling toward me with kind words of regret that I was to leave them, and pleasure that I had been promoted to a higher office. A more formal testimonial was the presentation of a fine oil portrait of myself which they caused to be painted and which they hung in the mint building. I received a number of letters and telegrams congratulating me on my promotion from friends and acquaintances, messages that warmed the heart and brightened the world from my point of vision. The unpleasant part of the change was the necessity of having to make Washington my place of residence, leaving behind all the friends of a lifetime and those so dear to us by family ties. The packing up of our belongings for the trip and preparing the old home for use by others in our absence were accompanied by a feeling of sadness, a depression of spirits I could not shake off, for the move meant the breaking up of the old homestead and disruption of the family circle.

We arrived in Washington in time for me to assume my new duties about the first of October. I was received most kindly and welcomed in my official capacity by President Roosevelt, Secretary Cortelyou, and Treasurer Treat. With the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou, I had enjoyed previous acquaintance, and I found several other friends holding positions in the department, so that I was able to assume the position of Director of the Mint with the feeling that I was not altogether a stranger. In fact, all the officers with whom I came in contact, without exception, treated me with the courtesy and spirit of amity that was very gratifying and went a long way in repressing feelings of strangeness and embarrassment.

Now I will say something about the position and duties I had assumed. As Director I was the chief of the bureau of the mint, which brought all the mints (then four) and all the government assay offices (nine) under my supervision. In a general way the working parts of the bureau embraced three divisions, namely, examining or auditing, statistical, and laboratory. The requirements of the first division brought every expenditure made in the mints and assay office to the bureau for audit, where not only the accuracy, but authority and necessity had to be passed upon, as well as to determine if purchases and expenditures were made with proper observation of laws and rules regarding prices paid. To illustrate the care the government exercises in watching the expenditures of congressional appropriations made by the Treasury Department, I will mention that the Auditor of the Treasury revises all these accounts after the audit of the bureau of the mint. Then afterwards, the Comptroller of the Treasury examines them in search of any irregularity that might have been overlooked by the preceding examination. The investigations of this latter official more particularly related to the legality of expenditures, as simple errors seldom pass the other auditors.

The division of statistics had the work of gathering the figures which showed the annual production of gold and silver in the United States and in all other countries of the world, so that at the close of each calendar year an official statement may be given of such statistics. The production reports made by the Director of the Mint of the United States have for many years been accepted by writers on economics, and by officials in all other countries, as standard authority. In this division, record of the kind and quantity of money in use in the United States is kept, and regular statements are made through the Secretary of the Treasury, showing the total and its relation in amount per capita to the population. Much care is exercised in keeping the account, as the statements of this record are also accepted throughout the world as authority by economists and financial writers. Here also is compiled quarterly the table of the value of foreign coins in many of the United States, which table, by act of Congress, is made the standard of value in all custom house transactions and in the courts.

In the laboratory divisions, the principal work is to examine the samples of the coinage as it is made at the different mints, both as to weight and fineness; that is, to find if the coins contain the proper quantity of copper alloy with the gold or silver, within the limitations allowed by law, and also if the proper weights are maintained. That a prompt examination may be made of all coinage, the regulations require from each mint samples of each day's work to be sent to the Director for examination and test. The coinage from which the samples are taken is not released for circulation until the examination has determined the work to have been properly executed. Incidents of imperfect coinage are seldom recorded; nevertheless, the system of inspection is maintained as if it were something of frequent or daily occurrence.

The Director of the Mint has responsibilities outside of the routine mentioned, one of which is to see that the coinage of the mint is of the particular denominations required in the needs of trade and finance, and is promptly met in time and quantity. Ordinarily this obligation is met without trouble or anxiety, but there are times when enlivened conditions of trade exhaust the surplus stock of some particular denomination or denominations of coins in the Treasury of the United States, and the ordinary working capacity of the mints is unable to meet the requirements. This was the condition of things when I assumed the duties of Director in the fall of 1907. The extraordinary expansion of trade which ultimately resulted in a financial panic required the full capacity of the four mints working overtime to meet the demands for silver coins. Never before in the history of our country was so much coin of that character made by the mints in the same space of time. Nothing like it could be found in the records. When in October of that year the panic disrupted business affairs, and factories were shut down and employment contracted, the need for the extra coinage was at an end and the silver and minor coinage not required in trade and for the payment of wages began to flow back into the Treasury of the United States until a surplus of something like $30,000,000 had accumulated. The record of the holdings by the Treasurer of this kind of money acts as an accurate barometer of business conditions in the United States. When trade and commerce are expanding there is an increased employment of labor and more transactions in the stores. For every new hand employed and every additional transaction, there is a draft upon the surplus of the Treasury, and a corresponding increase of the stock of money in circulation. The workingman's pocket, when he is employed, carries money, and is empty when he is unemployed. The storekeeper needs a greater amount of silver, nickels, and coppers for change, when his volume of trade is enlarged. When the number of the storekeeper's business transactions falls off and trade becomes dull, that kind of money accumulates on his hands and he deposits the surplus in his bank. The banks, not being able to use the surplus of this kind of money, turn it into the Treasury of the government and receive, in exchange, currency or gold coin. Thus it is seen that with the increase or expansion of trade the surplus or stock of small coin in the Treasury is reduced by drafts upon it. The flow is outward, and when a reverse condition of business takes place then the flow is into the Treasury and the surplus is increased, and the Director of the Mint has only to watch the daily cash statements of the Treasurer, taking into consideration the additions to stock made by the mint operators, to be informed as to the status of business conditions in the country as a whole, and to be advised as to the needs in coinage operations.

Another very important matter was in hand in the bureau when I arrived at Washington, which was soon to cause me some anxiety, and that was the perfection of President Roosevelt's scheme for new designs for all the gold coins of our country. There were a number of prominent people in the East, especially in New York and Boston, who some time before began an agitation for an improvement in appearance of all our coinage. The President quickly became the leading spirit of the movement. The prevalent idea in this undertaking was that the design and execution of our coinage were inferior and inartistic when compared with those of ancient Greece; and as the coins used by a nation are one of the most enduring records of the art and mechanical skill of its age, our government should make an issue of coinage that would leave to future generations and ages something that would more truthfully and correctly reflect the artistic taste and mechanical ability of our day than the coinage then in use, unchanged for so many years. The admiration for the ancient Greek coins unwittingly influenced those gentlemen to suggestions that were imitative rather than original. They wanted the designs for the proposed coinage to be brought out in high relief, or with medallic effect, like the designs on the ancient coins. The commercial use and requirements seemed to have been lost sight of in the enthusiasm of producing a highly artistic coin; but in all probability none of the leading spirits in the movement was familiar with the use of metallic money, and did not understand that the proposed high relief would make the face of the coins so uneven that the pieces would not "stack," which was a condition fatal to the practicability of the idea.

It was early in the year 1905 that President Roosevelt authorized the Director of the Mint to conclude a contract with the famous sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, to supply designs in high relief for the $20 and $10 gold coins. This was accomplished in July, but no designs were finally perfected that met the approval of the President until the early part of 1907. The first model was a design for the double eagle, or $20 piece. Dies from the model were made at the Philadelphia mint. On trial, the dies gave such a high relief to the figures on the design that all efforts to produce a perfect or satisfactory coin on the regular coining presses were ineffectual. A medal press was then resorted to, that the beauty of the design might be studied and be preserved in the shape of a coin, but even by this process it required about twelve blows or impressions in the press for each piece, with an annealing process between each stroke of the process. The annealing process consists of heating the coin to a cherry-red heat and cooling it in a diluted solution of acid. This process eliminates the copper alloy on the surface of the coin and leaves the piece covered with a thin film of pure gold. As a work of art the pieces were beautiful, but had more the appearance of medals than coins for daily use. Nineteen pieces only from this model were struck on the medal press, and these were subsequently given to mint and Washington officials connected with the work.

There were some who thought that by reducing the diameter of the piece to about the size of a "checker," with a corresponding increase in thickness, the much desired high relief might be struck on the ordinary coin press; accordingly dies were made and several pieces struck, when it was discovered that the coinage act, passed in 1890, prohibited the change of the diameter of any coin. Thirteen pieces were struck from this small die for the thick or checker pieces, but with the exception of two coins placed in the cabinet or collection of coins at the Philadelphia mint, all of these pieces were melted and destroyed on account of the improper or illegal dimensions.

Saint-Gaudens then attempted to facilitate the work of coinage by supplying another or second set of models with the relief reduced to some extent, but satisfactory results were not obtained on the regular coinage presses. He then made a third model with still further and greater reduction of the high relief. The failure gave rise to considerable friction between the artist and the mint authorities. The President had become impatient and began to think that the mint officials were not showing a zeal in the work that promised results. It was at this stage of the undertaking that I came into the office of Director. Before I had become familiar with my surroundings the President sent for me. In the interview that followed he told me what he wanted, and what the failures and his disappointments had been, and proceeded to advise me as to what I should do to accomplish the purpose determined upon in the way of the new coinage. In this talk he suggested some details of action of a drastic character for my guidance, which he was positive were necessary to be adopted before success could be had. All this was delivered in his usual vigorous way, emphasizing many points by hammering on the desk with his fist. This was my first interview with the President, and it was somewhat embarrassing for me to oppose his views, but I felt that it was essential to my success that I should be untrammelled by any interference in the plans that I should adopt to secure the production of the new coinage. I determined then and there that if I could not have free rein in the matter I would not attempt the work. In my reply to the President I finally made the wisdom of my position clear to him. I explained to him how I had not yet had time to look into the matter and locate the causes of failure, consequently could not say what was necessary to correct them. At any rate, I would have to insist that these were matters of details that should be left to my judgment.

"All you want, Mr. President," I said, "is the production of the coin with the new design, is it not?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well, that I promise you."

He said he guessed I was right in my attitude in the matter, but I think he was not very confident of my getting results, for when a few days later I laid upon his desk a sample of beautifully executed double eagles of the Saint-Gaudens design, he was most enthusiastic in his expressions of pleasure and satisfaction. I certainly believed him when he declared he was "delighted." He warmly congratulated me on my success, and was most complimentary in his comments.

"Now," said he, "I want enough of these coins within thirty days to make a distribution throughout the country, that the people may see what they are like." I replied that we would be able to meet with his desire, although I explained that this issue would have to be struck on medal presses from the second design model, but that in a few weeks later we would have dies completed from model No. 3 with lower relief, so that the coins, when made, would meet the requirements of the bankers and business men in "stacking," etc., and these could be struck on the regular coin presses in the usual way. The pleasure of the President was manifested in the heartiness of his thanks. I had every medal press in the Philadelphia mint put into operation on these coins with an extra force of workmen, so that the presses were run night and day. The officers of the mint entered into the spirit of the work cut out for them, putting a zest into the operations which assured me that the issue of the new double eagles, so greatly desired by the President, would be made on time. In fact, we delivered to the Treasurer of the United States 12,153 double eagles, representing $243,060, which was considerably more than asked of us, several days ahead of time. I came in for more compliments from the President. In his enthusiastic way he introduced me to several of his Cabinet officers who were present in his office, as a "man who got results." The coins of this issue, when made available to the public, were much sought after by people who wanted to keep them as souvenirs or as additions to numismatic collections. Contrary to expectations, a premium was demanded by dealers soon after the distribution began, and by the time it was ended the premium had increased to about an average of fifteen dollars on a piece. The newspapers gave much space to criticism, both by their own editors and from correspondents. Opinions as to the merits of the new coin were fairly well divided. The artistic appearance of the coin was generally recognized, but it could scarcely claim a popular reception. The design of the eagle on the reverse side of the coin was the object of much adverse comment. Saint-Gaudens did not use any originality in this design of the eagle, but simply copied that used on the penny coined in 1857, following the feature of the bird flying with its talons extended backward under the tail feathers, instead of being drawn up under the breast, the position most generally observed in birds of prey when flying about.

While discussing with the President the criticism by the public, I spoke of the position of the talons as being incorrect. This the President promptly denied, and said that if I would visit the large aviary at Rock Creek Park I would find the eagles flying about just as represented by the Saint-Gaudens design. I did not know then that the President was such a close observer of things in nature, and, having doubts as to the accuracy of his opinion, I went to the aviary as he had suggested. I did not have to wait to be convinced of the correctness of the President's assertion, for the very first flight of an eagle across the aviary showed the talons extended out behind, in the manner of a crane or gull.

The greatest extent of unpleasant criticism over the new issue was aroused by the discovery that the motto, "In God we trust," had been omitted from it. The President's mail, as well as that of the Secretary of the Treasury, was flooded with letters, some mild and many bitter, in protest against the removal of the motto. So loud became this protest that the President felt called upon to defend the omission, in a statement to the press, wherein he took the position that it was a profane use of the name of God, and the motto had been very properly omitted. He could have made an explanation that would have silenced all criticism and relieved himself of the responsibility for the omission if he had referred his critics to coinage acts of the government.

The statutes of the United States supply the only words and mottoes that shall appear on the various coins authorized by the act of Congress. For many years the motto, "In God we trust," was included with other word requirements by law. In 1890 the coinage act was changed in several particulars, and when the re-enactment was completed the motto in question, whether by design or accident, had been omitted. So when Saint-Gaudens was given the words and figures that must appear on the coins, the motto was not included. When this was understood an appeal was made to Congress, and that body quickly authorized the restoration of the words, "In God we trust."

While the people were talking about the new coins, the mint officials were busy working on the dies from model number three, and their efforts to produce them on the ordinary coining presses were finally crowned with success, and by the latter part of December the mint presses were striking off new double eagles at the rate of about $1,000,000 daily. Excepting the addition of the motto, the design is the same as that used in the coining of $20 pieces at all the mints of the government ever since.

About the same experience was encountered in producing the $10 pieces, or eagles. Three models of the new design were made by Saint-Gaudens. Five hundred trial pieces were struck from the first model, and 34,100 pieces were struck from the second model, but all of this lot were subsequently remelted except forty-two coins, which, with those of the first lot, were given to museums of art and officials and others connected with the work. Dies from the third model were found to work satisfactorily in the ordinary coining presses.

The new $10 pieces came in for more severe and adverse criticism than the double eagle received. First, for the omission of the motto; next, that the emblem of the eagle was a monstrosity; third, an accusation that the artist had posed his Irish servant girl to secure his design of the Indian maiden's head appearing on the obverse side of the coin. The omission of the motto has been explained. The criticism of the eagle was unjust, and showed unfamiliarity with bird life on the part of the critics. This eagle was copied from one of Audubon's famous drawings. The majority of the people who handled coin probably had never seen a live eagle, and the only idea they had of what the king of birds looked like was formed from the travesty on the bird that has appeared on the coins of the country ever since the mints were established. The President was right in his judgment; if an emblem of freedom was to be used on the coins, good taste demanded the most accurate representation of it, and artists say the Saint-Gaudens design was a truthful copy from nature. The third feature of complaint was groundless. No Irish servant girl, or any other girl, had posed for Saint-Gaudens for the head design of the Indian maiden. Saint-Gaudens copied the design from the experimental penny of 1857, the same coin from which he obtained the idea of the flying eagle used on the new double eagle. It is a most excellent copy, as any one will find who will take the trouble to compare the two coins, the old cent of 1857, and the new $10 piece. The designs and appearance of the new coin, however, were not beyond criticism. In my judgment the artist unduly lengthened the legs of the eagle to better center the design on the piece. It was but a trifle, but it was enough to cause some critics to make fun of the bird. The more serious fault was on the obverse side. When it was decided to adopt an Indian head design an accurate representation of a real Indian, head dress, and ornaments, should have been selected for the purpose, for the same reason manifested in the selection of the emblem of the eagle. Such designs should not be ideal or imaginary. If worth using, they should be faithful to the subject represented. The original design of the Indian maiden copied by Mr. Saint-Gaudens was made more than fifty years before, evidently by some one who had a very imperfect conception of what a real Indian looked like. Apparently the original artist's opportunity for the knowledge had not extended beyond the old pictures of "Columbus Discovering America."

Originally it was the intention to give the $5 and $2.50 pieces the same design as that used on the double eagle or $20 piece, but before final action to that end was taken President Roosevelt invited me to lunch with him at the White House. His purpose was to have me meet Doctor William Sturgis Bigelow of Boston, a lover of art and friend of the President, who was showing great interest in the undertaking for improving the appearance of American coins, and who had a new design for the smaller gold coins. It was his idea that the commercial needs of the country required coins that would "stack" evenly, and that the preservation of as much as possible of the flat plane of the piece was desirable. A coin, therefore, with the lines of the design, figures, and letters depressed or incused, instead of being raised or in relief, would meet the wishes of the bankers and business men, and at the same time introduce a novelty in coinage that was artistic as well as adaptable to the needs of business. The President adhered to the idea that the high relief afforded greater possibilities of artistic results, and referred to the beauties of the ancient gold coins. Unquestionably he was correct in this opinion, but I called his attention to the fact that he and the other promoters of the new coinage were trying to do more than the ancient Greek artists and coiners had found possible, and that the Greeks had only been able to produce a high relief on one side of their coins, while we were endeavoring to give a high relief on both sides. We had in a way succeeded, for by the use of a medal press we had outdone the Greeks. But the uncompromising demands of trade would not tolerate even the one-sided coins of ancient Greece. The President expressed surprise at my statement, and at once sent a messenger to his room for a beautiful example of Grecian work in the shape of a gold coin of the days of Alexander the Great. Of course, he found one side quite flat, while the other was in high relief.

I enjoyed the luncheon. It was as simple and devoid of ceremony as a lunch would be in the home of any well-to-do family. Mrs. Roosevelt, a lady friend, and a federal judge, an old-time friend of the President, were also at the table. It so happened that it was the anniversary day of April, 1865, of the surrender of the judge as a Confederate army officer in the closing days of the Civil War. As might be imagined, it put the judge in a reminiscent mood. He was an excellent talker and interested us all. One of his remarks was that no one could tell what would happen in life. "The day I surrendered as a Confederate soldier I little expected to stretch my legs under a dining table in the White House, as a guest of the President. Why, I remember I was so dejected on that occasion that an aged friend of mine said to me, 'You think you and the country are going to hell on a toboggan, but that is all wrong.' So I found out."

It was after the lunch and we had excused ourselves from the others that the question as to the new design for the half and quarter eagles took place. The discussion ended by the President authorizing Doctor Bigelow and me to go ahead and produce some trial pieces after the suggestions of the doctor. Bela L. Pratt, an artist of high repute in Boston, was selected to make the models for the designs, which were to be a faithful copy of an Indian head and the eagle with shortened legs. The models and dies were not finished until some time in September. When the trial pieces were produced I was pleased with their appearance, for the nationality was so plainly stamped on the coin that it needed no lettering to tell anybody in any part of the world that it had been issued by the United States of America. It pleased the President, and he at once gave the official approval necessary for the adoption of the design. Soon after, the new coins were minted and placed within the reach of the public. Considerable criticism followed the appearance of the new design. The depressed or incused idea of portraying the figures, device, etc., was unfavorably received, while the faithfulness of the designs to the objects represented, as artistic work, was very generally commended. Confirming the truth of the old saying, "there is nothing new in the world," we found, in looking over some authorities on ancient coinage, that almost the very first attempt in making coins was by depressing or incusing the designs. This issue finished the work of changing the designs of the gold coins.

Without the authority of Congress, the coinage laws of our country permit the change of designs on any denomination of our coins only once in twenty-five years. For this reason, the only other denominations that could undergo a change of designs were the nickels and copper cent pieces.

Congress passed an act early in the year of 1908 restoring the motto, "In God We Trust," so that all coins made thereafter bore these words.

In 1905, when President Roosevelt conceived the idea of changing the design of the several coins of our country, the cent wes one of the denominations selected for alteration and improvement, and the work of making the new design was turned over to Saint-Gaudens at the time he was given the contract for changing the designs of the gold coins. His first work, after completing the design for the double eagle, was making the models for the cent. He made a model of a female head, adorned with an Indian feather head dress, much the same in general appearance as the head in use on the coin at that time. When this model was presented to the President for his consideration, he decided to adopt it as the obverse side for the new $10 gold piece. This changed the original plan of having the eagle, half eagle, and quarter eagle made with the same design as that adopted for the double eage; and as the famous artist was feeble in health, all the time he was able to devote to the work of changing the designs was given to perfecting the models for both the double eagle and eagle for practical mint operations, and the last artistic work of the great man was to beautify the American coins. He finally passed away without making a new design for the cent piece.

Victor D. Brenner of New York, one of the most skillful medalists of this country, was presented to the President with the request that he be given the commission to complete the work the President had in mind of changing the design of the cent piece. As an outcome of this visit, Mr. Brenner was requested by the President to consult with me in the matter. We had several interviews, and upon conclusion I instructed him, with the approval of Secretary Cortelyou, to prepare a model for the obverse side, bearing a portrait of Lincoln. He was also advised as to the law that should be followed in making the design for the reverse side. In due course of time, Mr. Brenner presented the models in accordance with these instructions, which met with the hearty approval of President Roosevelt and Secretary Cortelyou, and were formally adopted as the design for the new cent.

The fact that this change had been decided upon was given considerable publicity in the newspapers at the time, creating a very great interest in the public mind, and the appearance of the new coin was anxiously awaited. The Treasury Department was for a time almost overwhelmed with applications for a supply of the new issue, coming from every part of the United States, but the new coppers were not given to the public until the early part of 1909.

There was some little criticism emanating from those who feared that the use of the head of the ex-President might establish a precedent which would lead ultimately to the adoption of the use of the portraits of existing executives on our coins, after the manner of monarchial governments. In this connection it may be of interest to cite the fact that the legislative act establishing the first mint of the United States and providing for a coinage system originated in the Senate. When the bill was sent to the House it contained the provision that the head or portrait of the President should appear on all coins executed during the term of the official, with the numerical order of the presidency. When this act was considered in the House no alteration of the bill was made except to strike out this clause and substitute the following: "An impression emblematic of liberty, and an inscription of the word 'liberty' and the year of the coinage." What was intended in the law by the vague expression of "An impression emblematic of liberty" has been generally interpreted through all these years by the use of a female head, sometimes adorned with the cap of Liberty, and at other times with an Indian head dress, but more frequently without any ornamentation other than a band above the brow holding the hair, bearing the word, "Liberty." Some years ago this matter was made the subject of debate in the Senate, when Senator Morrill of Vermont said:

> The emblem of Liberty, like that of many other virtues, has been said to be always represented in petticoats. The Britannia of Great Britain appears in form like a near relation to the Liberty, or the Minerva, often found on old Greek and Roman coins, and in the days of Charles II, the Duchess of Richmond served as a model to the engraver; but, more recently, Victoria, by the distinguished medalist Wyon, has been stamped with great excellence upon British coins, and she, like Queen Anne, seems to have occasionally insisted upon decent drapery about the bust.
>
> Our sitting emblem of Liberty on the fractional silver looks very like a descendant of our grandmother Britannia by Clark Mills. Whether she wears long hair or a widow's cap may not be quite clear, and there is no end of crinoline, while the obtruding whalebones, in bas relief

compressing the waist, painfully disclose overworn corsets. But, as our highest effort and best, on the copper cent and on the one-dollar and three-dollar gold coins, the head of our emblem appears in the baubles of an Indian princess, doubtless an ideal Pocahontas—"that female bully of the town"—with the head accordingly stuck around with feathers, and labeled on the tiara, "Liberty." Its circulation in the Indian territory, I regret to say, has not been commensurate to the witchery of the bait. England strangely omits to stamp on her figure of the lion, "This is a lion"; but our emblem, safe from all misconception, is always plainly and veraciously branded across the forehead, "Liberty."

The use of the liberty cap, which appears on some of the earliest coins of our country, was the subject of much discussion as to its appropriateness at periods from 1793, when it was first used, up to some time in the '30s, when it was discarded. Its first use was on the cent pieces of 1794, 1795, and a part of the year 1796, where it appears on the coin as if suspended in the air over the head of a female figure with flowing hair. It was not intended that this cap should appear as suspended in the air, but as being borne on a wand leaning on the shoulder of the figure and projecting backward. It was contended that the liberty cap, or pileus, was in itself an emblem of liberty and should never be placed on the head of the figure; and that the emblem in proper relation to a full-length figure of Liberty should be borne on a wand or staff sustained in her hand and was out of place as an adornment or head dress.

During the time that I filled the office of Director of the Mint nothing was done in the way of preparing a new design for the nickels or five-cent pieces. I had conceived some designs which I thought if adopted for the silver coins would greatly improve their appearance. It was my intention to have some sample coins made, using the head of Washington, copied from the famous Stuart portrait, for the obverse side, and an eagle in natural position, standing on the American shield with wings partly spread, making a pose suggestive of courage, freedom, and action. It was my intention to submit the samples to the President and if they met with his approval it was then the further purpose to lay them before Congress, with the hope of securing action that would have permitted the device to take the place of the meaningless designs now used to designate the different silver coins of our country. Some work was done on the proposed models at the Philadelphia mint, but as I had retired from the service before the models were completed, and as Roosevelt had stepped out of office that Taft might take up the responsibilities of the presidency, there was no one in official position interested in the subject sufficiently to complete the work or carry out the suggestion.

IMPORTANT TRANSPORTATION OF COIN

When I left the San Francisco mint there was stored there in the several vaults of the institution the immense sum of two hundred and seventy millions of dollars in gold coin and sixty-one millions of dollars in silver coin, or over three hundred millions of dollars altogether. The gold had been accumulating there for six or seven years or more, after the adoption of the plan of paying people who sold their gold to the mint with checks drawn on the New York sub-treasury. The mint was not well equipped with vaults, as it had not been contemplated that it would ever become one of the storage places for Uncle Sam's surplus cash. Consequently the capacity of the vaults for storage purposes was limited, besides which the vaults were not substantial enough for the purpose and did not give that security demanded for government funds. The possibility that some bold and desperate men would attempt to secure some of this gold, either by tunnelling under the building or rushing the place during working hours, was always a source of anxiety to me. Especially was this so after overhearing in a theater one evening a couple of fellows who sat to the rear of me discussing the matter and expressing the opinion that a great theft in some such manner could be successfully carried out. Besides, there was another strong reason for its removal. In case of war, being so handy and easy of access, the vast sum might fall into the hands of an enemy as a result of some brief or temporary advantage.

At the new Denver mint there had been constructed a fine large and strong vault with the most modern devices for security. It was located far inland from any seacoast, consequently any treasure stored there was comparatively secure from capture by foreign invaders. Here, then, was the place to which the gold and silver at the San Francisco mint should be transferred; but in its transfer it would be subject to dangers of loss by theft in the handling in a petty way and robbery on a large scale by train robbers. I laid the matter before the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou. He asked me to make a statement of the facts so that the subject could be presented to the President, as he considered it of great importance and something that should have immediate attention. A decision in accordance with my views and recommendations was quickly reached, but we were confronted with the fact that there was no money with which to defray the expense of the transfer. There was nothing to do but to appeal to Congress for the money, with the hope that the appropriation might be made without undue publicity of its precise purpose. It was our intention to make the transfer, if possible, without knowledge of the fact being made public while the coin was being transferred, and in this way reduce to the minimum the danger of loss of money and conflict with robbers. The Secretary sent for the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, Mr. Tawney, and explained the situation and asked him to secure the appropriation of the sum I had asked for, $300,000. Mr. Tawney handled the matter very cleverly, for none of the facts stated to him ever became public, and no newspaper mention of the appropriation appeared. The sum mentioned was quickly made available, and as soon as possible I was on the way to San Francisco with full authority to make arrangements for the transfer of the largest sum of metallic money ever made. It was quite a matter to arrange the details for moving several carloads of gold, but to arrange for the transfer without publication of such an extraordinary event was quite another matter and caused many anxieties. Arrangements with the express company had to be made, and the United States Marshal had to be authorized to employ thirty guards. Then there were the workmen, handling, packing, and storing, employed at both ends of the route, to add to the sources through which knowledge of the transfers might be made public.

Finally the bargain with Wells Fargo & Co. was completed and all other details were finished, and I was able to start the first shipment of gold to Denver on August 15, 1908. Thereafter two shipments of $5,000,000 each per week were made. The money was placed in horse-cars and made a part of the regular express trains. As horse-cars were common in express trains, they did not attract any more attention when filled with millions of dollars in gold coin than when occupied by fancy race horses. Each shipment was accompanied by fifteen deputy United States marshals in citizens' clothes. These were all tried and trusted men, selected with the greatest care by Captain Seymour, formerly Chief of Detectives in San Francisco.

At the San Francisco mint a force was organized to handle the gold. These men were all skilled in that kind of work and were exceedingly trustworthy. The plan of operation was to take the gold out of the vault and weigh it, which was the usual manner of determining the value of gold. It was stored in the mint in canvas sacks holding $5000 each. It was weighed in the sacks, one of which was occasionally opened to show that its contents were really what they were supposed to be. Then the sacks were packed in strong pine boxes, bound with iron bands, $40,000 to each box, weighing about 140 pounds. The lids of the boxes were screwed on and then the boxes were sealed with the seal of the United States by a specially detailed official.

It took one expert weigher and two tally clerks to tally the gold out of the storage vault into the one where the work was done, and two more to keep track of the bags and boxes. There was also a force of laboring men to move the money from vault to vault.

It was figured that by moving two shipments each week there would be only $10,000,000 on the road at any one time. As one shipment reached Denver the next one was just leaving San Francisco. The frequent handling of silver for the Philippine coinage made people familiar with such operations at the mint, and when the express company's wagons backed up twice a week and loaded up ten tons of gold for each shipment but little attention by outsiders was paid to it. Three trucks handled $5,000,000 without any trouble, and there was only the usual complement of two guards to each wagon or truck. It is possible that even they did not know what a fortune they handled at every trip.

The shipments began August 15. When December came they were going forward with great regularity twice a week. Then it was found that, by increasing the shipments to $7,500,000 each time, the work could be completed before the new year, so this was done and the shipments ended on December 19.

Not a dollar was lost, and there was never any sign or rumor of trouble, and not a word appeared in the newspapers of San Francisco or Denver giving publicity to the shipments. When the transfer was completed so successfully it added much to the pleasure of reporting the accomplishment to Secretary Cortelyou, and earned from him a very handsome compliment.

AN EX-SENATOR SWINDLED

The office of the Director of Mint was a bureau of information on matters of coinage, past and future, domestic and foreign, as well as in statistics pertaining to productions of precious metals at home and elsewhere. This fact brought many distinguished people to the mint bureau, and in this way I made the acquaintance of a number of the most active Senators and Congressmen of those years, and some prominent writers on economic subjects. I enjoyed this privilege for the opportunity it gave to study the personalities and the character of men of whom all that I had heretofore known were the impressions gained by reading of their activities in public life as presented in newspapers and magazines. One thing that I noticed in sizing up these men from my own observations, and comparing the conclusions with impressions conveyed by the press, was the universal custom of the latter to harp upon and magnify individual peculiarities, making such people in some instances better known to the public by a peculiar trait in habit or appearance than they would otherwise be.

An occasional visitor to my office was an ex-Senator from one of the Pacific Coast states. He was always welcomed, as he was a good talker and gave me many interesting details of stirring political events of the reconstruction work after the close of the Civil War. Finally his visits developed a bold swindle, in which he and two other prominent professional men of Washington were the victims. The Senator came into my office one morning and placed in my hands a lump of gold worth about

$50, requesting me to have it assayed for him. He came back the next morning, when I reported the value and fineness of the lump. After asking me if I was certain of the findings and being told there could be no mistake about it, he went away. A week or so later he came back with a larger lump of gold, which he again asked to have assayed, saying that the importance of having a reliable assay was the reason for bringing it to the mint bureau for determination of its value. The next day I was able to report to the Senator that the value of the gold was practically $1500. In response to his request to know how to sell the gold to the government, I gave him directions how to send the metal to the Philadelphia mint and how he would receive the value in money in return. It was something like ten days later when, early one morning, the Senator came into the office laboring under a state of excitement he could not hide. He asked me to close the doors of the office so that we could have the utmost privacy. Then he declared that he was almost sure that the lump of bullion which he had sold to the Philadelphia mint was not gold and only something in imitation, and he wanted to refund the money he had received before the mint authorities discovered the fraud and caused his arrest. Upon making this declaration he placed a roll of bills on my desk. I assured him that he was certainly mistaken in his opinion of the bullion; for, laying aside our assays, the treatment of deposits at the mints was such as to make it impossible for any one to impose counterfeit bullion on the gold-buying agents of the government. "Now," I said, "come, tell me what has happened." He then went on to relate how a fine-looking man, educated in chemistry and metallurgy, introduced himself some eight or ten weeks before, and, after reading a magazine article relating the wonderful feat of Sir William Ramsay, the famous English chemist, in transmuting a small amount of metallic copper into lithium, said what was claimed by Ramsay was not only true, but that he, the stranger, was able to do even more, as he could change silver into gold, and offered to demonstrate the truth of his claim. He was so plausible that the Senator asked to see a demonstration. At the man's house he found a lot of chemical and metallurgical devices arrayed in an impressive manner around the place. The stranger, after allowing the Senator to inspect them, placed a couple of silver dollars in a small cell or tank containing some kind of liquid, then for an hour or so he entertained the Senator in conversation to pass the time necessary for the solution to play its part in the transmutation of the silver dollars into gold. Finally the alchemist drew off the solution, and in the bottom of the cell was remaining some finely divided or powdery stuff, brown in color. This was declared to be the gold resulting from the change. It was carefully gathered, dried, and melted, becoming the $30 lump of gold which he had shown on the occasion of his first visit to my office on this business. The Senator admitted to me that the demonstration surprised him as well as later convinced him that there were merits in the stranger's claim when I reported to him that the lump was real gold. The stranger then offered to make a demonstration on a larger scale if the Senator would supply the silver. To the proposition the Senator agreed, and supplied seventy-five dollar pieces for the purpose. The operation or transmutation occupied the best part of a day and resulted in the larger lump of what is, in mint terms, called a "king," which the Senator sold to the Philadelphia mint for $1500. Now all doubt as to the stranger's ability to transmute silver into gold was removed. The Senator became excited in contemplating the effect of the discovery in the financial world and on civilization throughout the world, so he sought a couple of near friends, a physician and an attorney, feeling that he needed the advantage of support and consultation in a matter of such tremendous import. Now the alchemist was desirous of operating on a still larger scale if his associates would supply about 2500 silver dollars. The offer was accepted. The three watched the proceedings with interest and saw their silver go into a tank filled with solution. This was on a Friday. The tank was locked and the keys given to the Senator, and accepted by him with a confidence of commanding the security of the precious metal in the tank inconsistent in a "man of the world" and in a person who was familiar with all kinds of confidence games and tricks of sharpers. The alchemist said that the process of changing so large an amount of silver into gold could not be completed until the following Monday. In the meantime, as he was out of a supply of certain chemicals that could only be obtained in New York, he would make a trip to that city and return on Monday and complete the operation. Up to Sunday the trio had looked upon the transaction with every expectation of receiving nearly $50,000 in gold for their $2500 in silver. However, on that afternoon they received a telegram from the alchemist, saying that he would not be able to return to Washington as soon as he had expected and warning his partners not to unlock the tank or tamper with the solution, as such an act would not only interrupt the process of transmutation, but cause a loss of the silver in solution. They began to fear that they had been victimized, and therefore immediately proceeded to the laboratory and unlocked and examined the tanks, which they found to contain nothing more or less than water from the Potomac River. Then it was that the Senator had visions of having swindled the Philadelphia mint and having incurred the wrath of the government, which prompted the early visit to my office on the following Monday morning. The trio quietly pocketed their losses and thanked their good luck that the sharper did not propose a "transmutation" affecting their pockets on a larger scale. Their only fear was publicity of having been "taken in" on such a simple scheme.

During my connection with the Treasury Department in the two years at Washington I was occasionally called upon to act in matters other than those belonging to the mint bureau. In the fall of 1908 the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou, and his three assistants left Washington to go to their former residences to cast their votes for Presidential Electors, and President Roosevelt appointed me acting Secretary of the Treasury for the several days of their absence. I treasure the commission issued to me by the President for this service as an expression of his good will and the confidence with which he regarded me as a member of his political family. Nothing occurred during the few days of my administration outside of routine matters, so I am unable to recount any incident giving special importance to the temporary elevation of my duties. The newspapers spoke kindly of the appointment, but referred to it as being unusual, if not unprecedented.

When the matter of selecting the site for the new subtreasury building in San Francisco came up for final decision, Secretary Cortelyou submitted all the formal offers of sites, giving price and locations to me, with a request for my opinion as to which was the most desirable. This seemed to be a small matter at first, but months passed before I was finally through with it. The work necessitated a trip to San Francisco and much correspondence and many interviews with people posted on San Francisco real estate values. After a careful consideration of all the offers, the block between Sansome and Battery, Clay and Merchant streets, considering the price and location, was decided upon as the most desirable. Supervising Architect Taylor also reached the same conclusion, and upon our reports the Secretary concluded to accept the offer for this site. Almost at the moment this conclusion was reached the Secretary received a telegram from the agents of the owners of the corner of Pine and Sansome streets, offering that fine lot as a site at a very reasonable price. The Secretary asked me what I thought about it. In reply, I said that the lot presented in the new offer was more desirable than any of the sites offered in the original proposals, and in fact it was about the best place in the city for the proposed building. The agents came to Washington and the deal was made after some little dickering. Since then, a substantial and costly banking building has been erected by the government. The owners wanted more money than Congress had appropriated for the purchase of a lot, but as the piece of land was larger than was needed by the government, they reserved a piece off the west end of the lot and gave the balance to Uncle Sam for $375,000. This southwest corner of the intersection of Pine and Sansome streets was owned by my father in the very early part of the '50s. He told me that at the time of his ownership there was quite a sand hill just back of the lot. He said that he soon sold the lot for a few hundred dollars, being satisfied with a small gain.

The President, learning of my experience in the printing and publishing business, placed in my hands a great mass of typewritten matter relative to the conduct of the Government Printing Office at the national capital, with the request that I examine it and give him my conclusions. The papers embraced complaints from various departments, answers, reports and sub-reports of investigators, statements of employees and officials of the big print shop, as well as of experts and dealers in paper, printing machinery, furniture, etc. I devoted every moment of the day that I could spare at my office to this task, then took the papers home with me at the close of the day and worked late into the nights for nearly two weeks, before I was able to make a report to the President. The charge against the administration of the government printing establishment was extravagant management, making the cost of printing for all the departments exceed the allowance of Congress for blanks, stationery, printing, etc. It was while engaged with this matter that I first met and had acquaintance with Senator Root, the famous Secretary of State of the Roosevelt administration. I found him a very pleasant man to meet. I regarded Mr. Root as the brainiest man, the most practical, and best posted on every-day affairs in Washington official life. I heard President Roosevelt say: "Mr. Root was one of the great Secretaries of State, and we have had some great men in that office." I learned afterwards that the Secretary of the Navy, Victor Metcalf, who, as you know, was from Oakland and an old friend of mine, was responsible for acquainting the President with my knowledge and experience in the printing business. While there was some labor attached to the commission, I rather enjoyed the work and did not object to it.

I regretted the close of President Roosevelt's term of office. I found him a very pleasant man to work with, appreciative of all efforts, and enthusiastically grateful for success in what he considered of public need or utility. I was frequently surprised with exhibitions of his wonderful memory as shown in his dealings with details of affairs and his knowledge of the character and capacity of men. His capacity for work was tremendous. By his systematic methods he was to be found at places in his office and the White House at various hours, as if his activities and official life were being regulated by a time card. Interviews with the President by others than those whose position and official business gave them greater privileges were made by appointments previously arranged. The parties to these appointments would assemble in the Cabinet room adjoining the President's private office, separated by folding doors which remained closed until the hour of the meetings, which as I recall was 11 A. M. By this time the room would be filled with twenty to thirty visitors. Very punctually the doors would be opened and the President would step into the Cabinet room, the visitors would rise and remain standing while he passed around among them, picking out with unerring certainty the visitors present with no purpose other than to gratify an ambition and to be able to say that they had met and talked with the Chief Magistrate when they were in Washington. Notwithstanding, if any of them had prepared speeches they intended to make to the President when presented to him, he did most if not all of the talking, skilfully parrying all attempt at reply. Visitors who had no business seldom obtained more than a few seconds of the President's time, but his humor, good-natured remarks, and manner always placed them in a way of leaving the White House office pleased with the President if not with themselves. When the President, passing from one to another of the visitors, met a person with business, the matter was discussed then and there, if it embraced something that could be disposed of without consumption of more than a few moments of time. He lost not a second of time in the visitors' hour ceremony, for while in the process of sifting out those with no business and ridding himself of those with business of minor importance, his eye would light on those who had more important affairs, and he would signal them to remain or go into his private office to meet him after he had completed the round of the room, which seldom required more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Being occasionally called to the President's office, I was several times a witness to the interesting scene or ceremony described. There was, however, one occasion when the President laid aside for a time the rushing manner, high-pressure action, and the "don't-take-an-unnecessary-second-of-my-time" look, and that was on March 3, 1909, the last day of his term of office, when he received the officials of his administration who called to speak of their regrets at the parting and to bid him good-bye. He stood there, plainly showing the relief he felt in freedom from the cares of the great office he was about to lay aside. His work as President was done. That it had been well done was vouchsafed by the laudations of his countrymen and by the plaudits of the rest of the civilized world. During the seven years of his incumbency in the great office he had made a name for advocating everything that stood for good in government and for the betterment of man, and a name inseparable from the history of our country. On that day he was filled with the spirit that becomes a man conscious of having successfully performed a difficult task, but with it there was tenderness and sincerity of manner never to be forgotten in the farewells to his associates. For myself, I was pleased and proud that I had been even for a short period, and in a very small way, a part of his administration, and it was gratifying to receive his thanks and appreciation for what little assistance I had been able to give him.

I saw considerable of President Taft, who succeeded Roosevelt. He was a very able man and, as everybody knows, of excessively good nature, with a strong ambition to give an administration of his duties that would commend itself to all factions of his party, and at the same time receive the sanction of his countrymen regardless of party organization. His great size, with an increasing avoirdupois, was a matter of considerable annoyance to him. On one occasion, when arranging with him to pose for a likeness from which to make the usual presidential medal, he said to me: "The best photograph I ever had taken was out in your town, and it is the one my wife calls *her* picture." I asked him in what particular did the San Francisco photographer excel. "Oh, he was able to conceal some of my avoirdupois," he replied with a smile. President Taft was broad-minded and had little patience for the small things that divided men, and it was largely due to his efforts to ignore these matters that bred the factions in the Republican party that made his re-election to the presidency an impossibility. His ways of meeting people and his indifference to precedence or system in this matter were most distressing and discouraging to his subordinates whose duty it was to arrange meetings and make appointments for visitors, official and ordinary. Senators were shocked and offended by having the President absorb their time and apparently ignore their presence in his attentions to ordinary visitors. High officials with important affairs in hand, or what they might think to be so, could impatiently wait the President's pleasure by standing first on one foot and then the other, while he with leisurely manner was laughingly engaged in conversation with some other person. It was my good fortune to be present at one of President Taft's first morning hours to visitors, with some other officials familiar with the customs and manner of his predecessor at this hour, and we could not help noting this difference. Taft spent almost as much time with the first visitor he spoke to as Roosevelt did in clearing the room of visitors. Those who had business shook their heads in displeasure, while tourists, of course, were pleased to be able to have something more than a snapshot view of the chief magistrate, and were delighted to be able to carry on some little conversation with him. Whether following private secretaries succeeded in changing the new President's way of meeting these engagements, I have never heard. I left Washington shortly after Mr. Taft's inauguration. With the change of administration, Franklin MacVeagh succeeded Mr. Cortelyou as Secretary of the Treasury. Being the chief of our department, I soon became acquainted with him, through the frequency of official interviews. It is a pleasure to say that he was a most capable man and an ideal selection for this important office. He had himself achieved great success in business and was an authority on banking matters, being a finely educated man and, beyond all, practical. He did much by his untiring efforts for new legislation on the currency question, and he accomplished more than was ever done before in stopping wastes in the general cost of running the government. He insisted upon the application of business methods in transacting the government's business, and in this way he succeeded in saving several millions of dollars per year in ordinary expenditures. If the American people appreciate the efforts of their officials in economical administration, his reputation will pass into the history of our country as excelling all others in this direction.

George E. Roberts, a newspaperman of Iowa, who became the Director of the Mint not long after I entered the mint service, and who had served up to the time that I entered upon the duties of Director, early won a place in my heart on account of his kindly ways and generous consideration for those under his direction in the mint work. Besides, to know him was to be impressed with his intelligent ideas on all matters concerning our government and policies of administration, and economic questions in general. He was especially well informed on matters of finance, and moreover possessed a remarkable ability to write on the subject in a way to attract, interest, and instruct the ordinary reader. He had the rare power of stripping financial subjects of dryness and laying them before the people so that all who could read could understand them. He did more than any one writer in the United States to expose the fallacy carried in the silver craze that swept over our country in 1896. To his efforts, more than any other person, belongs the credit of starting the agitation for a reform of our financial system which finally resulted in the new Federal Reserve Bank Act. It was his trenchant pen that first pointed out in language that could be understood, that it was in the power of Congress to prevent the possibility of recurring financial panics by creating a financial system similar to the method common to every other civilized government of the world; that under our money system panics were not the outgrowth of poor business conditions, but were more the results of periods of prosperity. Mr. Roberts has contributed many valuable papers on economic questions to magazines and newspapers.

In Washington, where rules of social life are so rigid and the performance of certain social obligations are so exacting, a person who has hitherto lived a rather unconventional life may be expected to be somewhat disturbed, and view what is required of him as a duty somewhat undesirable, if not disagreeable. I confess that this was my impression, although I was pleased to be able to attend two or three of the President's receptions. I had heard much of the magnificence of these affairs. I had considerable desire, if not curiosity, to be present at an assembly where the foremost ladies and gentlemen of our country had been gathered for social pleasures. These functions were regularly held each winter and were the principal events in Washington social life. They have been so frequently and minutely described that I will not attempt to give an account of my observations. It is, perhaps, needless to add that I avoided all perfunctory social affairs other than those to which my official position required attendance. An amusing incident occurred at an afternoon reception, given by a prominent banker of the city, which Mrs. Leach and I attended not very long after we had taken up our home in Washington. There was no attempt in this affair to make a lavish display of wealth and there was more of a cordial and hospitable atmosphere than is usual in such functions.

Quite a number of prominent people were there, among whom were several representatives of foreign countries. The host, after introducing me to several of the visitors, finally escorted me to a seat by the side of a lady from New York State, to whom I was introduced with quite an elaborate mention of the official title of my position with the government. The lady was a trifle hard of hearing. The noise of the music and buzzing of conversation probably increased the difficulty of understanding distinctly what the host had said, for she misunderstood him and thought he had described me as an ambassador of some foreign country, the name of which she did not catch. Now this lady was one of thousands who come to Washington as sightseers and who esteem it a matter of great fortune to be able to talk with men prominent in the world, so that they can go back home and interest their friends with tales of association with what in Europe might be called the royalty of the country. I immediately discovered the lady's error and the love of humor prevented me from doing the courteous thing at once in correcting her. She commenced a series of rapid-fire questions leading to information concerning the country I represented. She was particularly anxious, and therefore I presumed she wanted to know just who I was so as to be able to decide whether I was worth while wasting any time on when there might be others of greater importance. She was too proud to confess a deficiency in hearing as an excuse for asking me what country I was from, and too polite to put the question direct. She wanted to know if Washington life differed from what I expected. I replied that I did not recall forming any thought upon the subject, but I could say that I found some difference in the way people observed social customs in Washington and my country.

Next, how long had I enjoyed service of my country in the national capital? I truthfully replied, "Only for a few weeks."

So far I am sure my replies to her queries confirmed her in the belief that she almost had in her hands a live foreigner of distinction; and she did not conceal the pleasure it gave her. Now she wanted to know what kind of weather we had in my country, and if we had snow, and other questions as to climate. So I told her that people who were able to pay for it could in almost any month of the year have any kind of climate they desired. Six months of the year there was scarcely a fleck in the sky, and while on part of our land the sun beat down with almost tropical fierceness, yet such places were in sight of districts of most delightful temperature, as well as mountain sections, marked by the gleaming white of perpetual snow. In truth our climate was unsurpassed by that of any other country on the face of the globe. It was where living out of doors a greater part of the year was a delightful pleasure. My lady friend was plainly perplexed. Her questioning gave me opportunity to speak of our magnificent trees, the palms, magnolias, the grand oaks, the lofty conifera of such great growth that one tree would make lumber sufficient to build a family house. Then I described the wonderful variety of wild flowers and their beauty, growing in such profusion in their season that they colored the landscape and were visible miles away. Our land was rich in varied productive qualities, and I knew of no place on earth that could surpass my country in the variety and excellence of the fruits from its plantations of pineapples and orange groves, its peach and apple orchards, and vineyards, etc. My lady's brow contracted; perhaps the mention of pineapples, palms, and magnolias gave a hint of a possible Oriental origin for me. However, she brought the conversation to a climax by the query if in my country it was lawful for men to have more than one wife. I was cornered, whether it was intentional on her part or not. I was pleased that it was so, for it was with difficulty I had held my composure, and I felt I had gone further than proprieties should permit. Therefore I said: "My dear lady, you have evidently been laboring under a mistaken idea as to my country and my position, for I am no foreigner, and do not represent another country. I am just a plain, ordinary American, temporarily called to Washington to look after the conduct of Uncle Sam's mints. My home is no more than California, with all the attractions I have truthfully described to you." She was disappointed, and soon found excuse to devote her attention to others present. It so happened that in taking our departure from the gathering we left the apartments at the same time with this lady and were the only occupants of the descending elevator, but she gave not the slightest indication either by word or expression of countenance that she had ever held conversation with me, or had even seen me before. What had been an interesting and amusing incident to me evidently was a matter of disappointment to her, and she could not resist the opportunity of exercising her womanly privilege of ignoring my presence. I certainly did not blame her.

The first twelve months or so in Washington passed most quickly. My time was so fully occupied with new and interesting duties, which with almost daily contact with the foremost men of the administration, as well as with many distinguished men who had business with the government, made my position highly interesting to me. I greatly enjoyed the opportunity to study at close range the characters of the men great in affairs, whose names were familiar to every citizen of our country, but of whom few people had any knowledge other than that pictured by the daily press, magazines, etc. After a while the novelty of all this wore off and there was more time to think of the dear ones and the old associates on the other side of the continent. In short, I began to long to return to our California home. I remember, when this feeling came on I wrote as follows to a friend who inquired how I liked my new position: "Washington is a most beautiful city and lovely place to live in, and there are lots of nice people here who do everything they can to make it pleasant for strangers like us. Nevertheless, they do not fill the places of friends and associates of a lifetime, and I must confess that I have begun to look for the day when I shall be packing my grips for permanent return to the Coast. Mrs. L. and Harry are ready to go any moment." However, the day did not come for some months following. In the summer of 1909 I received a telegram offering me the position of general manager of the People's Water Company of Oakland, my home city, and this gave me the excuse I wanted to sever my connection with the government service. I tendered my resignation, which took effect on August 1 of the above year, making exactly twelve years devoted by me to mint work with Uncle Sam. In accepting my resignation, Secretary MacVeagh sent me a letter of such a nature as to make a pleasing finish of my service with the Treasury Department.

[The End]

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